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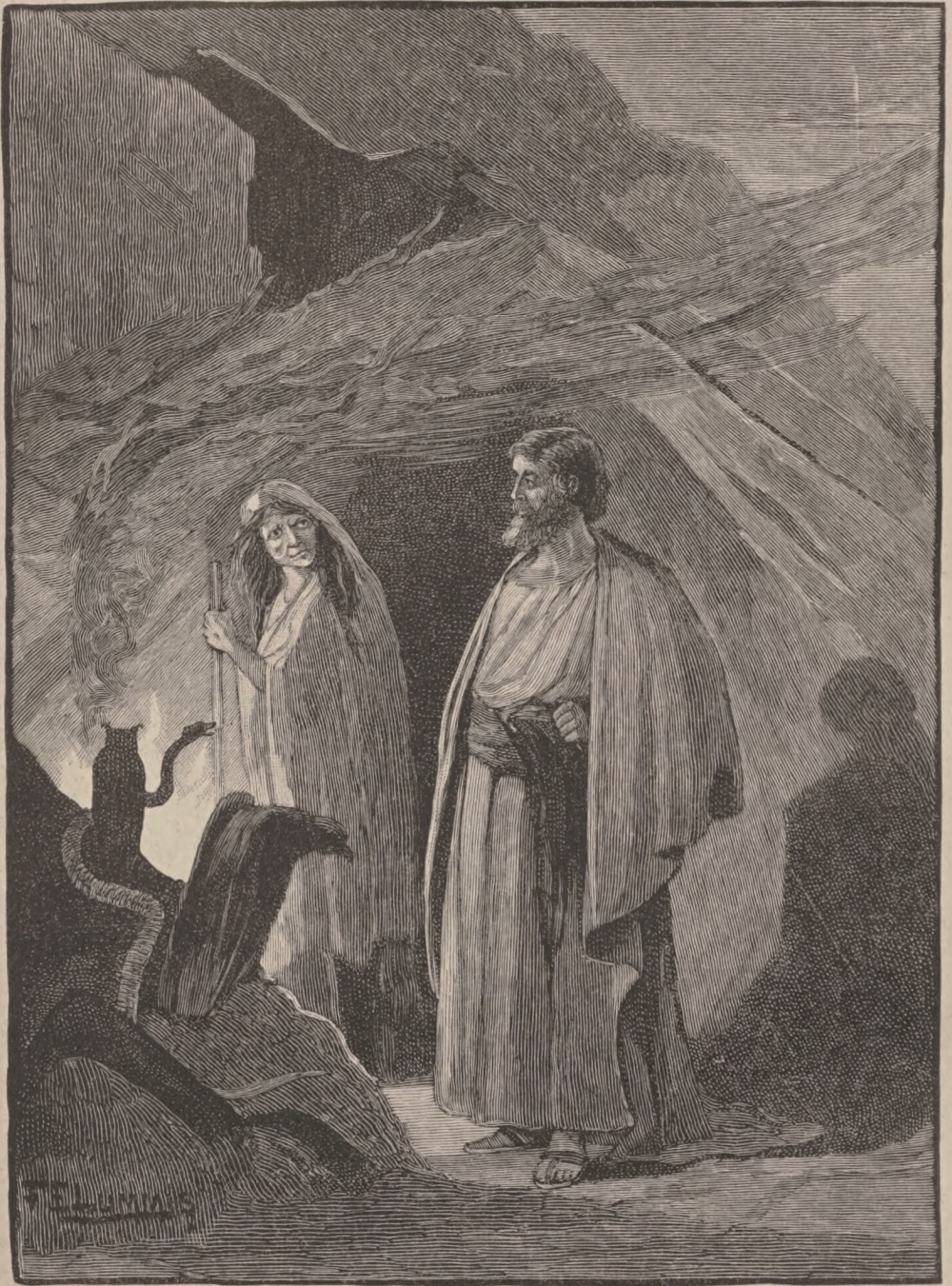
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Judith and Glaucia.

Judith and Glaucia :

A STORY OF
THE FIRST CENTURY.

BY
REV. EDWIN McMINN.



PHILADELPHIA :
American Baptist Publication Society,
1420 Chestnut Street.

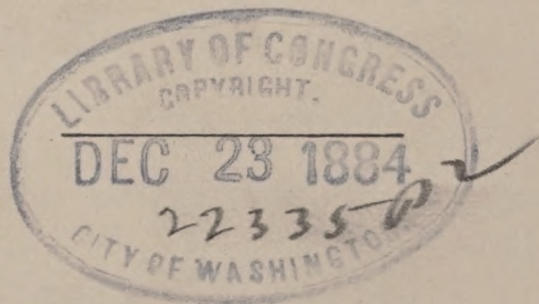
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REV. EDWIN McMINN.



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JUDITH AND GLAUCIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST NIGHT IN JERUSALEM.

THE evening sacrifice had just been offered on the great Altar of Burnt Offerings, and the crowds of devout Sons of Israel, separating into small groups, were slowly returning to their homes, satisfied that their devotions were acceptable to the only living God, who slumbered not, but with willing favor always listened to hear the prayers, and accept the offerings, of the devout sons of Abraham. Many strangers were in Jerusalem, who from various parts of the world had come home to the city of their fathers, in order that they might adore in his Temple their God, who alone of all deities was worthy of worship. As they left the precincts of the Temple to seek their abiding places for the night, they conversed in low tones about the wonderful vision granted to the prophets in the times long past, and the promises of the coming

of the Messiah, who would change the structure of society and government, so that wars should cease unto the ends of the earth, and in the glorious supremacy of the Children of Israel, all the world should find peace.

Strangers from Athens, Thebes, and Rome, spoke of the glories of the temples in their respective cities; but above them all they praised the Temple of Jehovah as the most splendid, the most attractive, and the most favored of all structures on the face of the earth.

Sparkling in its splendor, yet clothed with a glory greater than marble and gold, as the dwelling-place of the Most High, it was their pride and their joy; and they verily thought that this present life of a son of Abraham could not receive its fullness of blessing until he should come to the Temple, and before its mighty altar praise Jehovah, the Lord of the heavens and the earth.

Among the many groups that passed in devout admiration through the great gateways of the Temple were two young men, whose peculiar style of clothing marked them as disciples of Gamaliel, the most orthodox, as also the most honored, of the rabbis of Jerusalem.

Pharisees they were, who drank deeply from the



Judith and Glaucia.

fountain of prophetic promise, and with devout reverence for age, placed side by side the sacred writings and the rabbinical traditions; thus honoring the law to such an extent that they built a hedge about it, to increase for it the veneration of the people, who could only know it as those more highly favored by rabbinical instruction chose to impart it.

As these two walked along, they received many obsequious salutations, for they were known to be favorites of Gamaliel; and that, above their fellows in the great school, they excelled in disputation, and in the knowledge of the Scriptures; and that in every argument they could cite the very words of the prophets and rabbis who, from the time of Moses, had declared the counsel of God.

As they now walked along arm in arm, they were conversing about the visions of the prophets, and the unfulfilled prophecies of the greatness of the chosen people. Being filled with a holy zeal for the glory of Israel, they expressed their wonder as to the continuance of the Roman power treading on the necks of the people, and that the anxiously looked for signs of Messiah's coming were so long delayed. At length they came to a portal, the only break in the heavy, uncut stone front of a massive

building, that by its size, and the quality of the stones in the wall, denoted the residence of a man of wealth. Knocking at the door, it was opened from the inside; and the friends passing through the arched portal, then through a long, narrow hall, entered a spacious court-yard, in which the domestics of the house were engaged in their various duties; passing through this, they entered another court-yard, which proved to be the sitting-room of the family.

As they came into this handsomely arranged court, a little girl came from behind a heavily-fringed curtain, and running to one of the men, locked her little arms about his neck, and sought kisses from his laughing lips.

"Ah, my little Judith," he said, "are you in truth so happy because father has returned? But have you no welcome for our friend?"

"Yes, father," she replied. "No one is more welcome to our home than our dear friend, Saul of Tarsus;" and leaving her father, she went to Saul, and said: "Peace be to you, and welcome to our home."

Saul stooped, and placing his arm about her, kissed her, as he said:

"The Lord bless thee, and cause his face to

shine upon thee;" and then pleasantly added: "And, little Judith, may your charms never grow less."

"Where is your mother?" asked the father.

"She is in the tower on the right," answered the child; "and she sent me to ask you to come up to her with our friend. She saw you coming on the way from the Temple."

Tripping on before them, Judith led the way up the broad, stone stairway to the roof of the house, and thence to the right-hand tower, where, on a divan, reclined the mistress of the house, the mother of the fair Judith.

After passing the salutations of the day, they entered the tower, and, seating themselves on divans, discussed the important topics that had brought them together. It was evident that Saul was a frequent visitor in this beautiful home, and that he was treated as the welcome and beloved friend. Judith, in childlike confidence, prattled to him about her joys and her sorrows; and as she spoke of her trials, she nestled the more closely to him, as if fearful that he might depart too soon.

"And this is our last evening together, little friend," said Saul. "To-morrow you will leave me, and then we may never meet again."

"Oh, yes, we will," said the child. "We shall meet when Messiah comes, and then we shall never part again."

"Do you believe that Messiah will come?" he asked her.

"Certainly he will," she replied. "I have heard father say that he might come at any time; and mother has told me all about his coming, and how glorious it will then be. And don't you remember how often you have told me of what he will do when he comes? how great he will be? and how his glory will be greater than that of Cesar? and that he will make Jerusalem his throne, and will be in the Temple every day? Yes, indeed, I do believe in Messiah, and hope he will come soon. But I am sorry that I shall not see you again, unless he comes. Won't you go with us? It will be so nice to see Rome, and ride in the great ships, and see the legions of soldiers, and hear their music."

It was indeed the last evening that these friends would be together. On the morrow, Jesiah, with his wife Jerusha and his daughter Judith, were to go down to Cesarea, and from thence take ship to Rome.

For many years he and Saul had walked to-

gether; now the time to part had come, and both of them were loth to speak the word. As the shadows of evening lengthened into night, and the stars came out beautifully over the hills and vales about the city, keeping company with the new moon in her march across the sky, the friends talked of the memories of the days gone by, and the hopes of the days to come.

To Jesiah the Temple, which could be plainly seen from his tower, never seemed so expressive, so much a part of his life as now, when he beheld it for the last time. He realized that he was going to leave the sacred city, going to Rome, detested city that she was; but business called him, and there, under the protection of Tiberius Cesar, he could increase the already ample fortune inherited from his father. He had no love for Rome. In this he was a true son of Abraham. But peace with Rome insured his fortune; and he was not yet ready to cast away the prospects of commercial leadership that seemed to be within his reach, merely to gratify a blind, though ardent, prejudice. As they spoke of the days to come, in glowing pictures he drew the future when he, with his household, should return to his ancestral home, and in prayer await the coming of the Messiah.

But the coming of the morrow was of the deepest interest to Saul, and of that they now spoke. Saul, as the champion of the school of Gamaliel, was to engage in public controversy with Stephen, the bold and learned defender of the followers of Jesus, the Nazarene. Until this time the rulers and leading scholars had sought to ignore the development of this sect; for their claim seemed so preposterous, their humility so abject, that the proud Pharisee could only despise them. But the character and learning of Stephen, and the miracles claimed by these men, and the popular support they were receiving, made it impossible longer to ignore them.

Since so strong a champion as Stephen had sent forth the challenge, an equally strong man must take it up; and Saul felt that he was the man to do this good work.

As they sat in the tower conversing about the coming discussion, Jesiah said:

“Well do I remember the day when the Nazarene was crucified. It was impressed on my mind; for at the very time the crowd was passing through the street below, taking him to Golgotha, my wife was hovering between life and death, and just before that awful darkness covered the city she gave me our darling Judith, and then, as the darkness

lifted, she came back to life and health and peace. It was seven years ago ; and the only dark hour of our lives was that first hour of Judith's life ; for ever since she has been the sweet sunshine of our home. May the peace of the Lord rest on her forever !

“With what wonderful tenacity his followers cling to the memory of his words and deeds ! I remember how soon afterward they claimed that he arose from the dead ; and, indeed, I recall the startling assertion made at the time, and not denied by the authorities, that his body mysteriously disappeared ; and that as mysteriously his followers changed from sadness to gladness, and from cowardly followers, to outspoken champions ; and that before the public, they braved the anger of Caiaphas, Annas, and all the elders ; and that in one day, on Solomon's Porch, they gained from among the multitudes as many as five thousand adherents, who acted as if moved by some strange ecstasy.”

“Nevertheless,” replied Saul, “that is but one case of many in which the people who know not the law, have given themselves up to follow blindly the most daring impostor that sets up a claim before them.”

“Our people are loyal to the hope of Israel, and

cannot endure the bondage of Rome. They are, therefore, ready to arise upon the least encouragement. As for the high priests, be it said with shame, they are but Sadducees, and deny the faith; and are sustained in power by the rulers, who would be well pleased if they could entirely crush us. But as the high priest is our leader before the most Holy Place, to him we must render our allegiance; and when Messiah comes, he will judge righteous judgment unto all in the land."

"We know that the Nazarene is not the only one that has claimed miraculous power. Do not the Magians of the East, the magicians of Egypt, the wizards of Ephesus, and the Esculapians in a hundred cities, claim to perform similar startling wonders? Even in the olden times, in Egypt, the magicians performed miracles in opposition to Moses; and who is ignorant of the successful magicians of Babylon, at the time of Nebuchadnezzar, the great king? The Nazarene may have manifested great power and have performed wonderful deeds, and have thus deluded the people who know not the law, and are not able to judge aright; but unto us are given the rolls of prophecy; and out of the words of Isaiah and Amos, and others who spoke of Messiah's coming, we know what it will be like; for

their words are the words of the living God. We know that the Nazarene did not bring to pass what has been promised; hence, how can he be the Messiah?"

As Saul uttered these words, he rose from the divan on which he had been reclining, and paced too and fro on the broad tiled roof. He was short in stature, but possessed a strong and well-knit frame; his shoulders were slightly stooping, as was common with the rabbis; his eyes were bold and flashing, and just now seemed to be steeled with hatred of the followers of the new religion; as he paced the roof, he nervously clinched his hands, as if he would like to throttle those who endeavored to lead the people away from the magnificent promises of the prophets, for the fulfillment of which the rabbis had been anxiously looking for nearly fifty years. But his step became firmer, and he raised his head proudly, as he thought of the coming issue. How courageously he would hurl in the teeth of his opponent the words of the prophets, and with the one bold, merciless effort, forever blast the hopes of Stephen, or any other visionary follower of the Nazarene!

At length the hour for separation came, and the friends clasped each other in an affectionate, part-

ing embrace. From Judith, Saul received a sweet, lingering kiss; and then, with a lonely heart, but ambitious hopes, he passed out into the street, thence to his own home, to prepare for the morrow. One more tender tie binding him to the sweet, home life of Jerusalem was severed. Saul was zealous for the glory of his Father's house, and the slights passed upon its sacredness by the followers of the Nazarene aroused his fiercest ire.

Saul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and could trace his ancestry back to the father of the faithful. In him, as he grew up from childhood, every command of the law had been duly performed; nothing had even for a day been neglected. His father, a true Benjaminite, possessed the spirit of the mighty slingers of old; and the family spirit that in olden times led them to die before yielding, was still active in swaying the motives of the family. In spirit, Saul was bold and intrepid as the first of Israel's kings; and the thought of submission, of forgiveness, of meekness before his foes, could not be endured; rather would he in the name of the Lord of Hosts blot out the very name of the enemies of Israel. From the imprecatory Psalms he had drawn deep draughts as an inspiration to his soul; and as he reflected on the nature of the claims

of the followers of the Nazarene, he prayed that God would will the destruction of all the enemies of Israel.

Jesiah was not so enthusiastic; his mind leaned toward money getting, and success in business. Yet his household was ordered according to the strictest rules of the Pharisees, and all the requirements of the law were observed. Now, as he was so soon to leave his native city, he looked for the last time about him from his favorite tower, toward the north, the east, the west, the south. He saw the white walls of the Temple with the golden roof; to the left of it, the frowning walls of terrible Antonia; still more to the left, the Amphitheatre of Herod; turning about, he beheld the towers of Herod; then his splendid palace; and near it the palaces of the princely Sadducees; and then nearer, about his own home, the many residences of the princes of Jerusalem. Then after breathing a prayer to God, he went to his rest.

The morning dawned; but before the hour for morning sacrifice, Jesiah, with his wife, daughter, and a few servants, was well on the way to Cesarea.

CHAPTER II.

STEPHEN AND SAUL.

AT the same hour in which Saul parted from his friend Jesiah, the voice of prayer and praise was ascending from the congregation assembled in the synagogue of the Galileans. A dark cloud seemed to be hovering over them, and in a kind of dread foreboding, they were gathered together to strengthen each other by the spiritual exercises that in times past had been found so efficient in driving away the troubles that beset them.

During the seven years that had passed since the resurrection of their Lord, they had regularly met in the upper room, in which he had so plainly manifested himself to them as their spiritual Master. Great changes had taken place in their numbers. Some had gone to join the Lord in glory; many had removed from the city of their fathers to other cities of the Empire; some had gone out from them, not having rightly understood the nature of their faith; and others, wearied by the

delay in the manifestation of the divine glory in the coming of the Messiah's kingdom, had given up all worship, and were as the heathen. In the place of these, many new converts had entered; and in the joy that crowned their lives, the power of the Lord had been abundantly manifested.

The voice of testimony had not ceased; but in the Temple, at the sacrifices and the feasts, the presence of the disciples of the Nazarene became more noticeable to the priests and rulers of the nation. But as they were peaceful, and attended to their own affairs, no cause could be found for stirring up the enmity of the mob against them. Yet lately, the tone of the priests toward them had become more threatening, and the claims of their leaders the more furiously resented. Harsh words had been hurled at them; and they had cause to fear that peace toward them would not much longer endure. In their own body some dissatisfaction had sprung up; but by the wisdom and brotherly kindness of their leaders, the harmony had been restored, and once more they moved forward in one spirit. Their poor and their widows were no longer neglected; their work was not slighted; but every duty was faithfully performed in the spirit of the Lord.

At their head stood a body of men of the most exalted character. Not only the apostles, who had learned from the Lord, and had been commissioned by him, but also the newly elected deacons were highly esteemed, because of their unflinching devotion to the brotherhood. Chief among the latter was Stephen, a Hellenistic Jew, who had been a student in the school of Gamaliel, and who for that purpose had left his home in one of the cities of Cilicia, thirsting for instruction in the law, the prophets, and the ceremonials of his fathers.

While attending this school, he had learned of Jesus, the Nazarene, and listening to him, had believed in him, and leaving the school of Gamaliel, had become one of his disciples. As one of the seventy, he had gone through the land preaching Christ; and now, because of his learning and piety, he became the scholarly champion of the truths for which Christ, his Master, had died. As a scholar, he stood superior to all his brethren; as a consecrated disciple of Jesus, none could be placed before him; and in his words the grace of the Lord was manifested.

He felt that now the time had come for a presentation of the truths of their creed to the disciples of Moses, who in their synagogue so ignorantly

declaimed against the works and the words of the risen Christ. The challenge had gone forth; and on the morrow, in the synagogue of which he had once been a member, the synagogue of the Cilicians, he would, before five representative synagogues, discuss with their most learned and eloquent scholars, the teachings of the Scriptures regarding the Messiah. Now in prayer and praise, with the sympathetic support of the brethren, he sought the needed preparation for the conflict—an outpouring of grace from God. He knew that he should conquer; he thoroughly believed that his Master would be with him; but he did not know to what ends the fury and bigotry of the Jews might lead them. Yet he counted not his life dear to himself; it belonged to the Master; and if by dying he could do a better work for the Lord, he was ready to die; at the least, whether living or dying, he was the Lord's. As he spoke to the disciples of his trust and joy in the Lord, they felt the encouraging influence of his words, and with him, sang fervent praises to the Lord. When the closing hour came, he gave them his benediction in the name of the Lord, and exhorted them to continue in prayer for him while on the morrow he endeavored to set forth the claims of his Lord and theirs.

The morning dawned, and the crowds ascended the steps that led into the courts of the Temple, to be present at the morning sacrifice. This done, they departed, and the members of the five synagogues repaired to that of the Freedmen, in order to attend the discussion. Although many would have thought it beneath their dignity to hear such a discussion, the reputation of the disputants drew them; for they knew that, at least, there would be a flow of eloquence partaking more of the nature of the Greek schools of oratory than of the Hebrew schools of the law. It would be Jews in blood and religion, battling with an armor fashioned and burnished in the language and rhetoric of the masters in Greece. It would be Saul and Stephen; both of whom had gained distinction beneath the eyes of the mighty Gamaliel.

The synagogue of the Freedmen was cosmopolitan in its composition. There was more aggressiveness in its methods than in the other synagogues. By travel, and commingling with the busy Greeks in their cities, and by active competition with Romans in trade, they had learned how to anticipate the thoughts of those whose blood flowed quicker than that of the conservative religionists of the holy city; hence it was an arena in which the

power of reason and fact would have a better opportunity than when blind hatred and stupid prejudice ruled. Stephen had been a member of this synagogue. Saul was now a member of it. Hence they met as equals.

This synagogue was a large one, as it was the general gathering place of the greater number of the Jewish strangers that came to Jerusalem ; and its broad aisles and galleries could accommodate the multitudes who now flocked to the discussion.

The Freedmen, Cyrenians, Alexandrians, Cilicians, and Asians, were assigned reserved seats, while the disputants were given the elevated seats of the elders. In the galleries, the Christians found places with the body of nondescripts who, from curiosity, had come to listen to the discussion.

As the Christians gazed upon Stephen, they felt no shame at the bearing of their champion. As a prince among princely men, he sat with a splendor in his look that betokened the perfect peace and trust that possessed his soul. Although he was alone, he felt no fear ; but a courage of the most exalted type marked his every glance ; his face shone with radiant delight. The discussion began, and Stephen presented the points he would defend. His positions were :

1. Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ spoken of in the Scriptures.

2. The Scriptures spoke of Christ as suffering and dying for the sins of his people.

3. Christ was the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

4. The Temple, with its ceremonies, would pass away.

5. Not only Israel, but men from all the nations of the earth, would find acceptance in the kingdom of the Messiah, which was not a political, but a spiritual, kingdom.

As he proceeded to elaborate his arguments, his contestants found plenty of points to venture to attack, which they hastened to do, when he ceased. Then came the rapid running discussion, questions and answers, statements and counter-statements. Stephen was the target for all their shafts. Saul stood foremost among those attacking, wielding his fiery eloquence like a master, pressing home words from the prophets; meeting argument with argument, until at length the spirit of Stephen was so stirred that the graces of oratory were unheeded, and the most forcible presentations of facts given. Like a mighty prophet he arose, and produced before them such a mass of evidence; such glowing

strains of prophetic inspiration; such clear assertions from the Scriptures; that one by one, beaten and voiceless, they retired from the contest until only Saul remained; and then, with the graphic power of a historian, Stephen hurled upon Saul fact upon fact, letter upon letter, until Saul, the dauntless, could say no more; and Stephen remained in the presence of them all, the conqueror.

Previous to this, many of the priests had become obedient to the faith; and now, as they listened to the defence of their belief, they rejoiced aloud in the loving kindness of God, who had permitted them to awaken to a knowledge of the true, spiritual meaning of the words of the prophets of old, as Stephen had just expounded them.

CHAPTER III.

STEPHEN, THE MARTYR.

BUT there were others present who were not disposed to take the eloquence of the champion so kindly. Filled with the bitterness of prejudice, and not fully comprehending the drift of his argument, and in every statement beholding only an attack on Moses, or on the Temple, they gnashed their teeth in rage, and vowed to let no food pass their lips until they had brought these things to the attention of the elders. The spirit that had put Jesus to death once more awoke, and now it thirsted for the blood of his faithful disciple.

The hated religion became more hateful than ever; and in the low breathed threats that the followers of Christ heard on every hand, they knew that the crisis had come, and that once more the called nation was rejecting the salvation sent by the Messiah of God. In a kind of a tumult the meeting closed, and the people, separating in groups, discussed the startling words of Stephen. Far different it might have been, if they

could have remembered the exact words he used, and have comprehended their meaning. They had no stenographer to take down the rapidly uttered words for reference, but each man's frail memory was depended upon for the vindication of the judgment of the speaker. At length some of his bitter foes, led by a desire for gain, and for the favor of the elders, arose and said that they were ready to swear before the Sanhedrim, that Stephen had uttered blasphemous words against the Temple.

When Stephen left the synagogue, he was soon surrounded by his enthusiastic brethren, who had heard his words and had witnessed his triumph. He himself was calm and confident in the ultimate growth of the religion of Jesus; but he had heard many of the threats against himself, and he knew not how soon the vengeance of the Jews might fall upon him. But ever faithful, he at once resumed his duties as the almoner of the bounty of the brotherhood; and going to the homes of some of the poor of the flock, carried to them sweet messages, culled from the promises of their Lord.

Saul was astonished, chagrined, baffled. His choicest arguments were thrown to the ground as worthless; his keenest points were blunted against

the armor of his foe; and, instead of convincing Stephen of his mistake, he beheld before him a sea of conclusions utterly at variance with what he had hitherto most confidently taught and cherished. He was not convinced, only silenced; and his courage was transformed into hatred. The suggestions of some of his companions while he was in this state of mind, found a ready acceptance. If argument could not silence the bold blasphemer of the Almighty, the judgment of the Sanhedrim could. So, with the crowd of angry bigots, Saul sought the ear of the high priest, to counsel him at once to nip this heresy in the bud.

The high priest was ready for the deed. The shedding of blood had become so common, that the conscience did not seem to rebel against it; and the lordly Sadducee held the followers of the Nazarene in such profound contempt, both politically and ecclesiastically, that to take their lives was only a short and easy way to be rid of them. In this case, however, such prominence had been given to it, that future action demanded a show of authority. For seven years, the Temple had been invaded by this audacious class. Solomon's Porch was their favorite meeting place. There, upon that spacious pavement, beneath the lofty roof, supported by

magnificent columns, the people were urged to accept Jesus as the Messiah. They were orderly, and paid proper respect to all of the customs of the Temple; they never violated any of the laws; they never indulged in insurrection; and the captain of the Temple had no good cause of complaint against them. But they had become an eyesore to the rulers, who determined that, upon the first provocation, the whole sect should be extinguished.

While the excitement was still intense over the result of the discussion, the Sanhedrim was called together in the usual meeting place, the hall Gazith in the Temple, with the predetermined judgment that the ancient rights of the Sanhedrim were to be acted upon, and that the audacious Stephen should receive the punishment of death.

The servants of the high priest were not slow in informing the seventy members of the duty demanding their presence; and they speedily came together, and sat in their accustomed places. When the high priest, in his robes of office, ascended to his station, the object of their malice was sent for.

It was not difficult to find Stephen. No secrecy was sought by him. He went openly about his duties, faithful to the charge committed to him. Hence, when the officers came to him, and cited

him to appear before the Sanhedrim, though well aware of the danger threatening him, he went with them as courageously as he went before the synagogues. It was the sublimest period of his life. He was to stand before the highest ecclesiastical tribunal in the land. His Master had stood before the same body, and upon him they had vented their most bitter hatred. So they might do to him; but Stephen was ready to walk in the footsteps of his Lord, if counted worthy.

When he was ushered into the presence of the body, their stately manners would have awed a common man; but Stephen thought of a higher power, enshrined in a loftier glory; and his mind so dwelt on that, that the company before him alarmed him not. As he stood and gazed upon them, he marked the lowering brows of the more embittered against him. They evidently were filled with the most vindictive hatred. The witnesses were called, and gave their testimony. They repeated the very words of Stephen, yet so distorted and in such a connection as entirely to pervert the meaning. Then came the call of the high priest: "Are these things so?"

And Stephen, once more glancing around the semicircle of venerable elders, said: "Brethren

and fathers, hearken! The God of glory appeared to our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Haran, and said to him: Go forth from thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee. Then he went forth from the land of the Chaldeans, and dwelt in Haran; and from thence, after his father was dead, he caused him to remove into this land, wherein ye now dwell. And he gave him no inheritance in it—not even a foot-breadth; and he promised to give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him, when he had no child. And God spake after this manner, that his seed shall be a sojourner in a strange land; and they will bring them into bondage, and afflict them four hundred years. And the nation to whom they shall be in bondage I will judge, saith God; and after that, they shall come forth and shall serve me in this place. And he gave him the covenant of circumcision; and thus he begat Isaac, and circumcised him the eighth day; and Isaac, Jacob; and Jacob the twelve patriarchs; and the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt. And God was with him, and delivered him out of all his afflictions, and gave him favor and wisdom in the sight of Pharaoh, King of Egypt; and he made him Gov-

ernor over Egypt, and all his house. And there came a famine over all the land of Egypt and Canaan, and a great affliction; and our fathers found no sustenance. But Jacob, hearing that there was grain in Egypt, first sent out our fathers; and, at the second time, Joseph was recognized by his brothers; and the race of Joseph was made known unto Pharaoh. Then Joseph sent, and called for Jacob his father, and all his kindred, threescore and fifteen souls. And Jacob went down into Egypt and died, he and our fathers, and were removed to Shechem, and laid in the tomb that Abraham bought, for a sum of money, of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem.

“But as the time of the promise drew near, which God declared to Abraham, the people grew and multiplied in Egypt, until another king arose who knew not Joseph. He, dealing subtly with our race, afflicted our fathers, so that they should cast out their infants, that they might not be preserved alive. In which time Moses was born, and was exceeding fair, who was nourished three months in his father’s house. And when he was cast out, Pharaoh’s daughter took him up, and nourished him for herself as a son.

“And Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of

the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds. And when he was forty years old, it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the sons of Israel. And seeing one of them suffer wrong, he defended him, and avenged the one oppressed by smiting the Egyptian. For he supposed his brethren would understand that God, by his hand, would deliver them; but they understood not. And on the following day, he showed himself to them as they were contending, and urged them to peace, saying: Ye are brethren; why wrong ye one another? But he who was wronging his neighbor thrust him away, saying: Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us? Wilt thou kill me, as thou didst kill the Egyptian yesterday? And Moses fled at this saying, and became a sojourner in the land of Midian, where he begat two sons. And when forty years were completed, there appeared to him in the wilderness of the Mount Sinai, an angel in a flame of fire in a bush. And Moses, seeing it, wondered at the sight; and as he drew near to behold it, the voice of the Lord came to him, saying: I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses trembled and durst not behold. And the Lord said to him: Loose the sandals from thy feet; for

the place where thou standest is holy ground. Truly, I saw the affliction of my people in Egypt, and I heard their groaning, and came down to deliver them. And now come, I will send thee into Egypt. This Moses whom they denied, saying: Who made thee a ruler and a judge? him did God send as a ruler and a redeemer by the hand of the angel who appeared to him in the bush. He brought them out, working wonders and signs in the land of Egypt, and in the Red Sea, and in the wilderness forty years.

“This is the Moses who said to the children of Israel: A Prophet will God raise up to you of your brethren, like unto me. This is he who was in the congregation in the wilderness with the angel who spoke to him in the Mount Sinai, and with our fathers; who received the living oracles to give to us; to whom our fathers would not be obedient, but thrust him from them, and in their hearts turned back again into Egypt, saying to Aaron: Make us gods who shall go before us; for as for this Moses, who brought us out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him.

“And they made a calf in those days, and offered sacrifice to the idol, and rejoiced in the works of their own hands. And God turned away,

and gave them up to worship the host of heaven ;
as it is written in the book of the prophets :

“ Did ye offer to me slain beasts and sacrifices,
Forty years in the wilderness, O house of Israel ?
And ye took up the tabernacle of Moloch,
And the star of the god Remphan,
The figures which ye made to worship them ;
And I will carry you away beyond Babylon.

“ Our fathers had the tabernacle of the testimony
in the wilderness, as he who spoke to Moses com-
manded, that he should make it according to the
pattern that he had seen ; which also our fathers
received, and brought in with Joshua into the
possession of the heathen, whom God drove out
before our fathers, unto the days of David, who
found favor before God, and asked that he might
find a habitation for the God of Jacob. But
Solomon built a house for him. Yet the Most
High dwells not in temples made with hands ;
as says the prophet :

“ Heaven is my throne,
And the earth is my footstool ;
What house will ye build for me ? saith the
Lord.

Or what is my place of rest ?

Did not my hands make all these things ? ”

By this time, they fully realized the meaning of his appeal to history. And by the frown on their faces, and their low mutterings; by the shaking of their heads, while some even put their fingers in their ears to hear no more,—he saw that to continue the discussion further was useless; that no appeal, either to the Scriptures or to their own reason, could move them. Leaving, therefore, the argument unfinished, he exclaimed:

“Stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears! Ye do always resist the Holy Spirit. As your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? And they slew those who announced beforehand concerning the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have now become the betrayers and murderers; who received the law as the ordinances of angels, and kept it not.”

Now the outcries against him were loud, and coupled with the severest expressions of rage, and they gnashed their teeth against him. But he arose into a sublime ecstasy of feeling; his eyes were opened to discern spiritual things; heaven itself unfolded; and seeing the glory of God, and Jesus, as if he had just leaped from his throne to assist his servant, Stephen glowed with the glory

of the spectacle, and then, in his rapture, exclaimed:

“Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God!”

He could say no more, for forgetting their dignity and their judicial obligations, with wild yells they sprang from their seats, tore open their robes, glared fiercely at him, and covering their ears so as not to be defiled by hearing his blasphemy, pushed him out of the hall, then dragged him out of the Temple, through the Damascus Gate, out to a rounded knell not far from Calvary, and there stoned him to death.

Saul gave his voice against him. More than that, he was in the midst of the throng; and as the false witnesses, stripped for the purpose of freedom in hurling the stones, they laid their garments at Saul's feet, and only claimed them when the saintly martyr was dead.

In his last moments, Stephen uttered a prayer; and above the yells of the crowd, Saul heard that prayer. It was: “Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.” And Saul returned to the high priest with this prayer ringing in his soul.

Stephen's body was carefully taken up by his brethren; and in the burial ceremonies, there was

great lamentation by his devout friends, wails of agony from many crushed hearts, as they knew that this was only the beginning of a terrible and pitiless persecution.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLIGHT.

IN the evening of the same day, as the Priest Talmai was seated on his divan, engaged in his customary study of the Prophet Isaiah, the servant drew aside the curtain that hung over the doorway, and announced a messenger from Simon Peter, the apostle. Bidding the servant admit him, a moment passed, and then one of the brethren appeared in the doorway, and, waving his hand, said :

“Grace and peace to you from our Lord Jesus Christ.”

“And to you the same, with all spiritual blessings,” answered Talmai, at the same time rising and kissing the brother on the right cheek, then continuing : “What providence blesses me with the presence of my esteemed brother at this hour ?”

“Simon Peter,” the visitor replied, “has requested your attendance at the synagogue as soon as possible, to meet other of the brethren, to hear important and startling information which he has just received.”

“Go thy way,” Talmai answered; “in a few moments I will follow thee. Peace be to thee.”

When the messenger had departed, Talmai passed out of the room where he had been sitting, and, going up to the house top, approached a corner, where, under a spacious awning, was seated a beautiful woman, and by her side a boy but little more than thirteen years of age. A glance at the boy's features revealed the fact that he was the son of this woman; and that he was the idol of his mother was made apparent by the affectionate glances she was bestowing upon him; for with all the fondness of an Israelitish mother, she beheld in her son the promise of the most exalted virtues.

Saluting them, the priest informed his wife of his sudden call to the synagogue, warned her that he might not return until a late hour, and said that she should not be alarmed at his absence. As he departed, she prayed that the Lord would be with him, for of late strange forebodings had filled her heart. Her husband was a priest of the Temple, and could trace his ancestry in an unbroken line back to Aaron, the first priest. But now he was numbered with the Christians, for he believed in the Jesus as the promised prophet like unto Moses, and in a careful study of the word of God, he

knew that the Christ of God had come, and that all things had happened to him as the Scriptures foretold.

In this faith his wife fully shared; for she was a true daughter of Israel; and with deep spiritual longing, she looked for the return of Messiah to cover the humiliation of the past with the effulgence of the promised millennial splendor. Their son also was rapidly advancing in the way of life. With the most scrupulous care for him, they had fulfilled every requirement of the law. As soon as he was able to lisp his mother's name, they taught him to pronounce the names of the heroes of the nation. When his mind was prepared to compass sentences, they taught him verses from the law. When six years of age, he was placed in the rabbinical school, and by the choicest oral instruction, was led into the simplest truths of the traditions. At ten years of age, he was put to the study of rabbinical comments on the law; at twelve, he was placed before the doctors of the law, preparatory to becoming a son of Israel; and at thirteen, the age he had but recently passed, he chose his trade, that of a carpenter, and in the most solemn manner became bound on his own personal responsibility before God to practice all the moral requirements

of the law. But beyond all this, of his own choice, he had gladdened his parents' hearts, by asking to be baptized into the fellowship of the disciples of the Lord Jesus. He was also studying the duties of the priesthood; for, as the only son of his father, he might yet be called on to officiate in that father's stead, when he, through the infirmities of age, or by death, should pass from the service. If, perchance, the Messiah should not return before that time drew nigh.

Talmai, the priest, rapidly passed along the street until he arrived in front of the synagogue of the Nazarenes. It was in nowise distinguished from the buildings about it. It was a private residence, so altered within as to serve the purposes of the brethren of the Lord Jesus. It was two stories in height, with a front of undressed stone, with no windows on the first floor, and only narrow, latticed windows on the second. The doorway was arched, and the door swung in, opened only by the watchman, who remained within. As was the usual style, the narrow, vault-like entry led from the door to the court, and then up a flight of stairs to the audience chamber of the congregation. The family taking care of the synagogue dwelt in the lower part, and the large upper room was reserved for the

church. Knocking at the door, the priest was at once admitted, and he quickly passed to the hall of the congregation. Here he found already assembled the apostles, deacons, and the leading men of the faith who were in Jerusalem. Among them were priests like himself, some rabbis, and even two members of the Sanhedrim.

In subdued whispers, they spoke with each other of the late occurrences, and of the call so suddenly bidding them assemble. At length, after a few more had entered, Peter arose and called the assembly to order. As in respectful silence they at once took their places and listened, he said :

“Men and brethren: It has been many years since the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ was shed on the cross by the hatred and wickedness of our brethren in Israel; and during these years, though we have been scorned and trodden upon, our lives have been spared, and the worst we have had to endure has been but hard words and cruel threats. But now, my brethren, a change has come over the feelings of the rulers toward us, and they have determined upon our complete destruction; from which the Lord preserve us! They have already bereft of life our dearly beloved brother Stephen, who in his last moments witnessed a goodly pro-

fession; but this is only the beginning of the troubles that will fall upon us. That you may know the cause of my calling you together, will you, Amos, son of Hur, stand up, and declare what you have this day learned?"

Being thus called upon, Amos, son of Hur, arose, and standing by the side of the ark of the records, spoke as follows:

"Brethren, it has fallen to my lot to be the bearer of sad tidings, which may our Lord turn to the defence and glory of his name. When we saw Stephen hurried to his death, we indeed hoped that the shedding of such precious blood would satisfy the anger of the elders of Israel; but it is not so, my brethren. The sight of that holy man dying has but whetted their appetite for blood, and they thirst for a renewal of that sight.

"In secret session of some of their leading men—of which, according to the will of God, I was an unseen witness—that fierce tiger, Saul of Tarsus, was commissioned to exterminate the sect of the Nazarenes. By the written and sealed authority of the high priest, and of the Sanhedrim, he is authorized to enter even into our private dwellings, and drag forth to prison, and perchance to death, whomsoever he may find guilty of believing in Jesus. Sup-

ported by a large number of his companions, who are chagrined by their defeat in argument by the saintly Stephen, he will at once proceed to the fulfillment of this commission. And more than this, he has received from some brother of Judas Iscariot, the names of the apostles, deacons, priests, and prophets of our number, with their residence, and also of many others of our fellowship; and his anger will surely not abate until he has wrought havoc amongst all these whom he has sworn to destruction. Wherefore, my brethren, it behooves us to prepare at once for death, or for flight before the swift stroke of this persecutor falls upon us."

As the speaker ceased, and resumed his station, silence fell upon them all. What they feared had come at last. At length the silence was broken by one of the brethren asking, if he knew how soon these things would fall upon them, to which the reply was given:

"Before the next hour for evening sacrifice shall come, the sword will fall, and the name of Talmai, the priest, is at the head of the list."

More than this could not be learned. Whereupon a general discussion was held as to the best course to pursue. At length it was agreed that all who could do so, should at once place themselves

beyond the reach of the high priest. The apostles would remain in concealment in Jerusalem, to look after such of the flock as could not depart. And the deacons would accompany the various parties to their respective places of refuge, so that thus the unity of their fellowship might be preserved. It was deemed essential for his own security, and the welfare of the cause, that Talmai should at once depart out of the city.

Nicholas of Antioch, now arose, and said, that he would depart for Damascus, and thence to Antioch, and perchance the Lord would open a wide door to them in that, his native city. He expressed, moreover, the earnest hope that Talmai would meet him there.

Philip said that he would go into Samaria, and there accomplish the will of the Lord; and thus the brethren, telling of whither they would go, after prayer and the benediction of the apostles, departed to their homes, to make ready for immediate flight.

It was with a sad heart that Talmai returned to his home. He had been reared in luxury; his wife and son had never known a hardship; fortune had ever smiled upon them; their path had been strewn with roses. And now he must go to his

wife, and ask her, even this very night, to leave the home of her fathers, and become, with him, a wanderer.

When he reached his home, he found her, in great anxiety, awaiting his coming. She noticed his sad look and tone, and knew that there was trouble. Leading him to her favorite tower, where in solitude they could converse, she asked him why he returned with so heavy a heart.

“Daughter of Thamar,” he said, “seest thou that flame rising from over the altar? Thou wilt see that no more. Is the couch on which thou reclinest soft and pleasant? It will no more be thine. Dost thou behold the towers of thy neighbors and friends? Look upon them for the last time. Before the hour for morning sacrifice, we must be far hence.”

As the frightened look crept into her eyes, he tenderly took her hand, and said: “O thou mother in Israel, because we love and trust the Lord Jesus, the hand of persecution is stretched out against us; and the name of thy husband, and his household, stands first on the list. To-morrow, the stroke will fall. Let us leave our house in the charge of the steward, and let us take a man-servant, and a maid-servant, and with our son, at once depart, and in

Antioch find a home until Messiah comes to reign. What say'st thou?"

For a moment her head rested on his shoulder; then, looking up into his face, she answered:

"Husband, thou hast spoken well; we will depart. Let us at once make ready."

The hours of preparation rapidly passed away; and before the first streaks of dawn came, all was ready. The camels were laden with what would be necessary in the journey; the houdahs were furnished to make the traveling as easy as possible; a bag of money was safely secured; the steward received his instructions; and amidst the wailing and the tears of the entire household, the man of God, with his wife and child, departed from the home of his childhood, never to return.

Covered with the veils so commonly worn, they lingered in the street until the opening of the gates, and then, with swift tread, passed quickly toward the north. By the time of the morning sacrifice, they were beyond all sight of the city; and they only halted when, in the midst of Samaria, they knew that they were safe from immediate pursuit. And even at this place, they only remained long enough to obtain some rest, which was so greatly needed.

It was but a short time after the morning sacrifice, that a company of men stopped before the house of Talmai, the priest. The leader of this company was Saul of Tarsus. It was only after repeatedly knocking at the gate, that the porter appeared, and demanded the cause of their disturbance; and he only opened the door when they had shown him their authority from the high priest to search the house, and apprehend Talmai, the priest, and his family. Then the porter informed them that all search was unnecessary, as Talmai, with his wife and child, had departed on a journey of many days.

Then Saul knew that the bird had flown, and had escaped the snare that was spread for him. Nevertheless, in fierce anger, he searched the house thoroughly, to see if it were really so. When his vain search was ended, he departed, to vent his rage on some of the disciples of less note than the good priest.

CHAPTER V.

TALMAI'S JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM.

WHEN Talmai made the first halt by the side of a well, in a grove of fruitful olives, the sun was high in the heavens, but the distance traveled was sufficient to secure his present safety from the rage of his foe. Yet he fully realized that only by putting a long distance between himself and his pursuer, could he hope for more than merely temporary safety. As soon, therefore, as they had rested and refreshed themselves, they again mounted their camels, and moved forward.

Bartholomew was prevented from feeling fatigued because of the novelty of his ride. This was the first time he had ever mounted a camel, and every peculiar feature of the ride awakened his attention. Previously, whenever he had traveled, it had been on horseback, or on a steady ass; but now it was in a litter, securely fastened by straps on the back of the tall beast, and thus he was gently rocked by its motion, as it moved forward so evenly, so softly,

with its nose held high, and head swinging to and fro.

They could not travel the usual distance between the regular halting places, as Talmai's wife, not used to this mode, became extremely weary. As the day declined, they stopped before the largest kahn of a village in the beautiful plain of Esdrælon, in which they found shelter for the night. The next morning, at an early hour, they again moved forward; and as they passed through Nazareth, Talmai pointed out the various places where, no doubt, Jesus, when a lad, had played, even as they saw lads now engaged in play. They soon after came to Sepphoris, the Roman capital, and here they noticed the influence of the western costumes and soldierly habits. Here, also, they entered upon the Roman military road, one of the characteristic features of the Roman Empire. It was a road broad and even, well paved, and fitted for rapid marches in time of war. Over this road they now passed, until leaving Carmel to their left, with its frowning brow thrust far out into the sea, they first caught sight of the blue waters of the sea, and then of the houses of Ptolemais below them.

As they felt the fresh salt air from over the waters, they were revived, and glad to know that

they were nearing a place of safety. Now, for many miles, their way was along the shore of the sea; but forward they pressed, determined not to halt until they reached the busy city of Tyre. At length, they saw before them the great mountain of rock, that in a bold bluff, with steep, precipitous front, stood in their way; but the road wound over the summit, and as they crossed it, they knew why it was called the Ladder of Tyre.

Bartholomew looked down, and saw, about two hundred feet below, the waves of the sea dashing against the immutable rock. Passing this place in safety, they soon came to the city of Tyre; and with thankfulness to God for thus far leading them, they prepared to dismount and find rest. As the command, *Skh! Skh!* was given to the camels to kneel, with grunts of satisfaction they did do, and stretched their long necks on the ground so that the rider, putting his foot on the camel's neck as a step, might easily dismount and reach the ground in safety.

Talmi's wife was thoroughly fatigued, and he was apprehensive lest her strength would not last until the journey was ended. Thus far, the excitement had sustained her; but now, the reaction threatened to come and leave her prostrated.

Fortunately, Talmai heard of a merchant ship that had entered the harbor the day before to obtain a quantity of the dye for which Tyre was so famous; and, having obtained what it desired, was about to proceed to Seleucia to complete her cargo. Hastily sending a servant to secure their passage, he at once moved down to the wharf; and the servant, having been successful, they were allowed to embark; and as the winds were in the right quarter, the anchors were at once hoisted, and the vessel passed out of the harbor, heading toward the north. Now indeed they were safe; and, moreover, the bracing air from the bosom of the blue waves seemed to instill into the party new life. Talmai's wife, reclining on a couch on the deck, rested as sweetly as if in her own palace in Jerusalem.

The next morning, Bartholomew, with the keen interest of an active mind, went from one part of the vessel to another, curiously observing its various features and motions. It was a large merchantman, and was bound for Rome, making up its cargo in the various ports of the eastern Mediterranean. It had already gathered olives and wines from Cesarea and Joppa, and dyes from Tyre, and was now on its way to Seleucia, to meet a large

caravan from the East, from which it was to receive a valuable cargo for its Roman trade.

Bartholomew walked over its long, narrow deck with great wonder. The tall mast in the centre; the one huge sail; the net-work of cords and ropes; the high bulwark along the sides; the great block at the masthead; the huge piles of tacklings and ropes for undergirding; the two rudders, one on each quarter; the stem and stern exactly alike in shape; the huge crane head as the ornament at the stern; and the gaudily painted name of the vessel, with the figure of its protecting deity, at the bow—all were so different from anything he had ever before seen, that he hardly knew which to think the greatest wonder.

The sailors, too, were interesting characters. At the Joppa Gate in Jerusalem, he had often seen travelers from all parts of the world, and all manner of traffic; but in that place, the constant bustle of trading, and danger of contact with the unclean, had restrained him from observing the particular classes. Moreover, when there, the sailor was in his holiday dress, and being out of his element, acted in a bold, reckless, and unnatural way. Here, on the vessel, he saw the sailor at home, and in his natural bearing, acting obedient to orders, and

subject to discipline. Their language he could not understand, for they spoke that of Rome, the Latin, but he could understand the expression on their faces; and so, with some satisfaction, he watched them as they talked and laughed with each other.

From these, his attention was drawn to a little girl, who came on the deck. Her dark hair, in loose, wavy clusters, hung freely over her shoulders; her eyes were dark and soft in expression; her form was slender; and she was clothed in the dress of the orthodox Pharisees of Jerusalem. He recognized at once, by her features and dress, that like himself, she was a child of Abraham; and, meeting her so unexpectedly, and under such circumstances, he at once felt an eager desire to win her favor. She, too, was surprised to see a Jewish lad clothed in garments belonging exclusively to the families of the priests, as she had supposed there were no Jews on the vessel, excepting her own family; for she had been sleeping when the new-comers had arrived, and no one had spoken to her about them. As Bartholomew glanced toward her, she stopped and looked at him, and then smiled. Encouraged by the smile, he went toward her, and, in a manly tone, said:

"Peace be unto you, daughter of Israel. May the Lord of our fathers ever be with you."

Meekly, in words of salutation, such as she had often heard her father use, she answered:

"And to you the same, if you are a son of the true faith."

Bartholomew smiled as he answered:

"I am Bartholomew, the son of Talmai, the priest, and our home is on Mount Zion, in Jerusalem."

To this, in responsive confidence, she replied:

"And I am Judith, the daughter of Jesiah, and we did live in the Holy City; but we are now going to Rome to live, until Messiah comes, and then we will return to our home in Jerusalem."

Thus the children became acquainted. Together they strolled the deck, and watched the line of the coast on the right, with here and there its bluffs, and its white-walled houses; and on the left, they caught sight of the distant shore of the great island Cyprus, as its long, narrow point stretched toward them. But they talked the most about their old home, the beloved city of David; for both of them had been trained in the faith of their fathers; and from earliest childhood, the pride of their ancestry, and the prophetic glory of their nation, had a lead-

ing place in their education. They talked of their homes, their friends, their companions, and their plays.

Judith told about Saul; and Bartholomew about Stephen; not knowing that the fate of the one, and the hatred of the other, had caused their meeting each other so strangely.

When the parents of Judith came on the deck, they espied the priest and his wife, and recognizing the priestly dress, they saluted them, and entered into conversation.

The time was too short to exchange confidences; and only afterward, from the conversation of their children, did they learn how wide was the gap that separated them.

There was great excitement among them when the Pierian mountain came in sight, soon followed by a view of Seleucia, which was situated on the low lands at the end of the mountain; for here they must part.

As they neared the port, all was bustle and preparation. The officers shouted their commands; the sailors were prompt to obey; the passengers who were to land, were busy in collecting their possessions; and all was in motion. Meanwhile, the well-managed vessel swept past the jetties that

stretched out from the harbor, past the walls of solid masonry, in through the gateways, and came to anchor at the wharf, in the irregular oval port. The last salams of peace and blessing were spoken, and Talmai, with his wife, son, servants, and camels, passed from the vessel to the wharf. As they mingled in the crowd, Bartholomew, turning, beheld Judith leaning over the taffrail on the upper deck, tearfully watching him. He waved her a final farewell, and then turned into the street that led toward Antioch.

Judith was, indeed, grieved to see him depart. She had learned to love him with the sweet, pure, trusting love of early childhood. He was to her the realization of her ideal; and his image had entered her heart, to remain enshrined, and to survive the vicissitudes of years. But her immediate attention was called to consider the life on the broad and spacious wharf. The caravan that had been looked for had arrived, and was now coming down to yield its precious burdens into the care of the vessel.

It was a great caravan, and in its march and changes had gathered up the products from the ends of the earth. From distant Sinim, nearly a year before, some of its burdens had been started,

and from station to station had been transferred, with accumulations from Sogdiana, Bactriana, Parthia, Media, Persia, and then in long and tedious marches had crossed the great desert, and passing through Mesopotamia, had uninterruptedly pursued its course, until now the march was ended, and the vessel was ready to receive its treasures. There were the great dust-colored camels, with tufts of fox-colored hair on their slender necks; beautiful Arabian horses, that had been fed on camels' milk, and had been petted as were the children; handsome wild asses from the desert; large, meek-eyed sheep, with long, unshorn wool, from Bactriana; and peculiar looking slaves from the regions beyond Sogdiana. There were the busy cosmopolitan dealers from Antioch, who served as middle men, and brave sheiks from the desert, who had carefully guarded the caravan from attack; and merchants from Persia; and Jews from all the cities along the march, who, with keen scent, had followed the caravan to obtain the best of the goods for their aristocratic patrons. There were voices in a score of languages, and manners the most diverse in nature; and amid the din of this complex man, the shouts of the sheiks, the oaths of the servants, the loud talking of the merchants, the neighing of

the horses, the braying of the asses, and the groans of the camels, the bargains were made that transferred the goods from the merchants of the East to the merchants of the West; and the gold of Rome to be carried where the waves of the great ocean rolled on the eastern coasts of Sinim.

As Jesiah watched the trading, he soon learned the business of the various merchants. There was one who dealt in precious stones; he was happy, for he had secured diamonds and rubies from India. There was one who dealt in silks; and he had secured the finest quality from Sinim, so costly that it would bring him, in Rome, twelve ounces of gold for a pound; and the merchant returning to his home in Samarcand would be rewarded in an extravagant manner. There was another, who dealt in shawls and the finest fabrics from the sheepfolds of Persia. There was one who dealt in sabres, and he had secured a lot, not only of the finest steel, but with the handles richly embellished with precious stones; and another, who possessed the most delicate specimens of porcelain from Sinim, and also its rivals from Persia. Some had fine copper from the mines of Mazanderan, and silver from Maden.

At length, the trading was finished and the vessel

was stocked. The anchor was hoisted, and once more the ship spread its sail to the breeze, and passing out through the narrow gateway in the wall of masonry, continued the voyage to Rome.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARRIVAL AT ANTIOCH.

AS Talmai and his family, leaving the wharf, turned into the road that led to the south-east, past the famous avenue with its double row of marble columns, Bartholomew was glad that the crowd of travelers was so great as to compel them to pause awhile before passing through the gate of the city, as this short pause enabled him to observe more minutely the magnificent gate of Seleucia, with its pilasters and towers. Then as the company moved forward, they passed through this gateway, and entered on the road that, after winding around the base of Mount Pieria, extends in a straight course to Antioch. By this road, the distance between the two cities was only a little less than seventeen miles, while by the river, it was more than forty miles.

This road was almost like a city thoroughfare, with its moving caravans, its troops of camels, its pleasure parties, Roman soldiers, merchants, and clamorous beggars. And although the dust was

thick in the air, it did not prevent Bartholomew from seeing the fragrant and picturesque shrubs, the vines and myrtles, the bay and ilex, the arbutus and dwarf oaks, the fig trees and sycamores, that adorned the mountain bluffs, or flourished luxuriantly in the gardens that lined the road.

As they came nearer to Antioch, the crowd seemed to become more dense; and what astonished Bartholomew most of all, was the indifference of the people to contact with the unclean. In the crowd, they freely jostled against each other, and neither their comfort, nor their clothing, were affected by it. The crowd recalled the Joppa Gate in Jerusalem, only here he saw no white-robed priests, nor stately Pharisees, with their broad phylacteries, nor Scribes seeking employment.

As the road bent toward the south, the river came into view, and with it the long line of wharves, against which were anchored ships from nearly all parts of the Roman Empire. Back of the wharves was a row of strongly built houses, and next to these the city wall. Just before them was the heavy stone bridge which marked the end of navigation. On the lower side the river was crowded with vessels, and the wharves with camels, and with servants moving merchandise to and from

the vessels as rapidly as was possible in such a bustling scene.

Just above the bridge began the island upon which Calinicus had built the new city, and by five great viaducts had connected it with the main town. Close to the water's edge, the wall had been built; and the Imperial Palace, with its fanciful cornices and turrets, did not fail to attract the attention of the travelers as the most conspicuous object.

As the crowd passed on the bridge, moving toward the gates of the city, again there was a pause; and while there waiting, Bartholomew beheld in the distance, so lofty that it could be seen above the wall toward the south, Mount Casius, or, as the people delighted in calling it, "The Mountain of Orontes." Then farther toward the east, rose the two crests of Sulphius, upon one of which stood the Roman Citadel, in which was garrisoned all the year a full Roman Legion. Upon the other stood the Temple of Jupiter, and under it the residence of the Roman Legate. Almost directly in front of the bridge, on the sides and summit of the mount, were the memorials of the great Emperors. There were the baths and the aqueduct built by the great Cesar; and the aqueduct, with

baths, built by Caligula; and down in the city, the splendid basilica built by Cesar, and called the Cesarium in commemoration of his victory over Pompey.

As the crowd now moved forward, Bartholomew noticed the wall of the city. It was high, solid, and with many bold angles curving southwardly out of view. It had four hundred towers, and each one of these was a reservoir for water. That part of the wall near the bridge had been built by the first of the Seleucidæ, and was now as solid as when first erected; but he could observe no more of the wall as they now passed through the gate into the city.

As they advanced, more and more the beauty of the city astonished and delighted him. Passing along the street toward the east, they came to a broad street running north and south, and here, where the street touched the river, stood an immense, curiously shaped structure, called the Nymphæum. Taking the street toward the south, Bartholomew was lost in admiration of the palaces lining it on either side, and also of the splendor of the street itself. Through the middle of it extended a double row of marble colonnades, marking separate ways for footmen, beasts, and chariots, the

whole under shade, and cooled by incessantly flowing fountains.

Taking the road for beasts to travel, still riding on their camels, they came to the magnificent thoroughfare that crossed it at right angles, and turned toward the east. This street had been made splendid by the munificence of Herod the Great. Although previously it had been, for width and location, the best avenue in Antioch, it had become so filthy, with deep ruts and accumulations of mud, that it was shunned by the people. Then Herod paved it with polished marble for a distance of twenty furlongs, and for the same distance built marble cloisters along both sides of it, clear out to the magnificent suburb of Agrippa, the friend of Augustus, who chose this way to commemorate his own splendor and benevolence. After traversing this avenue a short distance, they turned toward the north into a street lined with gardens, so quiet and modest that it at once reminded them of Jerusalem.

Talmai stopped before one of these gardens, and sent a messenger into it to inquire for Simeon, surnamed Niger, who was his kinsman both in the flesh and in the Lord; and unto whom Nicholas had directed him. In a few moments Simeon came

out, and, with many expressions of joy, received them, and urged them to at once give their camels into the charge of his servants, and enter his, and now their, abode. The camels knelt, and they dismounted. Passing through the gate, they walked along a path, on either side of which were blooming beds of roses, and playing fountains, until, in the back part of the garden, they came to the plain, but comfortable, residence of their friend.

To Bartholomew's great delight, he was welcomed by a lad of about his own age, who was his cousin, and who made him at once feel at home by his cordiality. Thus Bartholomew was the more ready to see the hand of the Lord in removing them from Jerusalem to Antioch. Matthew, his cousin, had never visited Jerusalem, and with eager delight he listened as Bartholomew described to him the Temple, and the multitudes who came to worship in it from all parts of the world.

As Bartholomew had seen so little of Antioch, he could not contrast the splendor of the two cities; and his description of his home was, naturally, colored by a slight touch of homesickness, and a decided reverence for things pertaining to God. Matthew had so often heard his father speak of Jerusalem, that in his own mind he had imagined

it; and the enthusiastic descriptions of Bartholomew seemed to confirm his mental picture. Thus filled with a love for the things of God, the boys soon became fast friends.

CHAPTER VII.

WRECKED ON THE LYCIAN COAST.

THERE was indeed a motley group of passengers that stood on the deck of the merchantman, as she moved so gracefully and so proudly past the base of the hills that stood by the side of Seleucia. They represented nearly all conditions of society, although the larger number of them were merchants, with their recently acquired possessions. Jesiah was not the only son of Abraham, for some were on board in the charge of Roman soldiers, sent by the Legate to answer for serious crimes before the Emperor. Moreover, some of the merchants, the most delighted with their purchases, were Jews who boasted of their success in obtaining the very best of the treasures of the caravan; and who now spoke of the great gain that they expected to make from their customers in Rome.

Among the groups, Jesiah noticed one man who did no boasting, who did not even refer to his occupation, and did not seem to belong to any particular nationality. He was to be left at Patara, where

the vessel was to make her first stop. He was clothed in the ordinary Roman toga, with a broad girdle, in which hung a short sword; his face was tanned by the sun as greatly as the travelers from over the desert; his black eyes sparkled brightly, and his thin lips were occasionally loosened into a smile, as he listened first to one group, and then to another. The softness and quickness of his step indicated a man of prompt action; and he seemed to measure all with whom he came in contact. Some thought he was a wealthy merchant who gathered his treasures from the far East; for when the caravan came to Seleucia he joined with it, and sold a quantity of precious stones and fine jewelry to the merchants, and had deposited his money with the most prominent banker in Antioch. When Judith came on the deck, he at once noticed her, and, turning from the blatant merchants, sought to gain her favor. He spoke not only Latin and Greek, but also Hebrew; and, with his winning manner, soon succeeded in gaining, at least, her attention.

Nobly the vessel moved over the blue waters, as the huge sail caught the wind; and first on the right tack, and then on the left, worked its way toward the west. But, as the sun on the first day

approached the western horizon, to dip beneath the sea, heavy clouds came up from the surface of the sea and shrouded it, so that it went down in darkness and gloom. The captain of the merchantman, watching these clouds, became more careful in his observations; and the stranger, with a fixed expression, gazed for a long time over the sea, and, as he handed Judith to her father, remarked:

“We shall soon be in the midst of a great storm. Do you see those clouds? We shall get no rest this night.”

Soon, by the increase of the wind, the prospects of the storm became more apparent. As the darkness of night settled upon them, the sail was partly taken in, and everything made ready for the tempest. In the night, the wind increased to a gale, and before morning, the fury of the storm was upon them. The winds crashed through the rigging; the rain in torrents dashed upon the deck; the sea, lashed by the tempest, roared and foamed in boiling wrath about them. The sail that had not been taken in, was torn to shreds; the tall mast in the centre of the vessel, bearing the weight of the storm, creaked and swayed, so that it caused the vessel to strain from stem to stern; and the sailors, forced to undergird the ship, saw several of their

number washed overboard, and could do nothing to save them. The rudders were swept away, and then the mast yielded, broke, and with a terrific crash fell over the side of the vessel, threatening the destruction of all. But, by Herculean efforts, it was cut away, and the threatened destruction for the time averted.

But now a new and appalling danger threatened them. The rudders being lost, they could not control the motion of the vessel, and she was completely at the mercy of the storm. In the cabins there was the deepest distress. The straining of the vessel had caused a number of leaks, and all the men were called to work at the pumps, in order to keep her afloat. But it was impossible to stand the force of the storm; and numbers of those who had been so happy in the hope of their gains, were hurled into the foaming deep, to perish without thought of rescue. At length, with a cry of agony, the captain gave up all hope of being saved; for in the distance before them, he discerned the mountains of Lycia, whose rocky shores were the terror of all sailors, toward which, now rudderless, the vessel was rapidly driving. The word was given that each one should care for himself, as there was no further hope of the ship. Jesiah

rushed into the cabin to prepare his family for the danger, but the stranger said to him :

“ I will take care of your daughter ; give all your attention to your wife.”

Grasping Judith in his strong arms, he rushed to the deck. As he did so, the vessel struck a rock ; she staggered a moment, and then the water rushed into the cabin, filling it, and drowning Jesiah, his wife, and all who were there. But few were on the deck, and they cast themselves on boards into the sea, hoping to reach the shore. The stranger tied the child to his back, and then watching the motion of the waves, at the right moment sprang into the water, and the great wave bore him clear beyond the breakers toward the shore. Then struggling with the receding waves, he at last reached the shore, and, with his burden, fell exhausted on the sand. He was aroused by hearing a sharp exclamation :

“ Come ! quick ! here is the captain ! ”

As the one who had spoken bent over him, he opened his eyes, and beheld the face of one of his own band. Others now came running up to him. Judith was untied, and as he took her in his arms—for she was sobbing bitterly from sorrow, exhaustion, and fright—the men expressed their delight in

seeing him with them once more. They at once brought nourishment, and after they had eaten, still holding Judith in his arms, he told them of the voyage and the wreck.

A hundred years before this time, when the pirates had become so numerous that they seriously interfered with the sustenance of the cities of the Empire depending on commerce, Mount Olympus in Lycia, on the slope of which this vessel was wrecked, became their headquarters. But Pompey so thoroughly shattered their forces, that they had never been able to recover power. Nevertheless, a few of their descendants still inhabited the mountain, and seemed to follow the ways of peace. But the disease was in the blood; time could not eradicate it; and though a century had passed, Menelaus was the captain of a band that gathered treasures from the wrecks that the storms drove on the rocks of Lycia; and, at other times, as robbers, preyed on travelers in Mount Taurus. As they possessed no vessels, and did their robbing so far from their homes, they had thus far escaped the vengeance of the Empire. Menelaus had taken to Seleucia, and had sold, the fruits of their expeditions, and was returning to Patara, from whence he would have passed over the mountains to his

band, when the storm came up, and washed him ashore. For several days they lingered, waiting for the sea to cast the dead, with their treasures, upon the shore. As the vessel went to pieces, the hope of the robbers was gratified, and a large part of the treasures destined for Rome, fell into their hands. When the sea gave up the dead, out of respect to little Judith, the bodies of Jesiah and his wife were taken a short distance up the side of the mountain, and there, on a slope facing Jerusalem, were buried.

Then, gathering together their spoils, the band started on the homeward march. Judith did not know that her preserver was a robber. Now he was her only friend. She trusted him, and with her arms about his neck, allowed him to carry her over the rough places in their march. For several hours in silence they ascended the mountain path, each man stepping in the footsteps of the chief, until at length they came to a small valley, enclosed by huge rocks, in one of the loftiest parts of the mountain. In this valley was their home. They lived in tents, and the place was luxuriant in the most charming foliage. A stream of water, clear and cool, in a series of cascades, flowed through the valley. Great trees, standing here

and there in groves, gave protection to the tents; and the high rocks guarded the valley from approach, except by the path along which they had come—and here perpetual watch was kept.

As they entered the valley, a number of women came from the tents to meet them, together with several children. One of the women came to the chief, who, after affectionately greeting her, said:

“Nervie, I have brought you a child to take the place of our daughter; and she is as lovely a child as ever was seen.”

As the woman looked at her, Judith saw a kind and anxious face, still marked with the sorrow that had been caused by a newly made grave in a secluded spot in the valley. She had loved her little daughter as much as other mothers loved; and when her treasure was taken from her, she sorrowed even as other mothers did. She took Judith from her husband, and looking steadily at her for a moment, said:

“She shall be our daughter. Come with me, child.”

She led the way into the spacious tent, and Judith followed her; for this was to be her home, and these people were to be her companions.

For many days, it seemed as if Judith's grief

would consume her; but youth conquered, and she began to smile through her tears, and reciprocate the affection of the woman who had at once received her as her daughter.

The little camp was well ordered in its government. The chief was supreme; and, recognizing his superiority, the others were obedient subjects. The children were trained in the ways of their fathers, and in hatred to Rome; and the thirst for danger was as natural to them as it was to lisp their mother's tongue.

Gentle Judith soon learned to value their generosity; for while terrible to their enemies, they were exceedingly kind to their own. And she, at first the pet of the chief, became the pride of the camp—and thus seven years passed by.

During these years, she lost neither her beauty nor her strong national caste; but was, like her namesake of old, the fairest and most attractive of her tribe. The anguish of her loss had long since become as a dream in the night; but as she grew, with her mind there grew the thought of her ideal, and of the Messiah; and somehow these two became linked together, the one seemed to fade into the other. She was no longer a delicately nurtured child; but was a forest rover, strong of limb, racing

over mountain paths, fearless and free. The ruddy glow of health was on her cheeks, and the courage of the warrior inspired her mind. She knew but little of books and parchments; she recollected seeing them in her childhood's home, but instead of by these, her mind was stored with fireside tales of bold adventures, of dangers, and triumphs by sea and by land.

She knew the rocks, the trees, the birds, and the beasts that dwelt on the mountain side, and with quick apprehension, she noticed every feature of their appearance and habits. In the treasures brought to the valley by the robbers, she learned the nature and the value of the gems and precious stones; and many a gem intended for Roman lady, found its proper place on her arm or neck.

The chief loved her as his own daughter; and the idol of the chief became the idol of the band, and there was not one of them but would have died to save her from the approach of a foe.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVERSION OF SAUL OF TARSUS.

WHEN Saul learned that the Priest Talmai had fled, and had taken his way through Samaria, he at once supposed he had gone to Damascus, a city of such splendor and comfort as naturally to attract one who had lived in luxury, as had the priest. Leaving the pursuit until some future time, he turned, with unabated zeal, upon the believers who had not fled; and of these there were many. The most unreasonable fanaticism seemed to control him. Utterly regardless of the pain he was causing, ignoring the tenderness of the women, and the sanctities of home, he forced his way into their houses, and from amidst their families dragged forth both men and women, shutting them up in the prisons that were yet under the control of the high priest. His object seemed to be extermination; and he verily thought that he was commissioned of God to accomplish this work. For many days and weeks the persecutions raged.

In the villages of Judea and Samaria, the refu-

gees found shelter only because of the present inability of their pursuer to follow them. Daily the troubles of the believers in Jerusalem increased, until it seemed to those outside, that the power of Jesus was obliterated. Then, with unabated zeal, Saul determined to follow those who had fled, pursuing them even to strange cities, if necessary. For he had, by this time, learned that the very persecutions that had driven them from their homes had quickened their zeal, and that wherever they went—hunted outcasts though they were—they preached the Lord Jesus, and won converts to their faith. In Samaria, multitudes were following them; and in Damascus, they were flourishing in increasing power.

The Samaritans were always accursed, he thought, and he would leave them until some future time; but, as he had reduced those in Jerusalem, so would he deal with those in Damascus.

He chose, as companions to his journey, a number of personal friends, filled with similar zeal, who loved the excitement of the chase, and delighted in the sufferings of those who believed neither in the Temple, nor in Moses.

The watchful disciples in Jerusalem, learning of his purposes, sent word to the brethren in Da-

mascus to prepare for the coming of the destroyer. When they received the word, they were filled with consternation; but in this hour, prayed that God, who delivered Daniel from the lions, would deliver them from their enemy.

Saul obtained letters from the high priest to the synagogue in Damascus; and thus, clothed with authority, he and his attending minions went forth. It was a striking cavalcade. Never before had a body of men traveled that road for such a purpose. Part of that road, between Gadara and Jerusalem, Jesus had traveled. Now the persecutor of Jesus travels it; but no crowds of earnest suppliants gather about his way; the sick and the suffering find no help in him. He does not stop at Samaria to crush out the work there, nor to hunt for the woman whom Jesus told of the water of life; he does not stop at the lower end of the lake of Genesaret, nor in Decapolis, where Jesus performed so many miracles; but on, over the Roman road, on which the troops of Pompey had marched, he goes toward the northeast to the "Pearl of the East," to force back to their ancestral faith the erring children of Abraham.

Over the desert they travel; and, on the sixth day from leaving Jerusalem, they behold in the

distance—yet, in the clear atmosphere, seeming so near—the city they are seeking. It is the first day of the week; the sky is cloudless; the hot rays of the sun pour down upon them in withering splendor; all about them are the sands of the desert; and on the east and south the desert and sky meet.

On the west rise the peaks of Hermon and the range of Anti-Libanus; in front of them, only ten miles distant, is the beautiful vale of “the river of gold,” which, flowing down from the mountains, makes an ever green garden in the desert, as beautiful as any on the earth. The waters are sweet and clear; the waters praised by Naaman, as by all who had ever drank of them, or had bathed in them. Roses and tangled shrubbery, oleanders and palms, made the vale blossom in beauty; and there, amid such gardens, the white houses of the city, like a pearl in its gorgeous setting, appeared so beautiful, that the heart of the traveler was lifted up in thanksgiving and praise. Saul’s mind must have been stirred by a sense of this beauty as he gazed upon it. At this distance, it was a picture of peace and of sweet contentment; but he had come to disturb that peace, to break up that contentment. Believers in Jesus were there; and the

city would only be beautiful, as it should be, when they were driven out.

As thus with exultant zeal they pressed forth, eager to reach the end of their journey, suddenly a light, brighter and more dazzling than the fiercest noonday glare, fell upon them out of heaven.

As a glance of the eye of the Almighty, it fell upon Saul; and, stricken by its force, paralyzed and blinded, he fell to the earth. His companions, beholding the light, were filled with terror, and their terror was none the less when, with the light, they heard a sound as if it thundered. Saul, too, prone upon the ground, heard the sound. To him it was not thunder, but the voice of the Lord; and he not only heard the voice, but there in that flood of strange light, stood one whom he knew to be him that he had hated, and whose followers he was hunting to their death.

Now the eyes of Jesus looked upon him, his lips moved, and he spake to him; his words were words of rebuke, of question, of affiliation with the helpless persecuted ones. The language was the language of the prophets of old, the sacred language:

“Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the goads.”

As Saul heard these words, the presence of this

strange spiritual being awed him, and in trembling tones he replied:

“Who art thou, Lord?”

Then came the answer, sharp and incisive, in a second driving away all of Saul’s doubts and cavilings,—“I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.”

Then, trembling and astonished, Saul asked: “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” And the answer came: “Arise and stand upon thy feet; for I appeared to thee for this purpose, to appoint thee a minister and a witness both of the things which thou sawest, and of the things in which I will appear to thee; delivering thee from the people and the Gentiles, to whom I send thee, to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may obtain forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in me.” When the companions of Saul, who had heard the voice, but knew not the words, and had seen the light, but not the Person, lifted him up from the ground, they saw that he was blind, and, even though they opened his eyes, the power of sight was gone. Amazed, they led him to the city, and to the house of Judas, on the street called Straight; and then went to the Jews, to tell them

of the wonderful event that had so suddenly occurred to their leader, as they were gazing upon the city.

For three days Saul remained in this terrible blindness; and thus cut off from all objects about him, filled with remorse as the picture of his cruelty and misdirected zeal came before him, he saw the desolation he had made in the homes of God's true Israel, and the despairing looks on the faces of those for whose death he had given his voice; and more than all, as the words and looks of Stephen came before him, he realized that he had been fighting against God. These things so prostrated him, that he could neither eat nor sleep; but in humble prayer he yielded up his will to the Lord, to do whatsoever he desired of him.

Then there came to him Ananias, a godly man, who brought to him the word of the Lord. Ananias laid his hands upon him, and his sight was restored. Then when the scales had fallen from his eyes, Ananias took him by the hand, and leading him out to one of the fountains of the pure waters of Damascus, in the name of Father, Son, and Spirit, set him apart by baptism to the faith and fellowship of the crucified and risen Saviour of mankind. As the light of the meaning of prophecy

dawned upon his mind, he went into the synagogue of Damascus, and boldly told the people of his conversion, and when they uttered their opposition, he, by his eloquence—the eloquence of a new-born soul—refuted them. The people wondered at the change; and as he became the more earnest in his presentations of the truth, they raised a clamor against him, until it was unsafe for him to remain longer in Damascus. The Jews were highly incensed against him, because he preached unto them Jesus as the Son of God, the Messiah. Thus those of Damascus rejected their own Messiah, as those of Jerusalem had already done.

At this period, the way was opened for his escape. In the desert, east of Damascus, with the wild tribes who knew no master but God, the refuge was provided.

Southeast of Damascus were situated the remains of the ancient cities of the Rephaim, the great dwellings of stone, solid and massive, which have successfully resisted the influences of thousands of years. Toward these cities, where the wandering tribes found temporary homes, Saul now directed his course. In these Arabian solitudes, stretching far to the south, he could meet those who frequently journeyed to Damascus or Jerusalem, and yet be

beyond the power of Herod, or Aretas, or the high priest; for if in one place they sought him, he could hide in another; or, with some desert tribe, penetrate the vast sandy plain to the east, trackless to all but those born in its solitudes; and they, with the soul of honor, would die rather than betray their guest.

As he entered his desert home, to his left were the black basaltic rocks of Trachonitis; on his right, the desert sands stretching to the mountains of Gilead; before him, the line of deserted cities; and all about him, the great fields of sand.

Here, far from the city, and city attractions, he could review the past and meditate on the wonderful providences of God. Here, in a new light, led by the Spirit of God into a fuller understanding of their meaning, he could study the law and the prophets, and see in them—Jesus. Here, he could prepare for his life-work, and when ready, go forth as “a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.” Here, he could feel the especial nearness of God, and by his communings, learn the truly blessed condition of those who ever wait upon the Lord, and gather strength for future work, and power of endurance for future trials.

There for nearly three years, he was prepared in

heart and mind for his great work, and then once more returned to Damascus, to gather up the threads where he had laid them down, and begin the life of earnest, consecrated toil, even though in every place bonds and imprisonment might await him.

CHAPTER IX.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

OUT of the deserted cities of the sandy plains, Saul returned to Damascus, with the conviction that, henceforth, his life was to be employed as a herald of salvation from the Lord Jesus to all men.

The months spent in prayer and meditation, and in searching anew the Scriptures of the prophets, and the comments of the Fathers, had revealed to him how entirely the Scriptures were taken up with predictions already fulfilled in the life of Jesus of Nazareth; and as he thought of the glory yet to come, in order to complete the fulfillment of the Scriptures, he wished for all men to stand before him, while he proclaimed these infinitely glad tidings. With joy the company of believers received him back to their meetings; but when he once more entered the synagogue, and to the Jews boldly and irresistibly declared the news of the Christ who had come, the rage of the Jews knew no bounds. They poured their fierce invectives upon him, and with

wild fury sought to take his life. The brethren, alarmed at the commotion, hearing the threats, and beholding the anger of the Jews, constrained Saul to hide himself for a time from their vengeance. Then the Jews appealed to the Arabian Ethnarch, who, because of social considerations, sought to please them; and, as he relished the sport of hunting men, placed his soldiers at all of the gates of the city, and prepared for a search within the walls, so that it would be impossible for Saul to escape. As the brethren became aware of the net cast for their intrepid convert, they sought, by earnest prayer, for guidance and release. The answer came, by directing them to the use of natural means already at hand; for the very house in which Saul was hiding, like many of the houses along the wall, was built with a window extending over the wall of the city. Along this place, the Ethnarch had neglected to place his soldiers, not thinking of Saul being in that place, or, possibly, deeming the height of the wall sufficient security against escape. In the darkness of the night, in a basket held by the strong hands of the brethren, Saul was placed, and gently lowered, until he reached the ground in safety.

In a few moments he had bounded into the vine-draped paths that led to the trackless desert; and

before the daylight dawned, was with friends who rejoiced in his escape, and who would furnish him the means of reaching Jerusalem in safety. Great was the chagrin of the Ethnarch, and of the Jews, when they learned that all of their precautions had been of no avail. But the brethren rejoiced, as did the pious Jews, when Daniel was delivered from the lions; for the Lord had preserved his own.

Since Saul's conversion, he had heard from many reports concerning the faith and zeal of Peter, now the leader of the believers; and the desire possessed him to see Peter, and converse with him about the Lord. Not that he needed instruction, for the Lord in visions had opened his mind to understand the principles of the faith; but from Peter he could learn of the daily life of the Messiah, of the changes in his countenance, the tones of his voice, and of his general bearing toward men. Peter had beheld the Lord under all manner of circumstances; and now, filled with the Spirit of the Master, he was known as a rock within the church. To him, Saul would go and enjoy the blessedness of spiritual communion.

Thus, once more, after an absence of three years, he approaches the Holy City. As noble as when he left it, as zealous for God as when clothed with

authority, he again beholds the golden roof of the sanctuary, the white marble sides of the beautiful Temple, the frowning, massive fortress of Antonia, the splendid palaces on Mount Zion, and off toward the extreme end of the city, the many buildings showing the greatness of the art and the architecture of the Romans.

As he beheld the smoke of the sacrifices ascending toward heaven, new praises filled his soul; their significance was clearer than ever before, for he had learned that it was not the blood of bulls, or of goats, that saves from sin. He knew now that these were only types; it was the blood of Jesus, the Christ, that cleanseth from all sin, both of Jew and of Gentile.

When he entered the city, his reception was far different from that of the days of the past; for he was now to learn that he had become a grief to Gamaliel, a foe to the high priest and to the Sanhedrim, and that he was despised by all true Pharisees. From his former companions, Saul turned to the believers in Jesus. They, however, knew but few of the particulars of his conversion. They had been treated so inhumanly, that they were suspicious of snares set by their enemies, and to the "scourge of the church" they gave a cold recep-

tion. Only Peter and James, of the apostolic band, were in Jerusalem at this time, and they were watchful for the security of the Lord's heritage.

In this strait, the Lord opened a door to him. Barnabas, a son of consolation, whose piety and benevolence had endeared him to the entire brotherhood, now takes Saul by the hand, gives him his benediction, and commends his course. He tells the brethren how the Lord had appeared to Saul, and had led him into the everlasting light of the gospel, and requests them to receive him as the Lord's. At once there was a change, and they take Saul by the hand, and welcome him as a brother beloved. Saul goes in and out with the brethren.

But his ardent spirit was not content with this. To him now, more than ever, the synagogue of the Freedmen is a place of intense importance. The last time he had spoken the name of Jesus in that synagogue, was in rejoinder to the noble Stephen. Well he remembered the day; and now as the argument of that sainted martyr recurred to his mind with overwhelming force, he aspires to walk in Stephen's footsteps, and stand, as he did, in defence of Jesus. Thither he goes, and once more stands in the old familiar place, with his astonished fellow-countrymen about him. They taunt him with

apostasy ; they fling at him insinuating sneers ; they remind him of the words of the prophets which he himself had quoted in reply to Stephen ; they cast into his teeth the proverbs of the rabbis ; they even laugh him to scorn ; but Saul is moved by none of these things. In the depths of his soul burns a fire that cannot be quenched ; and their bitter words only arouse his enthusiasm the more.

Then he addresses them, and unfolds the line of prophecy ; he warms with his theme, as he depicts the life of Jesus ; he answers their taunts and jeers and quotations with words of truth and soberness ; he indeed walks in the footsteps of Stephen as a vigorous champion, and tears into shreds the strongest arguments of those best versed in the writings of both prophets and fathers.

Once more the fanaticism of Judaism breaks forth ; and, unless he had sought refuge in seclusion, Saul would have speedily followed Stephen into a martyr's grave. The inevitable consequences followed. After being in Jerusalem only fifteen days, he sees that he must flee for his life. But Saul had no desire thus to find safety ; he thought they would surely hear his word. With deep grief of spirit, he once more goes to the Temple. Humbled in spirit, yet bold in defence, Saul now com-

mits his case to God, and the divine answer is not withheld. As he stands there, with arms folded and head bowed, unmindful of the surging crowd of devotees about him, the Spirit takes hold of him, and he passes into a trance. The people were not surprised at his remaining so long a time so still and motionless. It was characteristic of devout Pharisees. But in Saul's long prayer there was no pretense. Now came a part of the answer to the prophecy concerning him spoken in Damascus. Now, indeed, he saw clearly that Just One, and heard the voice of his mouth. It was a season of ecstasy; the compression into that brief period, of the desires of a life-time, an anticipation of heaven's sweet delights. He saw the Lord, and heard his voice, as he said:

"Make haste, and go forth quickly out of Jerusalem; for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me."

But Saul pleaded to stay; he said:

"Lord, they well know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue those who believed on thee; and when the blood of thy witness Stephen was shed, then I myself was standing by, and consenting, and keeping the garments of those who slew him."

But the Lord spoke again clearly and finally:

“Depart; for I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles.”

There was no resisting this command; and he at once consented to go. The brethren clustered about him, rejoicing in his courage, and in his loyalty to Jesus. They accompanied him down to Cesarea, and only left him when he went on the ship that was to carry him over the blue waves of the sea to the mountains of his childhood home. In a few days the vessel neared the mouth of the river Cadmus; the voyage over the sea is ended; the vessel passes up the river; and at Tarsus Saul leaves it to seek his father's house. The years that had passed since Saul had been beneath the shelter of his father's house had greatly altered the surroundings of that home; and to him it proved to be far different from what it was in days of yore. Then he held the faith of his fathers. He was their hope; in him they looked for a champion of the law, as it had been handed down from one generation to another. But now he was returning without the honors they had so confidently expected him to gain—returning, with a deep stigma attached to their hitherto spotless name, with the scorn and enmity of the elders of Israel directed against him; and

having forsaken the religion of his family, instead of one to be proud of, he was returning a refugee.

But the family could not easily be won to the service of the crucified Nazarene; and since Saul had chosen to follow Jesus' course, henceforth he must be to them as dead. They would mourn him as dead; his name should be blotted out of the family records; the prescribed ceremonies of separation should be observed; his name as among the dead should be spoken in the synagogue; and to them he must never again appear.

Yet one of the household could not thus give him up. The sister, his playmate in the happy hours of childhood, his companion in youth, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, with gentle, abiding tenderness, clung to him, and sought to know the reality of these strange things. Years afterwards, in Jerusalem, her faith in him, and watch-care over him, saved his life. But Saul had no time to waste in idleness; for now he was Messiah's man. Beyond Tarsus, up in the mountains, and in the valleys beyond, were a number of towns, and in all of them the sons of Abraham were engaged in trade. Thither he had often gone when a boy. Now he goes to them to preach the Lord Jesus until such times as the Lord should call

him forth. He thought: "These rough mountaineers will hear Messiah's words; they will look at them free from prejudice; they will at least see that I am in earnest, and respect my sincerity." Thus to them he went forth, rejoicing at the extent of the field before him.

CHAPTER X.

THE CALL OF THE GENTILES.

WHEN Talmai became a resident of Antioch, although he had learned that Messiah's promises were for all men, he found it difficult to draw a line between the ceremonial law of the fathers, and the required charity toward those who belonged to the Gentile communities. In accepting Jesus as the Messiah, he did not understand that he was to relinquish the customs exacted by the law; but that, in a higher and in a more spiritual sense, the law was fulfilled.

In his associations in Antioch, during the four years that had passed since he came, he found that even the sons of Abraham were shockingly indifferent to personal purity, as far as outward forms manifested; and that, as a faction in the great city, they were as ambitious as any other people. Moreover, being then in great numbers, and having control in the markets, their presence, influence, and bearing were constantly made prominent before the Greeks and the Romans. The various factions

were known by the colors they wore, and on all public occasions they were represented by their champions. If on the race course there was a race of men or of horses, a wrestling match or a gladiatorial combat in the arena, and in the galleries, the crowds were divided; none of them all were more boisterous or self-assertive than the Jews; and, whenever thus successful, they delighted to parade their importance before the disappointed aristocracy.

But Talmai loved his own people, in spite of their numerous faults, for they were the chosen people of the earth, and some time, as a nation, destined to be gloriously regenerated. As a refugee in the cause of Jesus, he was not alone; others, dispersed by the persecution, had also come to Antioch, and, with the true missionary spirit, at once engaged in bearing testimony concerning their much loved Master; but to the Jews only.

As a synagogue, they had not separated themselves from those that followed Moses; they only seemed to be a sect of the Jews, distinguished by their sobriety and modest joy. But as the innovations of the sect attracted the more attention, it became evident that there was no spirit of unity binding them all together, and a breaking of the tie was at length seen to be a necessity; for breth-

ren came among them who went beyond the limits of the synagogue and of the Jewish population, and spoke to the Greeks about the Christ. The Greeks listened, were touched by the story, and, believing, began to realize the blessedness of the promises. This movement so widened the breach, that it could not be closed, and the body of believers ceased to be a sect, and became an organic fraternity.

Word was sent to Jerusalem, and the results might have been disastrous, had it not been for a revelation from the Lord given to Peter, by which, for the time, the distinctions between Jew and Gentile were swept away. As the principle therein revealed became the foundation of Saul's life-work, we will quote the account of it from the apostolic annals :

"Now a certain man in Cesarea, named Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian band, a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, giving much alms to the people, and praying to God always, saw in a vision plainly, about the ninth hour of the day, an angel of God coming into him, and saying to him: Cornelius! And he, looking steadily at him, and becoming affrighted, said: What is it, Lord? And he

said to him: Thy prayers and thine alms have come up for a memorial before God. And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, who is surnamed Peter; he lodgeth with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the sea-side. And when the angel that spoke to him had departed, he called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of those who waited on him, and having told them everything, sent them to Joppa. On the morrow, as they were on their journey, and were drawing near the city, Peter went up on the house top to pray, about the sixth hour. And he became very hungry, and wished to eat; but while they were making ready, a trance came upon him, and he beheld heaven opened, and a sort of vessel descending, as it were a large sheet having cords at the four corners, and let down upon the earth; wherein were all the four-footed beasts and creeping things of the earth, and birds of the air. And then came a voice to him, Arise, Peter; slay, and eat. But Peter said: Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything common and unclean. And a voice came to him again, the second time: That which God hath cleansed, call not thou common. This was done three times; and the vessel was immediately taken up into heaven. Now, while Peter was

doubting within himself what the vision which he had seen meant, lo! the men who were sent from Cornelius had made inquiry for Simon's house, and stood before the gate; and they called, and asked whether Simon, surnamed Peter, lodged there. And while Peter was meditating on the vision, the Spirit said to him: Behold, men are seeking thee; but arise, and go down, and go with them without scruple; for I have sent them.

"And Peter went down to the men and said: Behold, I am he whom ye are seeking; for what cause have ye come? And they said, Cornelius, a centurion, a righteous man, and one that feareth God, and of good report among all the nation of the Jews, was warned from God by a holy angel, to send for thee to his house, and to hear words from thee.

"Then he called them in, and lodged them. And on the morrow he arose and went forth with them; and certain of the brethren from Joppa accompanied him. And the morrow after he came into Cesarea; and Cornelius was expecting them, and had called together his kinsmen and near friends.

"And as Peter came in Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet, and did him reverence. But Peter raised him up, saying: Stand up; I myself,

also, am a man. And while talking with him he went in, and found many who had come together. And he said to them: Ye know that it is an unlawful thing for a Jew to keep company with one of another nation, or to come near him; but God showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean. Wherefore I came without objection when sent for. I ask, therefore, for what reason did ye send for me?

“And Cornelius said: Four days ago I was fasting till this hour; and at the ninth hour was praying in my house; and lo! a man stood before me in bright clothing, and said, Cornelius, thy prayer hath been heard, and thine alms have been remembered before God. Send therefore to Joppa, and call for Simon, who is surnamed Peter; he lodgeth in the house of Simon a tanner, by the sea-side; and he, when he cometh, will speak to thee. I therefore sent to thee immediately; and thou hast done well in coming here. Now, therefore, we are all present before God to hear all things that have been commanded thee from the Lord. .

“And Peter opened his mouth and said: Of a truth I perceive that God is not a respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him—

the word which he sent to the sons of Israel, publishing glad tidings of peace through Jesus Christ; he is Lord of all men. Ye yourselves know what was spoken of through the whole of Judea, beginning from Galilee, after the baptism which John preached, relating to Jesus of Nazareth, that God anointed him with the Holy Spirit and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were overpowered by the devil; for God was with him. And we were witnesses of all things which he did both in the country of the Jews and in Jerusalem; whom they also slew by hanging him on a cross. Him God raised up on the third day, and caused him to be manifested, not to all the people, but to witnesses before appointed by God, to ourselves, who ate and drank with him after he rose from the dead; and he commanded us to preach to the people, and to testify that it is he who hath been appointed by God to be Judge of the living and the dead. To him all the prophets bear witness, that through his name every one that believeth in him shall receive forgiveness of sins.

“While Peter was yet speaking these words, the Holy Spirit fell on all that heard the word. And those of the circumcision who believed, as many as came with Peter, were astonished that on the

Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Spirit; for they heard them speaking with tongues, and magnifying God. Then answered Peter: Can any one forbid water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Spirit even as we have? And he commanded that they should be baptized in the name of the Lord. Then they entreated him to remain some days."

When the Church at Jerusalem heard of this, they were convinced by the work of the Spirit, and it was just afterward that the deputation arrived from Antioch, and brought additional joy to their hearts. They gladly sent unto them the noble-hearted Barnabas to unfold still further to them the gospel of peace and salvation. The coming of Barnabas soon proved to be a blessing, for the people became the more interested, and joined themselves in great numbers to the believers.

But the work growing beyond his strength, Barnabas crossed over to Tarsus to seek Saul to help him in the work. Saul was engaged with the mountaineers when Barnabas came seeking him, to urge him to enter the great door in the Roman capital of the East.

Antioch—gay, splendid, voluptuous Antioch—was ready for the work of the Lord. Saul's work in

the mountains was refreshing; but when Barnabas informed him of the call to the city, he thanked God; for in the cities the multitudes were to be found who were to be the material for the missionary work of the future. With all speed, therefore, they at once proceeded around Mount Amanus, to the city of splendid iniquity, to save it for the Messiah's kingdom.

Now there was a noble and enthusiastic body of men vigorously pressing upon all—Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Syrians—the word of the Lord Jesus. At their head was the noble Barnabas; next came the faithful Simeon. These were the prophets. Then, as teachers, came Lucius the Cyrenian, who had first opened the door to the Greeks; and Manaen, who in Rome had been educated with Herod the Tetrarch; then Saul, the logical athlete; and many others of great ability, who, daily attended to the heralding of the gospel, and, gaining the attention of the people, won many converts.

The names by which they called themselves, while very significant to themselves, did not attract the fancy of the people about them. They called themselves "brethren," expressive of their fellowship in the household of God; "disciples," because Jesus was their teacher. They had an intelligent basis

for their creed, and their service was a reasonable one. They did not approve of ignorance, but steadily advanced in the knowledge of divine things. They called themselves "saints," for their service was a consecration which forever bound them to holy things, and to the Holy One; and "believers," because the foundation of their brotherhood, discipleship, and sanctification was faith in Jesus as the Christ. Thus each of these names became to them of sweet import, and by them they loved to call each other; but the Romans who heard them speak so often the name of Christ began to call them Christians. And this name so clung to them that it became their popular designation for all time. At first, it was natural to think of them as a sect of the Jews, so that their peculiarities were lost under that name. But as the people became better acquainted with them, and observed more their manners and expressions, they discerned a difference. They were not restrictive, but received followers from all nations, so that Greeks, Romans, and Syrians, as well as Jews, united in their fellowship. Neither did they circumcise those who came amongst them, esteeming that bloody ordinance as belonging to the nation out of which their Master had come, and without

profit or signification in the brotherhood of Christ. Nor did they observe in its place any custom in regard to new-born male babes, esteeming the capability of exercising faith as essential to membership, and requiring a profession of personal faith, with all the features of discipleship as a part of their lives. But their children were led to consecrate themselves to the service of Christ just as soon as they were personally capable of such service.

They were purer in life than the Jews, and established as their rule in dealing with others, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." It was also observed that no distinction was made in regard to the privileges of bond and free, and of male and female. The wife, daughter, or servant, was treated with the same courtesy, and expected to be the possessor of the same joy, and understand the same faith, as that which flashed in the words of the wise or the great amongst them.

When the people became the better acquainted with them, and attended their gatherings, they noticed that they were under the influence of an unseen power, that they called the Holy Spirit, which gave to them a peculiar and keen delight,

and sometimes filled them with rapture; and that in their meetings they all, in turn, spoke of the blessedness of that Spirit's influence over them; and that they, one and all, loved nothing better than to prophesy, or speak of their joy in view of the sure coming of the Lord in his glory, as if already their eyes were opened, so that they could see that approaching glory. Their testimony of faith and hope was called prophesying.

The sobriety of the Christians became so noticeable, that it attracted the scorn of the multitude. The Christian, in choosing his Lord, no longer gave himself up to the worldliness that was so common about him, but sought the things that are above, and lived in a state of preparation for a heavenly life. The thoughts of the glories of the heavenly life so filled his mind, that the attractions of Daphne, or the triumphs of the amphitheatre, lost their power over him.

It was with a church holding such views, that Saul was called to unfold the providences of the Lord to himself, and hold out before them the promises of the Lord to all the nations of the earth.

As the months rolled around, each season of the new moon witnessed larger accessions to the con-

gregation of the believers, and reports of their progress were repeatedly forwarded to the apostles in Jerusalem; and, at times, delegations came to them from the brethren in Jerusalem to encourage them in their work.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMINE IN JUDEA.

BUT after a whole year had passed, the church was called together to receive the greeting of some prophets that had come from Jerusalem. These were men of God, to whom had been given the power of discerning the future. This power they did not possess through any natural ability, but as an influence of the Spirit. The church gazed upon them with great admiration. They had prophets amongst themselves, who refreshed their souls by their wise counsels and cheering words. And the beloved Simeon, in particular, was gifted with this faculty; but these brethren from Jerusalem came to announce a new danger that threatened the welfare of the Lord's vineyard.

Agabus, one of them, stood up, and as the Spirit moved him, drew before them a picture of a distress descending upon the hills and vales of Judea, until the crops being blasted, the fruit of the olive gardens withered, the vineyards desolated, famine should threaten the life of the people.

The traffic at the Joppa Gate should nearly cease ; the grapes, raisins, figs, pomegranates, the oils and fruits, even the barley and corn, should be so scarce that multitudes, unless aided, should die. As the prophet described the famine, and then reminded them of the composition of the Christian Church in Jerusalem, their hearts stirred within them.

“For you must know,” said Agabus, “that not many great, nor many mighty, are called ; but from the poor of the earth, have our brethren come. They come from near and from far, and have given up homes and friends, and means of support, in order to follow Christ.

“In this famine, no class will be more seriously affected than the church of believers in Jesus. The coffers of the high Priest will be opened to assist his people, and the Romans will, at least in part, provide for their retainers ; but, cast off by both of the ruling classes, who will support the Lord’s people ? ”

When Agabus had ended his appeal, the Christians, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren who dwelt in Judea. The table, from which they received the emblems of the broken body of Christ and of his blood that was shed, was placed before the desk of the rolls,

and then each one came forward and laid down his gift. Thus it continued for many days, until all had given; then it was gathered into bags, to be carried to Jerusalem by the messengers of the church.

Saul and Barnabas were chosen to convey the gifts. They were glad once more to visit the city of the Lord, and prepared for the journey. As Talmai learned from Agabus the extent of the famine, he determined to send to Jerusalem his son and nephew, that they might visit the home and Temple of their fathers, and provide relief for such as had an immediate claim upon him, in addition to what he did toward the gift of the Antioch Church. He wished also that the lads might attend the feast of the Passover.

Bartholomew and Matthew were greatly pleased with the confidence reposed in them. And as Agabus was to return immediately, they made all haste, in order to accompany him, and not wait for the messengers of the church. To make it the more interesting, they were to travel by camels eastward into the great desert, then striking the usual caravan route, were to go south, along the Orontes, through Emesa, Damascus, Arbela, through Ramoth-Gilead to Heshbon, and crossing the Jordan

where Joshua led the Israelites across, thence to Jericho, and up the steep mountain road to Jerusalem.

To both of the lads, the ride was a novelty. There was a dreamy languor about the desert, that was so different from the life and activity in Antioch, that it seemed like another world. And the constant rocking of the camels as they strode along, helped them to indulge in the dreaminess of their surroundings.

The various cities through which they passed were famous in the annals of caravans, and some of them also through connection with the history of God's people in the past. Damascus was trebly interesting, as the home of Naaman, the city of Saul's conversion, and the dwelling-place of earnest believers. Ramoth-Gilead was celebrated as one of the cities of refuge from the time of Moses; as the city where Ahab, the King of Israel, was slain in battle, led into it by the false prophets. In the same place, Jehu was anointed King of Israel by command of Elisha.

Jericho was the priestly city, and here, Bartholomew had been many times in his early childhood, visiting his cousins. From the city of palms, with its splendid palaces, its spacious gardens, and re-

freshing fountains, they passed up the road to Jerusalem.

The road was well crowded with people, on their way to the Passover, and in the journey, the lads saw the costumes and noticed the variations in the dialects of those from various parts of the land.

Great was the joy of the lads as they beheld the city before entering it; and as they saw the splendor of the Temple, they uttered the words of the Psalmist:

“I was glad when they said to me,
Let us go into the house of Jehovah.
Our feet are standing
In thy gates, O Jerusalem!
Jerusalem, thou art builded,
As a city that is compact together;
Whither the tribes go up,
The tribes of Jah—a testimony for Israel—
To give thanks to the name of Jehovah.
For there are set thrones for judgment,
Thrones for the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.
They shall prosper that love thee!
Let there be peace within thy ramparts,
Prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sake,

Let me now say: Peace be within thee!

For the sake of the house of Jehovah our God,
I will seek thy good."

Great, too, was the rejoicing in the house of Talmai, as the son and heir entered into the gates. The old servants, who remembered him so well, gathered joyfully about him, and uttered praises unto God for his protecting care over the whole family. The welcome to Matthew, also, was hearty and sincere; for he was a brother beloved in the Lord, and his testimony would cheer their souls.

The result of the journey of the prophets to Antioch was eagerly looked for; and when Agabus arose in the church, and told of his reception by the brethren in Antioch, and the measures there taken to relieve the distress, they all rejoiced together, and gave thanks to God.

But now another cloud burst upon them. The peace which had endured for some years was again broken. In the distress caused by the famine, the devout Jews thought they saw a mark of the divine displeasure, on account of the growth of the heresy concerning the crucified Nazarene. From the synagogues complaints went forth; frowns were cast on the believers in the streets; insults were offered to them in the markets; and the storm gradually

drew nigh. Bartholomew and Matthew were unknown in the city; but being seen in the company of the believers, they, too, heard the murmurs, and became apprehensive of the results.

At length the storm cloud burst, and James, the Boanerges, one of the three that had witnessed the glory of the Lord, one of the most valiant and saintly of the apostles, was apprehended, then cast into prison, and then, at the command of Herod, was slain with the sword. Thus the artful ruler sought to win the favor of the Jews.

It all came so quickly, that the disciples knew not which way to turn for safety. And seeing how greatly this delighted the Jews, Herod sent his soldiers, who seized Peter, and cast him into prison, where he lay bound, hand and foot, to two soldiers, while fourteen others kept guard over him. The arrest of Peter spread consternation through the church; for he, with the firmness of a rock, had sustained them in all their difficulties. As far as worldly influence might help them, they were helpless. In deep grief they turned to God. They met together, with one accord, in the house of the mother of John Mark, and made earnest and continual supplication that Peter might be saved. Bartholomew and Matthew met with them, and

learned the nature of true supplication, when the soul was aroused by such an exigency.

The days of the feast passed along, and yet the determination of Herod was unchanged. At length the feast came to a close, and Herod ordered that the next morning Peter should be brought before him. The church during the evening, and all night, continued to pray. Some fell on their faces and moaned before God. Some stood upright, and, gazing toward heaven, repeated the promises given them by the Lord. Some kneeled in humble supplication, and, as the night grew apace, their hearts plead the more earnestly with God.

Now a knocking is heard at the gate. Rhoda, one who in deep trials had proved faithful, runs and asks who claims admittance. Peter's voice replies. With rapture she rushes into the room where prayer is offered; and breaking in upon the services with her clear, ringing voice, declares that Peter stands without. Startled at the sound and the interruption, they declare that she is mad; but as she continues her assertions, some run to the gate, open it, and there, indeed, is Peter, who comes into the room, and tells them that as he was in the prison, sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains to them, and the keepers before the door

on guard, that an angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shone in the prison, and the angel smote him on the side, and raised him up, as he said to him: Arise quickly. And his chains fell from him. And the angel bade him gird himself, bind on his sandals, cast his garment about him, and follow, which he did; and he thought that he was dreaming, until they were past the iron gate leading into the city, which opened of its own accord; and then, when fairly in the street of the city, the angel left him; and as the night breeze cooled him, he knew it was no dream, but that the Lord had sent his angel to deliver him out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews. And so he came to the place where he knew the brethren would be in prayer for him. He said: "Go show these things unto James, the Lord's brother, and to the brethren." And then he left them, to hide himself from Herod's further wrath.

Saul and Barnabas, with the gifts of the brethren at Antioch, having come by ship to Joppa, now arrived in Jerusalem.

To their deep regret, they learn that the persecution has been so threatening that all of the apostles had left the city, and that it would not be safe for

them to remain. In consequence of this, after greeting the brethren and encouraging them in their steadfastness, they took leave of them, and with all haste, returned to Joppa, and from thence to Antioch, taking with them the nephew of Barnabas, the young man John Mark.

The death of James was terribly avenged by the Lord. Herod Agrippa the First, was the son of Aristobulus and Bernice, and the grandson of Herod the Great. He had been brought up at Rome, with Claudius and Drusus, and after a life of various vicissitudes, was thrown into prison by Tiberius for an unguarded speech; and there he remained until the accession of Caligula. Caligula gave him for his kingdom Batanea, Trachonitis, Auranitis, the Tetrarchy of Lysanias; afterwards, Galilee, Perea, Samaria, and Judea; so that, like his grandfather, Herod the Great, he ruled over all Palestine; and his annual revenues amounted to twelve millions of drachmas. He seemed to have the favor of the Emperor, the army, and the Jews, and was able to carry out his most ambitious projects. He deprived Matthias of the high priesthood, and burnt the other Matthias—who had raised a sedition with his companions—alive. He so alarmed the people of Tyre and Sidon, whose

commercial prosperity somewhat depended on their relations to Herod's kingdom, that they were compelled to win the friendship of Blastus, the king's chamberlain, and through him sue for peace. This was the Herod, who, living as a strict Jew, and paying attention to the requirements of the law, sought to destroy the infant church of the Lord.

In Cesarea, on the occasion of celebrating the greatness of the Emperor, Blastus arranged that the Tyrians and Sidonians should honor Herod. When Herod appeared in the theatre, clothed in a magnificent robe of sparkling silver, the rays of the sun striking it caused his splendor to attract them, and they called out that he was a god. When he addressed them, they shouted from one part of the theatre and another, that it was the voice of a god. This was the supreme hour of his triumph. And this was the hour for the divine vindication of his controlling power. For while the shouts of the people were filling the place, the Angel of God smote Herod, and he became at once the food of worms, which ate at his vitals. In most awful sufferings he was carried to his palace, and learned that he was about to die; no skill of the physician could save him. In five days he

died; and the scourge of the church was thus removed.

The persecutions now ceased. And Bartholomew and Matthew continued the visit for some weeks. When they returned to Antioch, Saul and Barnabas had departed on their first missionary tour.

CHAPTER XII.

ATHENS.

TOWARD the close of a clear and pleasant day, a number of young people belonging to some of the aristocratic families in Athens, climbed up the western side of the Acropolis, to view the memorable localities which always fired the young hearts with enthusiasm for the glory of their illustrious city.

The Acropolis is an oblong rock, rising up almost perpendicularly, a hundred and fifty feet above the ground at its base, and three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The summit is a small plain, about five hundred feet in width, from north to south, and a thousand feet in length from east to west. As they ascended the rock at its only accessible place, the western side, up the sixty marble steps, which were seventy feet in width, they came to the Propylæa, standing on the very brow of the Acropolis. This wonderful structure, the glory of the age of Pericles, is built of white marble, and is in the form of a magnificent Tem-

ple, with wings projecting thirty feet in front, on each side of the upper part of the flight of marble steps, each wing having a Doric colonnade. The centre of the edifice has a western portico, forty-three feet in depth; and four steps above it, an eastern portico, facing the interior, or the summit of the Acropolis. Each portico has a front of six fluted columns of the Doric order, four and a half feet in diameter, and twenty-nine feet in height, supporting an ample pediment eighty feet in length. In the western portico, at right angles with the Doric colonnade in front, are three Ionic columns, standing on each side of the carriage way, which intersects this central part of the building.

As they ascended, having passed through the western portico, they reached the eastern colonnade of this grand gateway, and the glories of the Acropolis, covered with temples and statues, and other works of art, all bathed in the brightest and most transparent atmosphere, burst at once upon their delighted view. Before them, just to the right, on the highest ground, was the Parthenon, the most famous structure in the Pagan world, consecrated to the worship of the virgin goddess Minerva, the tutelary deity of Athens. It was completed under the administration of Pericles,

nearly five hundred years before the time of these young friends. It was built of the purest white marble of Pentelicus, on a foundation of limestone. It was of the Doric style, two hundred and twenty-eight feet in length; one hundred and one feet in breadth on the upper step of the pavement on which the pillars rest; and sixty-six feet in height, to the top of the pediment. It had eight massive columns at both the western and the eastern front; and in the rear of these, two steps above, six columns more; with seventeen on each side. The frieze, extending around the entire building, as well as the pediments, was magnificently adorned with figures, in high relief, of gods and heroes, elaborately wrought under the eye of Phidias, by the first sculptors of the age. Within the cells are two vast chambers, but of unequal size, with rows of columns, on which the ceiling rests. In one of these grand apartments was a colossal statue of the goddess, the work of Phidias, forty feet high, made of ivory and adorned with gold. Portions of the exterior and of the interior of the edifice, and also of the statues and figures, were enriched with brilliant colors. A few yards to the northwest of the Parthenon stood the world-renowned statue of their goddess Minerva, a grand and imposing figure

of bronze, seventy feet in height, representing her as arrayed in full armor. This was the first object in Athens, which, far out at sea, caught the eye of the mariner.

As the young people came beneath her mighty form, they paused in order to let their eyes range over the whole wide scene. On all sides they beheld temples, statues, and the noblest works of art. They were in the presence of the memorials of imperishable heroes.

Looking toward the southwest, far off in the distance, beyond the Saronic Gulf, they see the blue lines of the mountains in Argolis, the eastern district of the Peloponnesus. Those far to the northwest are in Megaris; between them are the mountains of Corinthia; and forty-five miles away, distinctly visible, they see the Acrocorinthos, nearly two thousand feet in height, surmounted by the citadel of Corinth. What noble deeds were associated with these places; again and again, in the theatres of Athens, they had seen the miniature reproduction of the events which had crowned these places with glory. Looking toward the northeast, they saw Mount Pentelicus, beyond which, lies the plain of Marathon, where ten thousand Athenians vanquished a hundred thousand picked warriors of

the Persian Empire. Just down below them, they saw between Salamis and the Piraeus, Psyttaleia, where Xerxes, who thought himself to be the most powerful monarch on the earth, with three millions of men under his command, leaped from his throne in anger and dismay, as there he saw his navy destroyed, and his best soldiers routed and slaughtered by a few thousand Greeks, under the command of Aristides. As they turned to the east, they looked upon Mount Hymettus, which not only cut off the view in that direction, but now catching the rays of the setting sun, sent back floods of beauty, first of rich golden splendor, then a broad expanse of violet, and as the sun sank still lower, became enshrouded in a mantle of magnificent royal purple.

The darkness of night now covering the scene, the party began their homeward walk, with hearts lifted up by the glory of the prospect about them, and filled with the thought of the greatness of the fathers of their city. But with all their joy was mingled a sadness in the hearts of two of them, for one of them was about to bid farewell to her lover, who, on the morrow, was to depart for Rome. Miltiades was a thorough Athenian, who gloried in all that added to the fame of the home of his

fathers. He knew that it was the language and literature of his countrymen that swayed the nations about them; and that, though Rome ruled in the court and the camp, Athens ruled in the minds of men. He knew, also, that no city on the earth could display the perfect art which Athens possessed.

Nevertheless, he was going to Rome. Rome was the capital of the Empire; it was the great centre of attraction. It was the centralizing influence, and it drew friends and enemies. The Greek, Syrian, Jew, Celt, Goth, Briton — all gathered there; the merchant, the tourist, the soldier, and the slave even. It was the pool into which all the streams of the world poured.

Miltiades despised the Romans. He thought them lacking in taste. In his father's house he had heard them reviled, and he had caught the sentiment, and it manifested itself on various occasions. Yet, as a young man of wealth and good prospects, he was going to see the life of the Romans at home. He wished to see the mobs before the forum; the stately patrician senate; the games and plays which amused the lordly crowd. But the moment of parting was a sad one; for he had but just spoken tender vows to the maiden, the

beautiful Glaucia, who now walked by his side. Glaucia was a representative Athenian; of purest blood. She could trace her ancestry back to the mythological period; and, proud as one of high birth would naturally be, she sympathized with her lover in his dislike of the coarseness and dullness of the Roman. They said but little while viewing the glorious scenes from the Acropolis, but they thought of the tie that bound them together.

They were young, very young, to be lovers; but surrounded from childhood with the highest forms of culture, their minds had matured early. There was a sacredness about their affection that could only come from the beautiful poetic halo thrown around it by their ardent sympathy with those who had sung in rapturous words of the all-powerful passion. Miltiades and Glaucia lived only for each other. The sunshine had ever been granted them, clouds had never obscured their horizon; and it would have been strange if any gloomy forebodings had darkened this, their last hour together; yet they lingered, loth to part, for to part, even for a brief period, was a new experience to them, and there was a secret fear of what might come while they were separated.

Miltiades promised daily to beseech Minerva to be with him; and Glaucia every day would weave fresh garlands of the choicest flowers and hang them on the statues of their gardens, and thus the gods would be favorable to a safe journey and a happy return.

At length they parted, the last embrace was given, and Glaucia, having been joined by her brother, who was one of the party on the Acropolis, sadly went to her home.

Achilles, the brother of Glaucia, was a noble lad, and, by his grace of form and speech, had won the friendship of many of the youths of Athens. He alone knew of the affection binding his sister to his friend; and it was through his coöperation that their friendship was allowed to grow without interruption. He would not miss his friend so much, for he was striving to win the prize in the gymnasium, and it required the constant exercise of all his powers. Far more would he have missed his sister; for since her early childhood, she had leaned upon him for help.

Early the following morning, before the break of the day, Achilles called his slave, who attended to his dress, prepared himself for his departure, and set out to meet his friend, so as to be with him a

few moments before his departure. He met him at his own door, for the time was nigh; and then while their slaves went on before, they talked of their hopes for the days to come. When they came near the old walls of the city, they hailed a charioteer, who came, and was engaged to convey them to the Piraeus.

The Piraeus is the seaport of the city of Athens. It is distant between four and five miles from the upper city, situated on a rocky peninsula, projecting into the sea. This peninsula is enclosed by a wall, built by Themistocles soon after the battle of Salamis. It is nearly as large as the wall about Athens, and encloses three land-locked harbors. The road between Athens and the Piraeus was bordered on either side by parallel walls, five hundred and fifty feet distant from each other; and between the walls and the street a double row of houses, making the road appear like a continuous city. The walls were twelve or fourteen feet in thickness, and sixty feet in height, with here and there towers, adding to the force of the defences, as well as the massive appearance of the walls. But the numerous wars in which the Athenians had engaged had greatly injured these walls, so that at this time they appeared rather as stately ruins than as strong defences.

Along this road the friends now rapidly drove, until they arrived at the port, and found the vessel ready to sail. In a few moments Miltiades was on board, the anchor was raised, the winds caught the sails, and the vessel heading southeast, passed beyond the Belbina Isle, then southwest, until it passed Cythera, and then northwestward toward Rhegium and Rome.

CHAPTER XIII.

GLAUCIA'S FATHER AT LAODICEA.

CHARICLES, the father of Achilles and Glau-
cia, was one of the merchant princes of Athens, who, by his enterprise in business, had won a name in the Piraeus; and because of his liberality as a patron of art, had become endeared to the public in the city of Athens. He was a devout respecter of the household gods, whose shrines he honored every day; and though the cares of his business were many, he held some of his time as sacred to the service of those deities that watched over his fortune. People were accustomed to say that he was a favorite of the gods; that his home was one of the most beautiful in Athens; his family one of the most chaste and cultured; his slaves the most obedient, and his schemes the most successful.

To the public, this all appeared to be the result of his devout dependence upon the gods, and his liberality to the city. But there were others who shook their heads, and said that every man's cup must have its fair share of bitterness; and that it

must come sooner or later ; that no man's character could be developed as the gods desired, without passing through the fires of affliction ; and that when the gods gave their final reward, it was because the proper trials had been passed through. Still others, when they beheld the recklessness of his speculations, instead of calling his success the reward of genius, said : " Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad ; " and when others reminded them that Charicles did all in his power to keep the favor of the gods, they doubtingly shook their heads, and said, that the people could only see the outward form, the heart was hidden ; and in the midst of these forms there might be found no heart. Charicles was fond of praise ; and it may be that, as he saw how the people praised his respect for the gods, he thus sought to feed his vanity.

In the midst of his success, Charicles suddenly became ill. There was deep distress in his household, when the skill of the physician seemed to be of no avail. The faithful devotion of his wife, the tender solicitude of his daughter, the prompt obedience of his son, and the wise reflections of his friends, the philosophers, all failed to restore him the peace of mind that he had formerly possessed. At length, the physician said that the cares of busi-

ness, weighing so heavily upon him, had exhausted his nervous system, and that for many months he must lay them aside and travel, and thus forget his cares.

Charicles had no desire to do this, but could not resist the appeals of his wife and daughter; hence, he consented to take a journey to the famous medicinal springs of Phrygia. In order to secure the greatest enjoyment in the trip, one of his own vessels was fitted up with special conveniences to convey the family across the Ægean Sea to Miletus, whence they would proceed by land. The voyage was of an attractive nature to a scholarly man like Charicles; and having passed the extreme southern end of Attica, they went south of Cos, Syros, Delos, then north of Patmos, and having come almost directly east in safety, landed at Miletus, stronger than when he left his pleasant home in Athens. At Miletus, they engaged litters for the invalid and the women, while Achilles rode on a strong-limbed horse by their side. Each of the litters, handsomely furnished, as became the wealth of the traveler, and so arranged that those riding could sit in a recumbent position, was borne by four slaves.

The valley of the Meander was one of the most beautiful in Asia Minor, and all along its banks

were pleasant cities. The travelers, therefore, were in no special hurry to arrive at their destination; but at length, after many days' travel, they came to where the Lycus flows into the Meander; and here they turned toward the east, and only sought rest when they arrived in Laodicea.

In this beautiful city, on the lower slopes of the Cadmus Mountain, pure air, good water, and philosophical company, were ever at hand. Within half a day's journey were several cities, splendid and flourishing. Among these were Colosse and Hierapolis. The country also abounded in beautiful groves and attractive walks. Consequently, invalids and wealthy people from all the cities along the coasts, or in the Peloponnesus, came to this resort. Here also was a famous school of medicine, and deities were honored who were supposed to be particularly favorable to all who resorted to this place. Here Charicles soon began to feel at home, for it was situated on the great road that bore the travel and traffic from the interior to the sea, and he could watch the tides of business, and refresh his curiosity by observing the modes of dealing of the mountaineers and the merchants from the great interior. The scenery, too, was pleasing, even to those who were accustomed to the glorious views of Attica.

Beyond the Lycus, high up on the mountain side, on a terrace that extended for several miles, and in full view of Laodicea, only four miles away, was Hierapolis, where the Roman pleasure-lovers resorted, and made the place gay by their music and plays. In the vicinity, there were also natural curiosities to please the mind.

But to the invalid, the chief attraction of Hierapolis was the hot, calcareous springs, which gave it renown, and drew health-seekers from all parts of the Empire. Looking at Hierapolis from Laodicea, the mountain above the city seemed to be completely petrified by the streams flowing down its sides, and it resembled an immense frozen cascade of chalk, or, as the imagination of later days has named it, "the cotton castle."

Those who had furnished the place as a health resort, had built huge vaults of marble and petrified substances, which gave the great baths an awful appearance. To add to the attractiveness of the place, splendid theatres and temples were erected, so that all the pleasures of life might be at the command of the wealthy visitors. To this place of cities, fountains, mountains, and rivers, Charicles came, to the delight of his family, and the fond anticipation of his own soul.

When the physicians learned that the wealthy Athenian was committing himself to their care, with their usual avidity, they sought to know how freely he was willing to sacrifice to the gods; for only when plenty of money was laid upon their altars would they put forth their power to suppress the destroying disease. But Charicles was liberal, and though he well knew that the gold went into the coffers of the physicians, he yet laid many pieces on the altar, with handsome garlands of choicest flowers, woven by the hands of his own fair daughter. He was not willing to be remiss in his duties to those who ruled the unseen as well as the seen, though not beheld by men.

For awhile it seemed as if his health would be restored to him; then, suddenly, all his hopes were blasted by the sudden sweeping down upon him of the floods of direst misfortunes. Swift messengers came to him, one after another, with the story of disaster upon disaster.

It was said by some of the prominent men in Athens, that by developing iron mines in Spain, great wealth could be gained. Charicles listened to these speculators, and purchased a mine, and at once collected all the ready money at his command. So certain was he of the fortune in it, that he also

borrowed a large sum of money, trusting to the usual success of his incoming ships to be able to meet these obligations.

The first messenger that arrived was sent to inform him that the mine in which he had risked so largely was a total failure. It was not as it had been represented; and the vile speculators, who had lured him on, had departed to regions unknown, with all the money he had confided to their care.

He still hoped for large returns on the arrival of his ships, which traversed distant seas, and conveyed merchandise between the great marts of the Empire. But the next messenger came to inform him that, for many days, a terrible storm had raged at sea, and that his ships that he expected had been wrecked in the storm. All was ruin and desolation.

Hardly had he been able to recover from the prostration which this blow inflicted, when a faithful servant came to him, to inform him that his creditors, seeing the destruction that had come upon his ships, and believing that he could not recover his health, or his prosperity, had made haste to secure their own, by pressing their claims against his property, which they had caused to be sold to meet their demands. In his prosperity, he

had plenty of friends; but now, in his adversity, all seemed to be arrayed against him.

As thus, in a few days, Charicles beheld himself reduced from affluence to poverty, his spirit was crushed; he was unable to rally again; and in a few days his spirit departed, amidst the deep grief of his beloved household.

The last funeral rites had been performed; the body on a pyre of aromatic wood had been consumed; the ashes had been faithfully collected in the golden urn, ready to be placed in the house of the dead; and the family had returned to their abode, when they were horrified by the announcement of another messenger, coming in the name of some Roman creditors, of consular dignity, who now claimed to satisfy their debt, his family and servants, all of them, to be at once put into the market and sold as slaves. And in order that the least degree of publicity be given to the case, they were to be separated: the servants to be taken to Athens for sale, the mother to Ephesus, the son to Rome, and the daughter to Antioch. Deep and heart-rending was their grief. In no direction could they look for help. And they wished that death would come and take them; but no such release befriended them. The day of separation speedily

came. They were torn asunder; and from luxury they fell to the hard and hopeless lot of the slave.

When the brother and sister parted, they consoled each other with the thought that they should yet meet again; but with the mother the grief was without this ray of hope. Only in the abode of the shades could she hope to meet them; and she wished that it might not be long until she should be called to enter there.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENSLAVED AND FREED.

THE story of the disasters which befell the Athenian, passed from one to another, until it was known by all the strangers in the three cities on the Lycus, and great sympathy was expressed for the bereaved household. Among those visiting the place, was one who supplied many of the wealthy families with gems and precious stones. He came at certain times in the year, having obtained them, so he claimed, from the great caravans that visited Antioch.

Having heard the story of the noble Athenian, he saw the daughter just as she was separated from her mother, and he determined that she should be protected from the dangers besetting her way. Glaucia was placed in the care of a merchant who was traveling by land from Ephesus to Antioch, and who, for a consideration, promised to have the maiden sold in the market at Antioch to the highest bidder. The merchant, fond only of gold, seemed utterly indifferent to the condition

of the fair slave. He knew nothing of her history, and looked upon her as one of the many slaves that he had sold for his patrons. Menelaus, for it was he who dealt in the gems, saw the maiden placed in the hands of the greedy merchant, and learned the route which he intended taking. He at once left Laodicea, and with all speed hastened to his mountain resort for his faithful followers. At this time, Judith was a maiden of great beauty and attractiveness, and her influence upon Menelaus was so great that he admired all maidens of her age; and with a gallantry, the result of a life of bold deeds, prided himself on being the protector of youth, as well as the scourge of the rich. Glaucia seemed to him as a second Judith, and such a maiden, with so much grace and sweetness, ought not have the beauty of her soul crushed out of her by the fate of a slave. When he reached his home, he did not inform his men of his object, but led them forth, as if on an ordinary excursion for spoils.

They passed down the mountain, and ran along its base until they reached the highway between Attalia and Perga, and then coming to the Cestrus, followed its winding course far up into Pisidia. At length, by means of a signal from one of his



Judith and Glaucia.

men who had advanced beyond him, he was apprised of the approach of the merchant with his troop of slaves. Menelaus carefully placed his men by the way-side, near a rocky pass, where it would be impossible for the victims to escape; and here he awaited their coming.

The procession of travelers soon came in view: The merchant, with his more delicate slaves and his servants on camels; the more hardy that he had gathered, walking. As the merchant came to the rocky pass, suddenly Menelaus blew his trumpet, and, drawing his sword, commanded the merchant to halt. The latter, instead, endeavored to start his camel on increased speed, when Menelaus, seizing his garment, dragged him from his saddle, and, with one blow, ended his life. Then great confusion prevailed; the slaves on foot turned to flee; while the servants of the merchant endeavored to protect their master's property. At length the forces of Menelaus prevailed; and robbing the camels and the servants of all that was worth having, they let the rest go; but Menelaus seized upon one of the slaves, and placing her in a litter, commanded four of his men to bear her along with them as they retreated to the mountains again.

Glaucia did not know what to think of the

affray. She knew that bands of robbers frequently infested those mountain roads; but she knew not the character of the robbers. When she obtained a view of the commander of the robbers, she thought she had seen his face before, but knew not where. She knew, however, that her condition was no worse; for how could it be worse than that of a slave to become the property of the highest bidder? Many hours had passed since the affray. All the time, the robbers had been swiftly traveling towards the mountains, and Glaucia, through fatigue, had fallen asleep. When she awoke, the men were carrying her up a steep mountain path. By the path they encamped as the night drew on, and then, as they cooked their evening meal, Menelaus, bringing to her a portion, said, as he offered it to her:

“Eat, my daughter, and fear nothing. With my band you are as safe as when in the home of your fathers. I know you are the daughter of Charicles, the Athenian. I have heard the story of your woes. I saw you placed in charge of the merchant to be sold. I pitied you. In my mountain home, the pride of my life is my daughter. You shall be her sister. Eat now, and rest in peace. We shall soon be at home.”

With deep surprise, Glaucia heard the man in pure Greek thus address her. Then, as she realized the deliverance that had come to her, she praised the gods for their help, and trusting the word of the chieftain, fell asleep, after she had eaten, and did not awake until the men were many miles further on their way. They carried her as tenderly as they would have carried their own babes; for Menelaus, by the forest camp fire, had told them of her wrongs; and they, too, touched by the beauty of her face, and the greatness of the change in her surroundings, felt for her the deepest pity, and thus felt the greater desire to take her safely to their home. At length they arrived at the rock-bound valley, and the trumpet of the captain was answered by a dozen trumpets from the wives and daughters awaiting their return.

When Judith came out of the tent to greet him, she was surprised to see the men approach with the litter; and still more so, when they placed the litter on the ground, and from it there stepped the fair Glaucia. Menelaus, standing by, with a smile on his face, witnessed the surprise, then said:

“Judith, this is your sister; she will tell you her story, and then you will know why I have brought her to you. Be sisters to each other, and both be

daughters to me." Saying this, he strode away to attend to the affairs of the camp.

When Judith came to the mountain camp, she only understood Hebrew; but Menelaus had taught her both Latin and Greek; and seeing by her fair and beautiful features that the stranger was a Greek, she addressed her in that tongue, and bade her welcome to their home.

When she had heard Glaucia's story, and had told Glaucia of her own life, they felt that indeed they were sisters, and that they could be of great help to each other. As Glaucia beheld the frank, intellectual look, and the sprightly ways of Judith, she realized that here was a companion who would be able to sympathize with her in all her thoughts. Judith, for her part, thought:

"She is so pure, so beautiful, and so cultured, that she will be just what my heart craves. She shall be my sister; she shall share all that I possess."

Menelaus, with delight, beheld the cordial reception that Judith gave her, and as he thought of how she came to be a slave, he hated the Roman, and all his power, more than ever before.

As the weeks rolled by, and the maidens became the better acquainted with each other, gradually the deep sorrow of the past lost the power over

their minds, and they found contentment in the pure solitudes of nature.

Along the mountain's side—in some cases even miles away from the camp—Judith had her favorite nooks where she was accustomed to go and enjoy herself. But of all her favorite spots, the one to which she most frequently resorted, was the high, rocky headland, from which she could look over the sea toward Jerusalem. Here she loved to pray; here she seemed as if on a lofty eagle's nest; from here she could see the ships on the blue waters, and, in the far distance, the cities by the sea. To this place she brought Glaucia; and, seated on this rock, with the wonderful view of land, mountain, forest, and sea before them, Judith told Glaucia of the God of her fathers, and the great Temple at Jerusalem, while Glaucia told Judith of Pallas Athena, and the Parthenon on the beautiful Acropolis. It was on one of their visits to this place, that they were suddenly startled by the sound of strange trumpets and savage shouts, seemingly from the camp. As they grasped each other in startled fear, the thought came to them that it was a battle, and that the camp was in danger.

Leaving the rock by a secret path, Judith led her companion to where they could overlook the

camp, and there they saw what almost froze the blood in their veins. In the camp was a body of Roman soldiers, pressing backward, step by step, the bold men who were now fighting for their home. One of the men who had escaped from the battle when Menelaus killed the merchant, had recognized the chieftain in the street of Attalia. With a body of Roman soldiers he tracked him up the mountain path, until they saw the camp, and, with their terrible broad-swords, at once attacked the chieftain and his men.

Desperate was the battle; step by step the robbers were driven against the wall of rock, until at length Menelaus fell beneath the blows of many who assailed him at once; the rest of the band surrendered, and with the women and children, were bound as captives, to be taken to the city below and sold for slaves. Menelaus, however, was not killed, only wounded, and for him the soldiers prepared the litter, with which he was taken with the others to be sold.

The maidens wept as they thus saw their friend taken from them, and their brave protectors carried, bound, into a hopeless captivity. Glaucia knew that all of the men would be either sent to the galleys or to the Amphitheatre to fight wild beasts

for the delight of a Roman audience. They realized that when the arm of the Roman Government fell, it thoroughly crushed all beneath the blow, and that only in some wise purpose of the powers above were they spared from the fate of the others.

Judith knew where the treasure of the camp was kept; and waiting until the darkness became their protection, they crept down to the camp, obtained some provision, secured the treasures, and fled to one of the secret hiding places in the forest.

Well she knew that the next day the camp would be again visited by the soldiers, who would thoroughly search it for booty; and was aware that in the meantime they must make their escape.

As soon as it was light enough to travel, they sought their way down the mountain side, traveling by day and night as fast as they were able to the city below. On the third day, having veiled themselves, they went into Attalia; here they saw the crowds of people surrounding the captured Menelaus and his people. Judith worked her way up to Menelaus, who, seeing her, spoke to her in Hebrew, but so that no one would observe whom he addressed. He said:

“My daughter, we can never meet again. You

can do nothing for me; make your own escape sure; go to Antioch; you know the name of my friend, the banker Pasion. You have my seal; withdraw my possessions. Get them in your own name, for the government will seek to secure them. Then with my blessing be happy."

This was all. The soldiers now moved on with their prisoners; and the girls going down to the wharf, found a vessel about to sail for Antioch, and embarked on it, so as to carry out the last wishes of their friend.

CHAPTER XV.

JUDITH AND GLAUCIA AT DAPHNE.

IN the vale of Tempe, where the stream of Peneius flows beneath the heights of Olympus towards the sea, the beautiful Daphne passed the days of her happy childhood. Fresh as the earliest morning, she climbed the crags to greet the first rays of the rising sun; and when he had driven his fiery horses over the sky, she watched his chariot sink behind the western mountains. Over hill and dale she roamed, free and light as the breeze of spring. Other maidens round her spoke each of her love; but Daphne, though many sought her, cared not to listen to the voice of man.

“One day as she stood on the slopes of Ossa, in the glow of early morning, she saw before her a glorious form. The light of the new risen sun fell on his face with a golden splendor, and she knew that it was Phoebus Apollo.

“Hastily he ran towards her, and said:

““I have found thee, child of the morning. Others thou hast cast aside, but from me thou

canst not escape. I have sought thee long, and now will I make thee mine.'

"But the heart of Daphne was bold and strong; and her cheek flushed and her eye sparkled with anger, as she said:

"'I know neither love nor bondage. I live free among the streams and hills; and to none will I yield my freedom.'

"Then the face of Apollo grew dark with anger, and he drew near to seize the maiden; but swift as the wind she fled away. Over hill and dale, over crag and river, the feet of Daphne fell lightly as falling leaves in autumn; but nearer yet came Phoebus Apollo, till at last the strength of the maiden began to fail. Then she stretched out her hands, and cried for help to the lady Demeter; but she came not to her aid. Her head was dizzy, and her limbs trembled in utter feebleness as she drew near the broad river which gladdens the plains of Thessaly, till she almost felt the breath of Phoebus, and her robe was almost within his grasp. Then, with a wild cry, she said: 'Father Peneus, receive thy child,' and rushed into the stream, whose waters closed gently over her. She was gone; Apollo mourned for his madness in chasing thus the free maiden. And he said:

“‘I have punished myself by my folly; the light of the morning is taken out of the day. I must go on alone till my journey shall draw towards its end.’

“Then he spake the word, and a laurel came up on the bank where Daphne had plunged into the stream, and the green bush, with its thick, clustering leaves, keeps her name forever.”

Five miles southwest of Antioch the Macedonian kings of Syria had consecrated to Apollo a temple and a grove, which, for splendor and attractiveness, rivaled the finest religious resorts of all nations. In the temple, and almost entirely filling it, was a colossal statue of Apollo, made by the most skillful of Greek artists, and splendidly adorned with gold and jewels by those who sought his favor, as also by those who selfishly sought to commemorate their own devotion by associating their names with his shrine. The deity was represented in a bending attitude, with a golden cup in his hand, pouring out a libation on the earth, as if supplicating mother earth to give to him the beautiful fleeing nymph Daphne.

Around the shrine there grew a luxuriant grove of laurels and cypress, which were preserved with the greatest care, and visited by kings who sought

to enrich it, until it became, what its designers intended, the rival of the Delphic resort. Its Castalian fountain, for the revealing of the secrets of life, became almost as celebrated as that other honored oracle.

The village of Daphne, on the borders of the grove, became the resort of kings, rulers, and the wealthy of many nations, who spent days or weeks in indulgence in the pleasures of Daphne. The broad highway from Antioch to Daphne was one of the most perfect roads in the world. Like the street with the colonnades and Herod's road, of which it was a continuation beyond the brazen gates, it was divided into six ways—three for the outgoing and three for the incoming—and these ways were separated by a low balustrade broken by massive pedestals, many of which were surmounted with statuary. On either side of the road were spacious and well-kept lawns, and groves of oak and sycamore trees, while here and there were vine-clad summer houses for the benefit of travelers. And these resting places, on the returning side of the road, were nearly always full of the weary.

Here and there visiting kings had built fountains of almost every conceivable design, which, by their

incessant playing, cooled the air and enabled the green swards to retain their fresh beauty.

The different ways that were designed for footmen were paved with red stone; and those for horsemen and chariots, were strewn with white sand, compactly rolled.

The greatest national festival of the Greeks, the Olympic games, were celebrated with the greatest splendor at Olympia, in Elis. But the admirers of Daphne at last succeeded in purchasing permission from Elis, to erect a Stadium in the fields adjacent to the grove of their favorite, in which the games could be celebrated at the expense of the city, for which a hundred and fifty thousand dollars were annually applied, this being the income of fifteen talents of gold, bequeathed by Sosibius for this purpose. This lover of the national games died in the reign of Augustus.

The Stadium was laid out in two parallel, oblong areas, connected at one end by a semicircular tract. The race course was an eighth of a mile in length, and the entire course was surrounded with seats for spectators, and at this period of our story, the Stadium had just been completed.

It was a holiday in Antioch; for the opening of the splendid marble Stadium was to be distin-

guished by the trials of the most distinguished runners in the world. Bartholomew and Matthew had never been to the grove of Daphne, for they had been taught to consider its allurements as the institution of the devil; but now they were permitted to witness the opening of the Stadium, and on their way to it, to walk through the grove. Their fathers the more readily consented to this, because they had so recently beheld the glories of the Temple at Jerusalem, and the purity of its associations; and the picture of brilliant excesses, such as were common about Daphne, and would be sure to characterize the games, would disgust these well-trained lads, instead of alluring them.

From nearly every house in Antioch, the people were preparing to attend the games. The Roman Legate was to be present, with all the splendor of his court; and the flower of the Roman chivalry, on horses of the choicest breeds, covered with gold and scarlet trappings. There were wealthy young men driving low-wheeled chariots, which were adorned with carvings of the mythological battles of gods and men, and the wheels burnished with stripes of gold; as also soldiers with shining helmets, and flashing swords, marching in strictest order. This martial array was followed by the

people representing all classes of society, and all conditions in life. Even the Arabs from the desert, riding their stately camels, joined in the crowd.

As they came to the village of Daphne, the streams of people divided, and some turned to loiter in the town, some sought refreshments in the numerous stalls for the hungry and thirsty; some passed into the grove, while the military proceeded at once to the Stadium. The lads followed the crowd that passed into Daphne, and, after proceeding some distance from the dust and noise of the road, gradually separating from the crowd, soon seemed to be in the midst of a veritable land of enchantment. It reminded them of the legends of Eden, which they had heard from the sayings of the rabbis. The noise and commotion of the crowd was hushed, and only the voice of glad song, joined with the rippling of many waters, charmed the attention of the people.

The grove was extensive. It was at least ten miles in circumference. The trees were tall, straight, and beautiful. Parts of the grove were thick with intertwining vines, and in such bowers it was easy for the groups of the great multitude to be hidden, and unconscious of the proximity of others.

Bartholomew and Matthew sauntered along, beholding the beauty of the flowers and enjoying the scent of their sweet fragrance; now and then stopping to rest by some rippling rill, or playing fountain. The little birds chirped near them; the squirrels came almost within arm's reach, and slyly peeped at them; the beautiful red lizards crawled almost to their feet, fearless; for no life was in danger in Daphne; the law of the place was freedom—the freedom of love. They wandered still deeper into the grove, and beheld the hills and vales, all astir with life—the life of flowers, of birds, of beautiful insects.

Coming to an open place, they sat down on the sward to enjoy the beautiful scene before them, when, in the distance, they saw approaching a band of maidens, singing and dancing as they came along. The maidens, seeing the young men, came rapidly toward them, and, joining hands in a circle about them, danced and sang their gay strains. Their coming had been so sudden and unlooked for, that the youths were at first startled, then enchanted, by the loveliness of the maidens. Their heads were garlanded with the most beautiful flowers that grew in the grove; their hair, unbound, loosely floated over their shoulders; on

their necks hung glittering golden chains; around their wrists and ankles were golden bands, to which tiny bells of clearest sound were fastened, which, with melodious tinkling, kept tune with their motions and their words. Their only clothing was the light, thin gauze Chiton, through which the forms of their bodies, and the graceful contour of their limbs, were plainly discernible.

Their eyes sparkled with the exciting emotions that swayed them, and the glittering whiteness of their teeth, contrasted with their red lips, were indeed as pearls in a setting of rich ruby. Their active motions brought to their cheeks the ruddy glow of health and beauty. Such grace, such beauty, the youths had never before seen; to them, they seemed to be the perfection of physical development.

As the maidens closed their song, they separated hands, and still keeping in a circle about the young men, sat down on the grass, and sought by the most tempting smiles, words, and motions, to awaken within them the sentiments of admiration.

For they were the Devadashæ, priestesses devoted to the Temple of Apollo, and their mission was to teach those who entered the grove that the law of the place was love, and that in its blissful haunts

no sorrow or distress need ever enter ; but present enjoyment hastened to thrust into the waters of Lethe the life of the past.

As thus they sat, one of them, a young girl as beautiful as the nymph whom Apollo pursued, with deep, brown eyes, and raven hair, attentively gazed at Bartholomew ; and so intent was her look, that, with modest embarrassment, he turned, blushing, to look at the flowers which grew on the bank of the rivulet near where they were sitting.

She, too, seemed confused, even startled ; and as for a moment she dropped her gaze, she passed her hand over her forehead, as if to recall some treasure of the forbidden past. At length she approached him, looked into his face, and in the language of Jerusalem, addressed him. The others witnessed the scene, but knew not its meaning, for they only understood the language of the Greeks and Romans. She said to him :

“Art thou a son of Abraham? But, no, I need not ask that ; thy features tell me that ; but art thou the one whom once I knew ?

“Some years ago, on a ship, I met a youth, the son of a priest, who talked sweetly to me, until he won my child heart. He was on his way to Antioch. Thou dost resemble him, for even in my

dreams I have never forgotten him. Art thou Bartholomew, my childhood friend?"

As Bartholomew, greatly surprised, looked steadily into the face before him, and saw those tender eyes swimming in tears, he, too, turned toward the past, and remembered the little girl on the deck. He recalled the sweet delight of her acquaintance; he recognized the features before him; and in a tone of deepest tenderness and aroused affection, muttered, in a scarcely audible tone, the name "Judith."

But low as it was, she heard it. She knew she was remembered; she felt the thrill of his touch on her hand; she saw the love-look in his eyes; she was filled with joy, and would have clung to him; but just then, the leader of the band gave the signal to arise and depart. She could only say to him, as with the others she obeyed their leader:

"We will meet again by the Omphalus, in the twilight hour."

As the maiden disappeared in the depths of the grove, the youths hastily started for the Stadium. Perhaps too long had they lingered; but to Bartholomew, the discovery of his child-love, was a greater delight than the anticipated pleasure of the race.

Question after question quickly flashed through his mind: "How came she here? Is she one of the shameless votaries of vice indeed? or, only seemingly so?"

Surely one so young, and so beautiful, so anxious to renew the past, could not be the friend of vice. And he determined to seek her as she had appointed, in the twilight hour, at the Omphalus.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STADIUM AT DAPHNE.

THE young men were not long in passing through the grove to the gates, and then out into the extensive grassy plain, close by Daphne, where the Stadium stood. The Stadium was constructed in the same style as that in Olympia, and, as the most of the finest temples and buildings of that age, of the best quality of white marble, only excelled by the statuary marble of Paros, or of Pentelicus. From every seat in the many tiers of this lofty structure, the entire course was in view. And as the thousands came, they found that the building was capacious enough to hold all the pleasure-lovers of the city, and, by close crowding, the visitors also.

First, was the basement, broken in the middle by a broad arched passage, through which the procession of contestants would enter. At the other end was a corresponding gate, called the Gate of Triumph, of most ornate workmanship, through which, at the end of the games, the victors, wear-

ing their crowns, would pass out with their escorts, amidst exulting triumphal ceremonies. Along both sides, between these gates, the basement was divided into *carceres*, or stalls, each one protected in front by massive gates, swung to statuesque pilasters. Over the stalls was a cornice crowned by a low balustrade, back of which, and above, rose the successive tiers of seats for the spectators.

The Legate, and his retinue, occupied the seats of honor, just above the entrance gate; and from this place was the best view of the Stadium. Looking from this point, the entire audience was in view, a sea of faces, with all the gaudy decorations characterizing the various social orders. All the way up from the basement balustrade to the cornice of the outer wall of the Stadium, the seats were occupied by the people, who, from the first hour of the day, had been gathering; for the exercises were to begin at the third hour.

On the right and left are the main entrances for the multitudes. They are of ample width, and guarded by heavy gates hinged to massive towers. Directly in front, is the course, strewn with fine white sand, perfectly smooth. Not even a pebble the size of a date seed is to be found on it. In the centre of this oval arena is a white marble wall, about ten feet in

width, and six feet in height, exactly the length of a Stadium, at each end of which is a pedestal surmounted with carved pillars, marking the beginning, middle, and ending of the course. And here, starting on the right hand, the racers were to win renown, or retire in disgrace.

As the youths came into the Stadium, they observed that the seats on the western side, allotted to the commonalty, were all occupied; but, fortunately, they were able to obtain a place not far from the seats of the aristocracy. They were just in time to hear the blowing of the trumpets announcing the coming of the procession. At once the buzzing conversation of the people ceased, and all eyes were directed toward the great gate of entrance, through which the procession was now coming.

First came the marshal of the procession; then a band with musical instruments and of chorus singers; then the editor of the games; then the civic authorities of the city; then the representatives of the wealthy families, who, by their munificence, had added to the city's appropriation the amount necessary to consummate the games. They were clothed in emblematic robes and garlands. Then came gorgeously decorated chariots, carriages,

and platforms, borne on men's shoulders, on which were the tutelar deities of the various cities or countries represented. The endeavor on this occasion was to make it cosmopolitan; hence, all the larger cities of Greece were represented in the procession.

Chief amongst all the deities was Apollo, clothed in the splendor of the sun, with arrows of light; and Daphne, with the richest flowers of the laurel. Following these came the seasons, the arts, the trades, and the pleasures of men. After these came the procession of contestants, in the order of their contests, clothed in the colors in which they would appear in the trial. But those who were to contend with bodies naked, were now clothed with tunics of the finest woolen texture, and richly embroidered. First came the runners, then the wrestlers, the leapers, the boxers, and, last of all, those to contend in the chariot races.

As the procession entered to make the round of the Stadium, and the people discerned their favorite colors, they rose on the seats, and expressed their delight by shoutings and cheers, and from every tier hurled upon the procession the most dainty and exquisite flowers; while from slaves, children, and nobles, the applause rang forth until the pro-

cession was over, and the contestants had retired into their stalls.

Then the people sat down again, the buzz of conversation was again heard, and they awaited the trumpet blast which would announce the next step in the proceedings. The special feature of the opening games was to be the foot racing, for which purpose the most distinguished within the borders of the Roman Empire had been obtained. The spectators had not long to wait. Again the trumpets sounded, and there appeared along the line of the course, facing the first pedestals, a number of men clothed in the colors of the various contestants, and occupying the position on the course that would be taken by those whom they represented. The hum of conversation again ceased, and every eye was directed to see them as they crossed the line.

Once more the trumpet sounded; the gate keepers retired from the course; the gates swung open; and swiftly advancing the runners appeared. A shout from all parts of the Stadium greeted their appearance; and as they entered into the race, the spectators grew wild with excitement, and with frantic gestures, and loud shouts, each faction cheered its own hero.

There were six contestants, representing six great cities. The one on the left, in red, was from Corinth; the next, in blue, from Tarsus; the next, in white, from Ephesus; the next, in purple, from Rome; the next, in green, was the champion of Antioch; and the last, on the extreme right, in gold, was from Olympia, who, four years before, had been second in that most famous of all courses.

Each one of these men was a marvel of physical development, and each one was the special favorite of the city from which he came; for too much honor, they thought, could not be given the victor. Poets sung their praises, and the praise of the city that gave them birth; and the freedom of the city was forever after granted them. They were not like many of the representatives of physical development in modern times, drawn from the lowest classes of society, but were high born; and, sometimes, even kings sought distinction in the Stadium.

It was customary for the herald to advance into the midst of the arena, and make proclamation, that any man should come forward, who had any charge against any one of the men about to appear before them, as a thief, a slave, or of bad reputation. For ten months previous to the contest, they were to undergo the severest discipline, and this was often

so severe, that only the most hardy could endure it. As Epictetus says: "Thou must be orderly, living on spare food; abstain from confections; make a point of exercising at the appointed time in heat and in cold; nor drink cold water or wine at hazard; in a word, give thyself up to thy training-master as to a physician, and then enter on the contest." They were also required to pledge themselves to act honorably, and obey all the rules of the game. Promptness in entering upon the contest, was also rigidly enforced; no excuse for delay was listened to. Thus the games were only open to those of known character and piety.

In the older course at Olympia, the re-establishment of the games marked the beginning of historic time which was counted by the Olympiads, that is, the period of four years between the games. The foot race was the most ancient of all, the others being gradually added. For many centuries, only those who were of pure Hellenic blood could compete; but with the ruling power of the Roman Empire, came the granting of privileges to other nations. Thus, in the spring of the year of our Lord forty-five, at the occurrence of the time of the races, at the beginning of the Olympiad, the newly-erected Stadium at Antioch was set apart

by appropriate games for the gratification of the people.

As the racers entered the course, they were utterly divested of clothing, with only a cincture about the loins. The appearance was as splendid as art could make it. They had been in the bath, where their bodies were rubbed until the circulation of blood was thorough in every part, and thoroughly anointed with the finest quality of olive oil; then powdered material of their chosen color was sprinkled upon them, until the flesh was entirely covered. Thus, prepared and free from all hinderances, they entered upon the course.

The Corinthian was sprinkled with powdered sardius from the plains of Argos. The Tarsian, with Lapis Lazuli from Persia. The Ephesian, with crystal from Smyrna. The Roman, with hyacinth from India. The Antiochian, with emerald from Egypt; and the Olympian with gold dust, the finest from Kordofan.

Through this glittering splendor, made dazzling by the rays of the sun, the firmness and largeness of the muscles of arm, thigh, and breast were plainly seen in their free play, as the racer advanced. The shouts that greeted them at their entrance died away, as the first part of the race

was held almost evenly. Then the golden, sparkling Olympian began to press ahead; but the Ephesian, with his coat of dazzling crystal, like a brilliant streak of sunlight, with a bound placed himself side by side with the Olympian; but, as they neared the goal, with tremendous strides, with head thrown back, breast expanded, elbows close to his sides, and closed fists held close to his breast, amidst applause, shouts, yells, and the wildest excitement, the green-hued Antiochian passed them all, and, a full length ahead of the nearest one crossed the line, rushed up to the goal, and, before the sacred tripod, on which was suspended the prize, claimed it as his own.

It was only a chaplet of laurel leaves, and would soon fade; but the poets who beheld the race, would celebrate the praise of the name which was now officially spoken by the herald, who also gave his father's name, and with pride, answered by new outbursts of applause from the people, the name of Antioch, the city that gave him birth, and which he now represented.

A statue of the victor was now ordered to be erected in the most conspicuous place in the city, with an inscription upon it, recording his valiant deed. The disappointed contestants betook them-

selves to their stalls, praised indeed for their handsome appearance, and fine running; but without the coveted victor's crown; and four years must elapse before another trial could be held.

The editor now proclaimed a recess, and Bartholomew and Matthew left the Stadium to return to their homes. As they returned to the city, they found hosts of people going to and from the Stadium; and nearly all of them wearing the color of their favorites.

It was not necessary for them to tell the name or the color of the victor, for already it was known, through swift runners, in the city, and a vessel was just leaving to bear the news of the race, and the name of the victor, to Ephesus, Corinth, Athens, and Rome. In Antioch, already, the merchants were preparing to deck their stores with green, and before the day closed, every boy in Antioch was adorned with a green ribbon.

CHAPTER XVII.

JUDITH AND GLAUCIA AT THE OMPHALUS.

THE parents of the young men fully expected to see their sons return home filled with excitement over the stirring scenes they had witnessed; but Talmai and his wife were very greatly surprised, when Bartholomew entered the house with an absent-minded manner, and answered their questions in monosyllables, until, suddenly noticing their surprise, he aroused himself, and gave them a description of the race. But it was a cold detail of facts; there was no sparkling of the eye, nor elevation of the tone of voice, in the description; and the quick perception of the mother convinced her that something else had occurred that occupied the first place in his mind.

When mother and son were alone, she waited awhile for his confidence—it had never yet been denied her; but still he remained silent and reflective. A quick pang struck the mother's heart, as she recollected he had not said one word about their walk through Daphne's grove. Could it be

possible that he had been too severely tempted? Was her boy the same noble, pure boy that he was when, at early light that morning, he had left his home? She repelled the thought; yet she knew that his unusual quietness had something to do with that seductive grove. At last she could no longer await his pleasure. Going to him, she put her arm about his neck, and, pressing her lips to his forehead, said:

“And will my son keep from me what he saw and heard in Daphne? Did he drink from the Castalian fount; and has its prophecy sunk so deeply into his soul?”

Bartholomew took his mother's hand in his own, and after a few moments of silence, in which he was debating the wisdom of his course, he said:

“Mother, dear, do not think that I wish to keep anything from you; but I am in a dense labyrinth, and I cannot clearly see the way out of it. Strange things have happened this day, and I feel that great results may come from this day's events. Mother, dear, do you remember that when we came from Jerusalem on the merchantman, we met a family going from Jerusalem to Rome? And do you recall the loveliness of the little girl Judith?”

“Oh, yes!” she replied. “I remember how

desperately my little boy fell in love with her, and how, for months after, her name was always on his lips."

"Well, mother," Bartholomew replied, "that little girl I have seen this day. She is beautiful as a ray of sunlight; but, oh! my mother, she is a Devadasha. She recognized me, and called me by name, and, at once, all my former love for her revived. I feel that I am a boy no longer, but a man, and that her life depends upon me. It is this that has made me sad, dear mother."

Astonishment kept the mother silent for awhile, and then she asked:

"What does my son intend to do?"

"I know not," replied Bartholomew. "She wishes me to meet her, in the twilight hour, at the Omphalus; and then, no doubt, she will explain to me how she became a member of the band in which I saw her. Oh, mother, when she spoke to me, her large brown eyes looked so appealingly to me, they seemed to say: 'Rescue me, or I shall die.'"

As the mother saw the tears forcing their way out upon his cheeks, she understood the depth of his feeling; and though apprehensive of difficulty, and perhaps danger, in following the dictation of his heart, she determined to aid him as far as

she could; and if snares were being set to entrap him, she resolved to be present to break their power.

As the evening drew on, together they left their home, and went to the Omphalus. The Omphalus was a magnificently decorated monument of four arches, wide as the streets that crossed beneath its walls.

It had been erected by Epiphanes, the eighth of the Seleucidæ, in honor of himself. It was for the purpose of illustrating his virtues and his victories. It seemed like the centre of a vast palace, with its two far reaching aisles of handsome colonnades.

Here, in the pleasant evening hours, the vast crowds of Antiochian promenaders met to rest. Here, too, the nymphs of Daphne resorted to allure by their charms the strangers who knew not the treachery in their smiles. In this place the mother and son spent the time from the setting of the sun until the twilight deepened into night; but no familiar face or voice greeted them. At length the increasing darkness warned them to return; and, sad at heart, Bartholomew turned away from the place. They came the next evening, and the following; but no one appeared to

claim their attention, and then the mother thought her boy had been deceived.

Bartholomew grew pale and thin under the disappointment; and when his mother could not go with him, he went alone to watch for Judith. Thus many days passed away.

One evening, when standing by his mother's side, he noticed two bent forms, with faces covered, passing through the crowd. The sight was common enough, for they were beggars, and Antioch abounded in beggars. Their tattered garments, however, showed that they were very poor, and the complete muffling of their forms seemed to indicate a degree of self-respect, or modesty, evinced only by the worthy poor. They now came to where Bartholomew and his mother were standing, and, while one addressed his mother, the other, in a very low tone, asked alms of him. As Bartholomew was about to give to her, she grasped his hand, and he was startled to feel the grasp of a full, round, soft hand, such as only a girl could possess. At the same time, in a tone of voice which he at once recognized, she said:

"Tell me where you live, and, in this guise, on the morrow I will be at your house; we are watched now; do not seem to notice me."

Quickly telling her the place, he dropped her hand, and, taking his mother's arm, walked about with the crowd. After awhile, he said:

"The air seems heavy; had we not better return home?"

She consented, and they walked slowly homeward. When they had entered the house, he said:

"Mother, did you notice those begging women? How old did you take them to be?"

"It would be difficult to guess," she answered, "the ages of those whose faces and hands are concealed; but, by their bent forms, their hobbling walk, and quivering voices, I should think they were in the decline of life."

"Why, mother," cried Bartholomew, laughing, "they were young girls—and one of them was my Judith! They were watched, and thus could not speak as they wished; but on the morrow, in the same disguise, we may look for them here; and then the mystery will, no doubt, be solved."

As the mother kissed her son good-night, she saw that happiness again sparkled in his eyes, and she was thankful.

On the morrow, Bartholomew, from an upper window, saw approaching the two draped forms, supposed by all to be common street beggars. He

at once gave orders to have them admitted, and informed his mother. Obedient to his command, though surprised at the condescension of their master, the servants ushered them into the court, where mother and son were awaiting them. When the servants had retired, and the curtains over the doorway had been drawn to their places, the visitors took off the hoods and veils that hid their faces, and, instead of the two old beggar women, appeared two of as pretty girls as the sunlight ever looked upon. As they turned toward the mother, she seemed startled at the suddenness of the transformation, and gazed, first at one, and then at the other, as if to read in their faces the story of their lives. Before they had uttered a word, she had concluded that sin had not yet stricken them with his terrible dart, and that force of character, combined with purity of soul, had saved them from the snares of Daphne. As she beheld Judith, she wondered not that her son should be so charmed by her; for her own heart went toward her in love. Waving her hand toward a settle, she said:

“My daughter, welcome. May the peace of God be with you.”

They returned the salutation, and seated them-

selves on the settle. Refreshments were brought to them, and after they had eaten, and had rested—for they had walked all the way from the village of Daphne—Judith began the story of her life. She told of the storm at sea, and the dreadful wreck, in which she lost both father and mother; of her residence up on the mountains and her often going to the great rock, and looking far out over the sea toward the home of her kindred. Then she told of the battle with the soldiers, of the destruction of the camp, of their escape to the town, their meeting with Menelaus, and his last words to them. Now stopping for a few moments to control her emotions, excited by the sad recollection, she continued:

“Hastening to the harbor, we found a vessel about to sail for Antioch, and we at once secured our passage. We were happy in thinking that now we should be free from all of our troubles, and be able to find our kindred. But the vessel was delayed by the winds, and while we were waiting, another passenger came on board. As he came on the deck, Glaucia led me to the other end of the vessel, and, in great alarm, told me that the new-comer was the steward of the merchant who had been murdered by Menelaus; and that while Mene-

laus spake to me, he was by, and by his manner, she thought that he understood what was said, and she feared that his object now was to entrap us, and sell us as runaway slaves. Only glancing toward us, he went down to the cabin, and the vessel set sail. We saw him frequently during the voyage. We tried to keep away from him, and he did not seem to notice us.

“But as we came to the last day of our voyage, the captain called us into his cabin, and verified our worst fears. He was very kind to us. He told us that he had a daughter at home, and he did not wish to see evil come to us; then he told us what he had overheard. This man had recognized Glaucia at the first, and determined to possess her; and when he heard Menelaus speak of the seal and banker, he determined that, as the daughter and accomplice of the robber, he would, in the name of the Empire, apprehend me also, and sell us both, which he intended doing as soon as the vessel arrived in Antioch.

“We seemed to be fairly in his clutches, and could see no way of escape. If we remained on the vessel, he would bring the officers and take possession of us; if we went on shore, he would at once do the same; thus we were in great trouble.

“At length the captain proposed to us that, as we passed Seleucia, which would be in the night, he would send us ashore in a small boat. We could then at once obtain camels, and travel to Antioch by the short road, arriving in Antioch several hours before the vessel. He told us that we should at once go to the village of Daphne, to a friend of his, to whom he would send a request to assist us; that we should then become Devadashæ; and our enemy, even though he might find us, would have no power to lay hold of us; and that though we were in the grove, we need not in deeds become priestesses. He said, also, that when our enemy had departed, then we could make our escape from Daphne, and seek our kindred. This we thankfully consented to do.

“In a few days afterward, we met the captain, who was seeking us, and he informed us what had occurred after he had quietly sent us ashore at Seleucia. As the vessel neared Antioch, the steward, not seeing us, inquired where we were. When the captain informed him that we had desired him to land us at Seleucia; and that he had done as we wished. The steward, when he heard this, became excessively angry; and when the vessel reached the wharf, he at once secured a camel, and with all

speed made his way to Seleucia ; but not finding us there, returned to Antioch.

“He then began to search for us, and at last found where we were. We could not keep our first appointment, because he was there watching for us ; and even when we did go to the Omphalus, there we saw him in the crowd. We are in great terror ; for he may yet be able to seize upon one of us when we are separated, unless we obtain some sure protection.”

As she finished, Bartholomew's mother went to her, and taking her in her arms, and giving her hand to Glaucia, said :

“My daughters, you are now safe. With me you shall stay. This shall be your home, and no enemy shall be allowed to come near you. Rest in peace. Your troubles are ended.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STORY OF GLAUCIA.

SOME days after the arrival of the maidens in Talmai's house, Judith, accompanied by Talmai, went to the banker that was the custodian of the funds belonging to Menelaus, and presenting his seal, asked for the treasures. The banker then asked her to relate the circumstances of her life on the mountains, and the fate of Menelaus, after which he gave to her the entire fortune. It was a large one, for Menelaus had been a thrifty manager, and had for many years been preparing wealth to enable him to purchase good homes for all the members of his band.

Judith now placed her wealth in the hands of Talmai for safe investment, and laid aside a portion as Glaucia's right.

One day following this, Bartholomew came home from his father's business place at an earlier hour than usual; and his mother, meeting him in the vestibulum, led him into the court, which was used as their sitting-room. This court was surrounded

by the various rooms of the broad house, and with handsome balconies on two of its sides. The windows connecting the rooms with these balconies were low and broad, so that when opened, the entire space of room, balcony, and court, had the freedom and appearance of one room. And the awnings, loosely stretched across from the tops of the balconies, while excluding the direct rays of the sun, allowed the light to enter fully. In the centre of the court, in the midst of a marble basin, was a handsome marble pedestal, from which poured a number of jets of water, cooling the air and keeping fresh the ferns, mosses, and the choicest flowers of Syria and of Judea, a constant reminder of their home in Jerusalem.

It was in this delightful garden court that Bartholomew and his parents loved to rest after the toil and the heat of the day. And it was to this place that his mother now led him. As he entered the sitting-room, the two maidens came from the court to greet him. For a moment he was dazzled by their appearance, so different from that in which he had previously beheld them. Judith was dressed in the garb of a Jewish maiden. The dress or talith was of fine linen, white as snow; it extended from her shoulders to the floor. It hung loosely,

except at the waist, where it was gathered and fastened with a girdle of white with golden threads running through it.

Over this, loosely hanging over her shoulders, was a mitpachath, or shawl of light texture, with a border of delicate fringe, which hung down as far as the girdle. Around her head was a plain gold band, and back of this her long, dark tresses hung in beautiful order, fastened at the end by a ribbon, triple-knotted. The clear white skin, the dark, glistening eyes, the pearly teeth revealed in her smiles, all combined, so captivated the youth that he thought no vision of angelic grace could be more attractive.

After saluting her with words of peace and blessing, he turned to greet her companion. Glaucia was dressed as she would have been in her father's house in Athens, and surely no other costume would have become her so well. She was clothed in an Ionic chiton, which, in many folds, fell down to the feet. It had wide sleeves, reaching a little below the elbows, and hanging in broad, pouchlike folds, which were slit from the shoulder, and on each shoulder were clasped by cut agates from Chalcedon. The chiton was girded under the bosom, the part above the girdle hanging loosely.

Over this was a diploidion, or mantle, of pure white linen, with a border of deep purple stripes, and over her left arm was hanging a light yellow himation, or shawl, made of byssus from Elis, with a border corresponding to that of the diploidion. She wore shoes on her feet, which completely covered them.

As she thus appeared before Bartholomew, he noticed how slender and graceful she was, with a skin of purest white, deep blue eyes dancing in their merry brightness, hair of that light golden color peculiar to the Greeks, hanging unconfined over her shoulders. She, too, had a band encircling her head, but it was decorated with agates, and on the side was a spray of cyprus. Bartholomew glanced from one to the other, and had not affection biased his mind, he would have been unable to decide which of the two possessed the greater attractiveness. In Judith, the religious type predominated; in Glaucia, the poetic. Both were of about the same age, size, and under the same circumstances.

As they seated themselves, Talmai joined them, and Glaucia was requested to tell them of her home in Athens, to which request she responded by saying:

“The many changes that have separated me from

my home have come in so short a time, that it seems more like a dream, than the awful reality that it is; for one year ago at this time, an unbroken family, we were living in luxury, and happy in our thoughts of the future. In our home in Athens, we paid particular attention to religion; and in every room, on handsome pedestals, we had marble statues of the various gods who control the affairs of our lives. I was early taught to give the greatest respect to the Penates, who could so largely influence my after life. I do not therefore know why such calamities have come upon us; for but few of the merchants in Athens were so regular and so exact in their religious duties as was my noble father.

“Before the door of our house stood two statues, one of Athena, and the other of Posidon, to whom we gave reverence. The one presided over our home, and the other over our commerce; and we were careful to keep them always garlanded with the freshest and sweetest flowers. In our garden, at various places, we also had statues; and visitors were accustomed to say that no finer works of art could be found, except those of the unapproachable Phidias; and indeed it must have been true, as no expense was spared on them. We were constantly

having festivals in their honor, and seeking new methods for doing them reverence. It really seemed as if we were under special protection, even until that last fatal investment.

“My brother was several years older than myself, but I was always his companion; he seemed to consider me his little charge. He never thought, as so many did, that a girl baby ought to be exposed to death, or that she ought never to receive favors; but he loved me tenderly, and shared with me all the toys and gifts he received. When he was six years of age, the pedagogue took him to the schoolmaster, and he was put to the study of grammar; after the hours for study, it was his delight to take me out into the garden to see the flowers and hear the birds sing. Then he would tell me the little stories and fables his nurse had told him. Thus we grew together, until he was ten years of age. Then he was put to the study of music; and with keen delight I listened to him playing on his flute. When he saw I was so fond of it, he tried to teach me, also, to play both on the flute and on the cithern.

“When he was away from the house, I tried to remember all he told me, and practice the more carefully. Then my father, seeing how anxious I

was to learn, hired a learned woman to come and teach me. And that was a strange thing in an Athenian household; but my father wished me to be wise and knowing, like my mother; for he found great delight in her ability to converse with the philosophers, and sometimes by her keenness to expose their sophistries.

“Thus it continued until my brother was sixteen years of age, when he began to attend the gymnasium, and learn the athletic sports so common amongst the youths of Athens. As he was well built, with a strong frame, and had been carefully trained, and had never used stimulants, he learned very quickly, and during the three years he spent there, his name was often spoken of in public with honor, and we became very proud of him.

“My father, being such a public man, entertained a great deal of company, and it was seldom that our family was alone at the table. In his business at the Piraeus, he met many from foreign ports, some his agents, and others commended to his friendship. Before such, he was always proud of justifying the Athenian boast of unstinted hospitality. We enjoyed this, as it enabled us to become acquainted with men from all parts of the world, and we delighted in hearing them tell of

the doings in their own cities. This also taught us that Athens was not the only beautiful city in the world; but that it was only one of many great cities where men lived in splendor and luxury.

“Father, also, always had philosophers at our home. He said that he wanted his children to be ever hearing the words of the wise, and that the young should never look down to that which is beneath them, but should look up to that above them, for thus they would delight the gods. These philosophers were accustomed to talk a great deal about Plato and Aristoteles, and they always mentioned the name of Socrates with great respect. Thus we learned a great deal about these great men. They told us of the eloquence of Demosthenes, the wisdom of Pericles, the keenness of Eschines, and the stirring, heroic poetry of Homer; of Aristides the Just; Leonidas, the Brave; and many others, until we loved to hear of these great men and their noble deeds. When they spoke of Sappho, I longed to be like her in poetic fire; but when they spoke of the gods, then indeed I was delighted; and I wanted to be like Athene, so beautiful, so wise, and so good. Thus my father felt repaid in the ambition of his children.

“Early in the day, as soon as the light had fully

come, we were at our studies, and then in the evenings we were permitted to listen to these great men. In the schools to which my brother was sent, they learned a great deal that was beyond the reach of girls. For there were no schools for girls. Girls could only learn at home from their parents, if they should feel inclined to assist them.

“The gods greatly favored me in giving me such kind and appreciative parents; but now, how strange the change seems! I had my slaves, who were quick to do my bidding. I was kind to them, but I thought of them as only slaves, having no rights which I was bound to respect. Now my dear mother is a slave, and I came very near being one for life. How different it is when it touches ourselves! A slave has just as strong affection as the free; the maid has a body just as tender as the mistress; the one who does the toiling needs kind words and kind treatment just as much as the one for whom the work is done. I have learned the lesson, but only in the depths of the woe that came upon me.”

As the picture thus came before the mind of Glaucia, she placed her hands over her face, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her voice quivered with grief, as she cried:

“Oh, my mother! oh, my mother! where are you now? Shall we ever see each other again, or are you dwelling in the regions of the eternal shades with our dear father?”

As she thus wept and moaned, the wife of the priest went to her and kissed her; then tenderly drawing her to her, so that Glaucia's head rested on her breast, she said:

“My dear child, you are not now a slave; and I will be a mother to you until the time comes when your own mother shall be found. We will pray to God that he will unite you all together again, and then he will surely bring it to pass.”

“But I do not know anything about God,” Glaucia replied. “I only know about Posidon and Pluto and Zeus, and I have prayed to them; but they have not heard.”

The mother again tenderly kissed her, as she said:

“My dear child, I will teach you about God, and he will be your helper.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN OF THE MISSIONARIES.

A YEAR had passed since Barnabas and Saul left Antioch, in order to carry the gospel of Christ to the people north of Mount Taurus. Now, as they were about to return, the Christians looked forward to their coming with joyful expectations; for, occasionally, they had heard that wonderful success had crowned the faithful labors of these bold men.

At length, the rumors were verified, and the announcement was made, that on the first day of the week, in the place of meeting on the street Singon, the returned missionaries would address the church. It brought a particular joy to Talmi's household, for he had long known that Saul the persecutor was a vessel for the Lord's use, and that his soul was thoroughly consecrated to the Master. It brought a peculiar pleasure to Judith, for she remembered the friend of her childhood—the noble, princely man, so active, so intelligent, and yet, to her, so kind. Bartholomew, also, eagerly awaited

his coming; for, to his mind, Saul was the heroic leader and friend of the young men, and by his peculiar magnetism, destined to bear no secondary part in the church's greatest enterprises. He had heard that John Mark had left the missionaries as they were about to enter on the perilous part of their journey; and although Mark was a brother in the Lord, Bartholomew could not but feel indignant at his weak conduct.

Glaucia was anxious to meet this hero of the true faith, for she had heard his praise so often, that she felt almost acquainted with him, and she wished to see the man who had heard God's voice, for she had learned of God; and so faithful had been the teaching of the good Sarai, the priest's wife, that Glaucia no longer believed in Zeus, or Hermes, or Posidon; but only in the true God, and in his son Jesus Christ. Thus, when the hour for their gathering arrived, the entire household was in attendance in the place of meeting.

The building was a low, broad, and long structure, with one large room, after the manner of the synagogues, with a lattice at one side, the women separated from the men, with raised seats in front for the prophets and teachers, and the desk upon which lay the sacred rolls, when taken out of the

ark, or closet, behind the reader's desk, in the end of the room toward Jerusalem.

At the meeting were now gathered many of those who, before the journey, had labored so efficiently under the ministry of Barnabas and Saul, and many others, who, since then, had been brought to know Jesus, and who already loved Saul for his works' sake. At length the missionaries, in the company of some of the elders, entered, and took their places on the raised seats. A few moments were spent in silent prayer, and then a psalm was lined out and chanted, after which a passage was read from the Old Testament Scriptures, and then Saul arose to speak.

As he arose, he made the customary motion with his right hand, as if to invoke their attention; and as he looked over the audience, and recognized among them his beloved friends, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and for a few moments his utterance was checked by the stress of his feelings. At length, regaining control of his emotions, he began the story of their work in the Island of Cyprus; their crossing over to Perga; the long journey to Antioch in Pisidia; the deep interest of the people, and the bitter enmity of his own countrymen; of the long journey along the mountains to Iconium,

and the readiness of the people to hear, until the enemies followed them from Antioch, and caused a troublesome dissension. Then he spoke of the journey to Lystra, the mountain village, where the most of the people were still living in the dark belief of the most abject superstitions, and ready to worship them as deities; and, when they were not allowed to do this, how quickly they changed their behavior, and, urged on by enemies who had followed them from Iconium, fell upon them and stoned them.

With quivering voice, and amidst the sobs of the congregation, Saul told how he fell beneath the shower of stones, so that for a while they thought he was dead, and dragged his bleeding body out of their city. But God was with him, indeed; so that, for a while, he knew not whether his soul was still in the body or out of it, he was in such a state of blessedness; and in this heavenly delight, heard words which could not be uttered among men.

He told them of how this rapture passed away, and he beheld his friends and newly won disciples standing about him and weeping, and he rose up and comforted them, as they saw he was still alive. He went on to tell of a family of believers, who

were of the race of Abraham, and now secretly took him to their home and tenderly nursed him, and, with their sweet sympathy, gentle hands, and efficacious balms, soon restored him to sufficient health for him to walk the twenty miles to Derbe, and there preach Christ, while his enemies from Antioch, Lycaonia, and Lystra still supposed him to be numbered with the dead.

Then recurring to this devoted family, he mentioned their names, now so dear to him. There was the aged grandmother Lois, the mother Eunice, and the youth Timotheus, all of them instructed in the Scriptures, and now rejoicing in the sure hope of eternal life. From Derbe they might have crossed the mountains to Tarsus, and have arrived at home sooner; but the mountain streams were overflowing with spring torrents, the ice and snow, in huge masses, were rushing down from the mountains to the sea, and they might have found the roads impassable.

Moreover, the report of his death at Lystra may have discouraged the converts in the other cities; so they judged it best to revisit all the places where they had preached, and by words of comfort and assurance, strengthen the disciples in the service of the Lord. At Perga, they stopped longer

than before; and from there, went to Attalia, and there taking ship, soon arrived at Seleucia, and thence the rest of the way with a returning caravan; and only the day before the Sabbath, in the evening, had arrived at home, in their beloved community of saints in Christ Jesus. He now told them of his adoption of the Roman equivalent of his name Paulus, requesting them to henceforth call him by that name.

Many among them saw how appropriate it was; for it marked the life no longer dedicated to the Jewish people, but henceforth to all people. He was the apostle not only to Jews, but Greeks, Romans, indeed to all men everywhere, who would believe. As his friends gazed upon him they wept, as they noticed the changes wrought in his appearance by this one year of missionary labor for Christ. The stoning at Lystra had left its marks; the hardships had seared his frame; but his spirit was as dauntless as ever.

Judith would not have recognized him. The youthful vigor of body was gone; deep lines of thought and care marked his face; the mouth did not curve into smiles so frequently as of old; and only in the quick, nervous motion of the hand, and in his peculiar way of shaking the head, could

she see the friend of her youth. The eyes did not seem to be the same. Then they were strong and piercing; their flashing was like the blaze of light. Now, they seemed weak and lustreless. She wondered if it could have been caused by that blinding light, when he was stricken to the earth, and saw Jesus. Was it God's will that the eyes that beheld heavenly objects, should be weak ever afterward to the sights of earth?

But when Paul turned his face toward her, she felt a thrill of delight. Remembering him, she felt the return of her child love for him, as her friend, and her father's friend. It was a delightful meeting on the morrow, when Paul came to Talmai's house, and met Judith. When she mentioned her name he remembered her, and taking her in his arms, kissed her, as if she were still a child, and then sorrowed with her as she told him of the fate of her parents.

As Paul beheld how Bartholomew had developed, and heard from the Christians how nobly he was working for the Master in the public places of Antioch, he clasped him also to his heart, as a dear child in the gospel. And thus his home-coming was the occasion of a universal joy; for in Antioch all loved Paul. Here he could rest after the storms

of opposition had spent their force on him. Here his words were honored, as coming from the Spirit of the living God. Here he found Jew and Gentile, happily mingling together in the freedom of the new life as one family, all being equal, all worshipping the same Lord and Redeemer.

As Paul advanced in his work, he saw more and more the need of this beautiful family spirit; he comprehended the more thoroughly that God was no respecter of persons; but that out of all nations his followers were called. He rejoiced to see the Gentiles coming; and then when he beheld them manifesting the fruits of the Spirit, he accepted it as an assurance of the divine approval, and went forward the more earnestly to bring them to Christ.

Often in the meetings of the Church in Antioch he would speak of the coming in of the Gentiles during his missionary tour. And what may have seemed to Mark or Barnabas as the extreme of liberality, to him seemed to be but the will of the Master. Here in his own home church, also, as he beheld the zeal and fidelity of the Greeks, who, without being required to observe the ceremonial law of Moses at all, were living in the faith of the Lord Jesus, and were able to rejoice as heartily as any of them,—he saw the more clearly that old things

had passed away, and that all things were new. He saw distinct evidences that those who were in Christ Jesus had become new creatures in their relations to God and to man, and recognized that faith in Christ was the one great requirement to exact of all. The proof of a man's faith was to be found in his fidelity to the commands of Jesus, the Christ. Thus in gladness of heart, surrounded by willing helpers, Paul worked again in Antioch. Months rolled by. The name of Christian became the more honored among the people. The Jew, the Greek, the Roman, all felt its influence. Strangers from distant cities; travelers from the desert; mountaineers from Mount Taurus; dwellers along the sea coast as far down as Sidon and Tyre—all were hearing the glad news of salvation, and everywhere in holiness men were lifting up their hands to God.

The gospel was likely soon to be preached to all men, and it was receiving into its net all classes of men, transforming them from servants of unrighteousness into brethren of Christ.

The fame of these things spread still further than the work, and the Church at Jerusalem heard of the wonderful results of the labors of Paul in the cities of Pamphylia, Lycaonia, and his influence in Antioch, and the various routes of travel extend-

ing from it. Occasionally brethren went from the Church at Jerusalem to visit these places near Antioch, and also the Church at Antioch.

Unfortunately, these visitors were Pharisees, proud of their ancestry—proud of their Abrahamic descent, proud of their exclusive ceremonies; and their self-righteous souls were vexed as they beheld the mixed races brought into the fellowship of the church by Paul.

They murmured among themselves; they spread their murmurings among the native born Jews; they began to arouse prejudices long since sent to slumberland. The revolt found a voice, and Paul, hearing it, learned that while he was sowing the good seed of the kingdom, these brethren from Jerusalem were sowing the tares which threatened to destroy the good seed.

Paul was deeply troubled; for the enemy that had beset him in every city beyond the mountains was now entering into his own home to hinder, or totally mar, his whole work. Paul wept as he thought of the pain it would give his dear lambs; but the horror-stricken Pharisees did not think of the peace of the lambs. Peace was not their desire. Instead of being baptized into the Holy Spirit, they seemed to be baptized into the spirit of

formalism, and in them there was a reproduction of the blatant self-righteousness of the class whom their Master had so unhesitatingly condemned.

In his trouble, with true judgment Paul saw that this prejudice had to be boldly met and nipped in the bud; that yielding now would be the destruction of his work, and would be fastening upon the people a galling yoke of bondage.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CHURCH IN JERUSALEM.

IN the Church in Antioch there existed a deep regard for the Church in Jerusalem. It was the mother church—most of the leading members of the Antioch Church had been previously connected with it. The Temple, with its offerings and sacrifices, was there. Jesus had taught its leaders. The Holy Spirit had been visibly manifested among them there. The beloved apostles who walked and talked with Jesus were there. There also were many of the five hundred brethren who had beheld the ascension of the Lord. Thus they were held in great respect by the outside churches; and when brethren from Jerusalem had come to Antioch, professing to give the voice of the mother church, they had an influence; and used it to destroy the influence of Paul. But the brethren in Antioch loved Paul, and had confidence in him; and many arose and vehemently defended him. The peace of the church was broken, and many tears were shed by Paul's true friends. Talmai and his household

followed the fortunes of Paul, and hence incurred the opposition of the Judaizing faction.

At length the trouble became so great, that the elders called the church together to make it a subject for special conference and prayer. As Paul prostrated himself before the Lord, a revelation was given him, indicating the course to be pursued. The church acted upon this, and determined to send a delegation to the brethren of reputation in the Church at Jerusalem, to inquire more thoroughly the intent of the gospel, and to report, officially, the judgment of the apostles.

For this service Paul, Barnabas, Titus, and several of the elders were appointed, and with them Bartholomew; for he was already a leader among the youth, and the Church in Antioch desired that its youth might not only be respected, but have a right understanding of the the gospel.

It was with great joy that Bartholomew received the notice of his appointment. He had for some time desired to visit again the home of his ancestors. He gladly made ready to go; but with it there came a feeling of sadness; for he would thus be away, for a season, from Judith, his own true, loving Judith. She, however, had promised to be his bride when he returned. This was greatly

cheering to him, and he hoped that, after this separation of a few weeks, they would be together until death should part them.

So desirous was the Church in Antioch to show to the brethren at Jerusalem their regard for Paul, that they fully equipped him and his companion for the journey. Talmai, however, furnished his son with all that he needed; and as the journey would require a number of days, gave to him to ride his own favorite camel. Thus on camels, with attendants to care for the beasts, they set out on their way in the early morning, amidst the prayers and well wishes of the church.

The road lay between two mountain chains from Antioch to Laodicea; and this marked the first days' travel. The second day they traveled along the coast of the sea to Orthosia; the third day, still along the coast to Byblus; the fourth day to Tyre; and here they rested and spent the Sabbath. The next day they went to Ptolemais; and at this place they left the sea-coast, and crossed the hill country of Galilee. The next day they reached the valley of Esdraelon, and, at the close of the next day, arrived in Jerusalem. At each of the places where they rested, they found the church called together to greet them, to whom they spoke

of the Lord's doings among the Gentiles, and made glad the hearts of these disciples with the news of the spreading of the boundaries of the Lord's kingdom.

Bartholomew was enchanted with the scenery along the way, and constantly felt like lifting up his voice in praise to God for the beauty spread before him. In Titus he found one of kindred mind; and they failed not to notice the trees and shrubs by the wayside, the lofty peaks, and the deep gulleys, the fragrant flowers, and the blooming gardens.

But Paul cared for none of these things. His entire thoughts were upon the glory of souls cleansed in the blood of Jesus. With weakness of sight, the glare of the sun on the sea and on the rocks by the wayside was painful, and he kept his face well covered. He was living with Christ, and when he spoke, it was on themes concerning the kingdom.

When they arrived at Tyre, Bartholomew recalled the days of their flight; and as they passed over the rest of the way he called the attention of Titus to the many landmarks, the works of the Romans, and the changes which he noticed had been made. When they entered Galilee, he pointed

to the place where Jesus had walked and had done many mighty works.

Titus was a Greek of the purest type, and with a strength of imagination common to his race, in gazing at these places, beheld them not merely as other travelers would, but clothed in the forms of the past.

When he saw the crowds, in fancy, he saw them coming to Jesus.

"Ah," he said to Bartholomew, "see that poor beggar there, with blinded eyes and palsied hand. He did not see Jesus, old man though he is, for no such a miserable creature would have approached Jesus and have remained in his afflictions." And again he said: "See those little lads playing there. Jesus was such a lad, and who can tell what those lads may be when they are fully developed? They may be great men to battle for the truth; or they may, like many, never be greater than they now are."

When they arrived at the Damascus Gate of the city of Jerusalem, they found brethren awaiting their arrival to conduct them to their dwelling places. But Bartholomew had notified his father's steward that he would make his home at the old family mansion; and thither he took Titus, thus

relieving the scrupulous observer of the ceremonial law of all trouble on his account. He also desired to show Titus the city; and as he was unknown by the people, he would not suffer by the dislike which would be sure to follow the inhabitant of Jerusalem who should stoop to make a companion of a Greek. Titus could not safely enter into the temple; and had he done so, would have received frowns; and had he passed the Court of the Gentiles, certain death would have been his fate.

But from the Mount of Olives he could look down and see into the sacred courts, and observe the manners of the Pharisees, who counted the least violation of the law as a crime deserving eternal punishment. Bartholomew gave to Talmi incidents of their stay in the sacred city:

“May the peace of the Lord be with you, dear father, and with our entire household. When we saw the kindness with which we were received on our arrival we took courage, and thought that we should be treated as brethren beloved in the Lord. Those who received us did not seem to manifest any difference in their attentions to any one of our party; but by the time the church came together to meet us, we found that the spies who had come to Antioch, to see how much liberty had been granted

the Gentiles, had worked up quite a dangerous feeling against us. These spies had not been sent by the church, but of their own accord had visited Antioch ; for, in their hearts, they cherished a deep enmity against Brother Paul. Some of them were connected with the families that he had persecuted previous to his conversion ; and they could not forgive him the pain and the trouble that he had caused them. Indeed, they do not seem at all to realize the spirit of Christ, who has taught us to forgive offences, and to love one another. From the first moment of the meeting, we saw the darkening expression on their brows ; and we knew that the sweet peace of our welcome was broken by their vindictive feelings. The whole force of their malice was aimed at the friends of the Gentiles, particularly at Brother Paul.

“ We soon saw that Barnabas was a great favorite with the church ; for he had given so freely of his wealth, to support them in their distresses, that they felt themselves his debtors ; and beside this, he was a Levite of pure extraction. He had never done aught against them ; and in majestic appearance was not excelled by any of them. And we learned that the Pharisees think a great deal of the noble bearing of a man.

“They seemed to think that Barnabas needed their help, to keep him in his proper place; for they said that, whereas he was once the leader, that Paul had gradually shoved him aside, and had himself assumed leadership, and was trying to bend Barnabas to his will. Thus we plainly saw how they were trying to separate Barnabas from Paul; but Barnabas remained faithful, and all the way throughout the discussion, uttered the same sentiments as did Paul.

“But when we came to celebrate the Agapæ, and the breaking of bread, the bitterness became like a raging sea, dashing hither and thither in uncontrollable fury. And, oh! my father, I did not think it possible for men professing the name of Christ, to show such malignant bitterness as was there manifested.

“Titus, our beloved brother, was with us. Paul had chosen him, as you well know; and the church had sent him, as Paul requested, in order that the brethren in Jerusalem, seeing his sound understanding of the faith and steady manifestation of the gifts of the Spirit, might be enabled to see that, without the laws of Moses, or obedience to the ceremonial customs, one could be a follower of Christ. But when they saw him, many rose up

and declared that it was as if a Gentile were to be introduced into the sanctuary of the Temple; and that the law demanded that all the Gentiles should be circumcised, or else they could not be permitted to assemble with them at the Lord's Supper.

"When Paul said that Christ nowhere commanded circumcision, and that it was not required of the Gentiles, the uproar became almost deafening. Some put their fingers in their ears; some shouted that Paul was a destroyer of the faith, as he had before been; some said that he would have them all cast into Gehenna by his wicked revilings; while one man rose up and, with quivering finger, pointed to the rolls of the law, and, in most passionate tones, shouted:

"'Does he elevate himself above Moses? Does he deny that Moses was inspired? Were the words of the Pentateuch held sacred by all the prophets, the fathers, and by Jesus, and now is he to declare them of no account? Would he tear in pieces the Torah rolls, and cast them into the Dead Sea? Would he say God had no more use for a chosen people? No! he knows not the law. He has been in Gentile cities so long, that he has forgotten what he learned aforetime.'

"But here the man's voice was lost in the noise

made by those about him. Then I saw how brave our Brother Paul could be. He stood before them all, patiently waiting for order to be restored. His face was a little paler than usual, and his lips pressed tightly together, as if forcing his emotions back; but he possessed a nervous energy equal to the demands made upon it.

“To calm the tumult, Titus would have been willing to be circumcised; but Paul restrained him, and even many of the more peacefully inclined gathered about Paul, and entreated him to circumcise Titus; but, with that noble manner that defies all constraint, he said: ‘No.’

“Then he went on to say that a great principle was at stake, and that if he should yield, the future of the church would be injured.

“When at last order was restored, instead of debating the subject with them, Paul asked that they carefully consider this matter, and on the next Lord’s Day meet together and give their voice; for he thought it not wise to decide while their minds were swayed by the excitement of the discussion. To this they agreed; but even then only a few would sit with Titus at the table, and many said he could not be saved unless he were circumcised.

“When the meeting closed, we went home and prayed. Titus was filled with grief, because the contest seemed to fasten on him; but Paul said it was the will of the Lord, and that the victory would abide with us in the end. FAREWELL.”

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DECISION OF THE COUNCIL.

BARTHOLOMEW TO TALMAI, GREETING:

“It is now nearly a week since we arrived in Jerusalem, and the most of the time has been occupied in trying to make friends with those who were so violent in their treatment of our beloved Paul and his companion Titus.

“It looks now as if the prejudices of the more reserved will not be so strong against us; and it is encouraging that Titus has been allowed to partake of the Agapæ, and that without circumcision.

“But many felt that it was a great sin, and say that he can never be held as near to the heart of God as if he had been circumcised; and they loudly boast that only to the children of Abraham in the church does the real blessing descend. They constantly urge that the Church of Jesus and the congregation of Israel are the same, and that in no sense whatever is circumcision laid aside.

“Paul, on the contrary, claims that in Christ all the types and ceremonials of the law have found an

end, and that now these things are of no profit, though before they signified so much; and he is so eloquent and so clear in argument that when he uses the Scriptures they cannot answer him. He is willing, however, to leave the question to the decision of the apostles who walked and talked with Jesus.

“Paul has been very busy this week; and from early morning until late in the evening, he has been seeking to overcome the opposition of those that have been so ready to abuse him. He has seen Peter and James and John, and has secured their good wishes. Some of the people, too, remember how he brought gifts to them during the famine, and how his coming cheered them when Peter was compelled to hide from the enmity of Herod. He has also overcome their prejudice by promising the apostles that he will use his influence to have all the churches among the Gentiles contribute to the poor in Jerusalem. Indeed, it seems as if poverty is the most noticeable feature of this church. There are in it many widows and many priests that possess nothing of their own, who need alms, and really could not live without such aid.

“Many of the brethren seem to be very ignorant of the true principles of Christ. They think that

Jesus was only for the Jews, and they will not in the least favor the reception of the Gentiles; and their faith in Jesus seems to be the hope of possessing future wealth and ease. They comfort themselves by talking about the mansions they will take possession of when Christ comes to reign. They hate the Romans as intensely as before their conversion, and on no account would they do one of them a favor; but Paul rebukes that spirit, and he commends to them a loving spirit, not only toward Israel, but toward all men.

“The Apostle John does not say much in the public meetings; his life seems to be given more to contemplation than to action; but his soul is vexed by the hatred and the strife that separates the brethren. He says that the great requirement of Jesus is to love one another, and that all we do must be in the spirit of love. James, the Lord’s brother, seems to be the most honored; for he is most like a prophet of olden times. His dignity is seldom ruffled, even by a smile, and he is constantly referring to the duties inculcated in the law. But he is so upright, and his character so free from the taint of transgression, that even those who have no love for Jesus, seeing his faithful obedience to the commands of Moses in the Temple, honor him.

“Peter is more active, and he is beloved by all the brethren; but his influence is gradually becoming subordinate to that of James. Peter is ready for anything that will glorify Jesus.

“The bitter feeling that at first predominated is gradually calming down; but, nevertheless, there will be strong opposition to our brother Paul. Since writing the above Paul has come in, and he seemed almost utterly worn down. This protracted enmity from the brethren wears on him sadly. He says he would not mind it from those outside; but from those who are in Christ, it is, indeed, hard to bear. Truly his pathway is perilous; but he says God has called him to it, and all will come out right in the end.

“He has been forced again and again to declare his love for his own nation. They seemed to think he had more affection for a Gentile, a Greek, or even a Roman, than for them; and so before they would listen to him, he had to tell them how, in every place, he first called upon his own people, until they threatened him with death; and only then did he turn to the Gentiles.

“Paul speaks eloquently of Moses and the Temple, and the offerings, and even of circumcision, as it pertained to the children of Abraham; and

thus he has won the favor of many. But when they assert that men cannot be saved, except they be circumcised, then he takes exceptions to their belief.

“He has been considerably disappointed in seeking to learn more from the apostles of the daily life of Jesus. He had also hoped to learn much of the doctrines that Jesus taught, and had thought they would surely be able to increase his knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; but he says they have not added much to what had already been made known to him by the Lord, and that, though they were apostles before him, they have no clearer commission, or fuller understanding of the truth.

“But he rejoices in their admission of his equality. They will no longer deny his divine call, and they are willing to consider him as the Apostle to the Gentiles, while they are more particularly commissioned to labor for the Jews.

“Thus, amidst discouragement, he is encouraged, and he hopes soon to see the faith freed from the bondage of meats and drinks, washings and beast sacrifices.

FAREWELL.”

A later communication was sent by Bartholomew to his father, as follows :

“Yesterday morning, after the hour of the morning sacrifice, the church came together to consider as to what things should be required of converts from the Gentiles. There was a large number present, and I could not help thinking of the time during my last visit to Jerusalem, when, in fear and trembling, the women of the church, with only a few brethren, met to pray for the release of the Apostle Peter from prison. Then all outside was apprehension, now all is peace; then the trouble was from those outside the church, now it is from those within. But, alas! though there were many present, and weighty matters to be considered, there seemed to be lacking that sweet, loving devotion which then moved the Spirit of God to open the prison doors, and answer their desires.

“Yesterday the church was not compelled to await the darkness of night, in order to meet secretly together; but in a public quarter of the city, and in the day time, the members met in perfect security, and discussed the questions that had been brought before them affecting the growth of the churches. First of all, they considered the question as to how far the commandments of Moses were obligatory upon the Gentile converts to Jesus. There was not a mere wild and vague treatment of

it, as in the previous week, but an orderly discussion, and the various ideas held by the different brethren were presented with great force and clearness.

“Some thought that Jesus did not institute a new religion, but that he was a reformer within, what they called, ‘the existing Church,’ and that, as the Messiah, he came to prepare his nation for a full participation in the ineffable glory of the Father. Some contended that the world was divided into æons, or ages, and that the laws of Moses were adapted to one æon; but that the laws of Christ were designed for another, which was an advance on that which preceded it. Some held that every law was, and would be, binding until the Messiah came in glory. And some others thought that all laws were abrogated by the union of the believer with Jesus in a mystical fellowship,

“When they came to discuss the position of the Gentiles, many remarks from learned rabbis were quoted to show how abhorrent the Gentiles were to God, and how much was required of them to make them at all presentable before his throne of mercy. While they were discussing this, one of those who had visited Antioch—Bar Juda, you will remember him, that tall, long-nosed man, ever looking toward

the ground; you remember how he tried secretly to influence you—arose, and said that he knew something of the Gentiles, for he had seen them in their own manner of life in Antioch; and then he went on describing the lusts of Daphne, the frivolity of the Roman women, the dissipation of the Roman youth, and the vain imaginations of the Greeks.

“Verily I did not think he could have seen so much, neither was his description untruthful, only in that he gave it as representing all the Gentiles, and did not allow that there were any good among them at all. After he had concluded his remarks, there were many expressions of horror at the terrible sinfulness of the Gentiles; but one of the brethren, who had also traveled among the Gentiles, arose, and gave an account of the charities and mercies of certain whom he had known, and spoke of the lofty morals of the Stoics, and of the just and good men among both Greek and Roman. Thus he diverted the attention of the church somewhat from the licentiousness of Daphne, and of Antioch.

“Then Peter arose and said :

“‘Men, brethren, ye know that a long time ago God made choice among us, that by my mouth the Gentiles should hear the word of the glad tidings,

and believe; and God, who knows the heart, bore them witness, giving to them the Holy Spirit, as also to us; and made no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith. Now, therefore, why do ye tempt God by putting a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers, nor we were able to bear? But, through the grace of the Lord Jesus, we believe that we shall be saved, in the same manner as they also.'

"Then Barnabas arose, and told of their journey to his native island, Cyprus, and how greatly the word of the Lord was magnified before the rulers, as well as the common people; but he left the rest of the narrative for Paul.

"When Barnabas ended his brief address, Paul arose and narrated, as he did before our church in Antioch, the experience he had passed through, from the time he left Antioch on the missionary tour, until his return. As he spoke of his sufferings he touched a chord of sympathy, which, until that time, had been unmoved; and not only the women, but many of the men manifested it, as was seen by their tears. Peter himself rose up and came to him, and tenderly embraced him, as one who was counted by the Lord worthy to suffer for his name's sake. As he spoke of the miracles and

wonders they had performed, no one longer doubted but that Paul was indeed a messenger of Christ, and that he had done right in entering into the path which the Lord had opened before him.

“After Paul sat down, James arose and said, Men, brethren, hearken to me. Simeon narrated how at first God visited the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for his name. And with this agree the words of the prophet; as it is written, After this I will return, and will rebuild the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; and I will rebuild the ruins thereof, and will set it up again; that the rest of men may seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles, upon whom my name has been called, saith the Lord, who does these things. Known to to God are all his works from the beginning of the world.

“Wherefore my judgment is, that we trouble not those who from among the Gentiles are turning to God; but that we write to them, that they abstain from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and from what is strangled, and from blood. For Moses of old time has in every city those who preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath.”

“This seemed to please the whole multitude. And

they now voted to settle the question; and they appointed Judas, surnamed Barnabas, and Silas, two of their chief men, to return with Paul and Barnabas to Antioch with the following letter, which you will, no doubt, soon have officially before you:

“The apostles and the elders and the brethren, to the brethren from the Gentiles throughout Antioch and Syria and Cilicia, greeting: Forasmuch as we heard, that some who went out from us troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying that ye must be circumcised and keep the law, to whom we gave no commandment; it seemed good to us, having become of one mind, to choose men and send them to you, with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men who have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have sent therefore Judas and Silas, who will themselves also by word tell you the same things. For it seemed good to the Holy Spirit, and to us, to lay upon you no further burden except these necessary things; that ye abstain from things offered to idols, and from blood, and from what is strangled, and from fornication; from which if ye keep yourselves, ye will do well. Farewell.”

“When this was fully settled before the whole

church, the Apostles Peter, James, and John stood up and gave the right hand of fellowship to Paul and Barnabas, that they should be the apostles to the heathen, while the other apostles would minister to those of the circumcision. And thus the meeting closed."

"Those who had visited Antioch, and had made the trouble, were very much displeased with the change of feeling which naturally condemned them; but Paul rejoiced that at last his course was vindicated, and that he could now go forward untrammelled in his work.

"He, with the others, will return to Antioch on the morrow. In a few days I will follow. Until then, farewell."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MORNING SACRIFICE.

AFTER the decision had been rendered, and the brethren were about to return to Antioch, the church held a meeting of prayer and praise with Paul and Barnabas, and the brethren who were to accompany them. In this meeting, Bartholomew was brought to the especial notice of the Apostle Peter, who well remembered his father, and with delight referred to their associations in the years past. Peter seemed so much pleased with Bartholomew, that he invited him to be his guest during the remainder of his stay in Jerusalem.

Bartholomew accepted this kind invitation, as he hoped that it would give him the opportunity of learning many things about Jesus, which only one of the favored three could tell.

In Peter's home there was manifested the greatest simplicity. The art of the Sadducee, and the burdensome observances of the Pharisee, were both absent, and the family lived as if life was worth

possessing. The freedom of communication between the members; the gentle regard for each other's feelings; the kindly courtesy to their visitor; the constant effort to show the truly fraternal spirit—all combined, gave Bartholomew a true idea of the home, as the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ made it.

In the walks in and about Jerusalem with Peter, Bartholomew was shown the views as Jesus had seen them; and, here and there, Peter would stop, and tell him of the words of Jesus when at this, or at that place. But there was one spot to which Peter especially loved to go; and that was up to the summit of the Mount of Olives, to the spot from whence Jesus ascended unto the Father. It was a place made memorable by many incidents in the life of the Great Teacher, but by none more enduring than the words of the angels: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." The spot was sacred to all who followed the Lord in the spirit, and looked for his glorious coming.

In the morning early, when the sun was first casting his rays across the hills that bordered the Eastern desert, they came to this spot, and gazed

on the view to the west. To the right, they beheld, far off in the distance, the lofty summit of Neby Samwil, the Mizpeh of Scripture, while just before them lay the beautiful city of Jerusalem. They could gaze upon the tops of its loftiest towers, as well as its deepest depressions, for they were two hundred and twenty feet above the Temple floor, and one hundred feet higher than the new city on Mount Zion. They looked down into the Kedron Valley, at the foot of the hill, and saw where the Valley of Hinnom, on the western side of the city, stretched around it, and in a deep ravine, south of the city, the two valleys meeting, and forming a strong defence to the city on that side. And, in the city, they noticed the valley of the Cheesemongers between Mount Moriah and Mount Zion, and near the golden gate a smaller ravine, running into the Kedron, holding in its depths the Pool of Bethesda, with its five porches.

On Mount Moriah stood the gilded marble Temple, with its great altar ever smoking with the sacrifices, and on Mount Zion, the splendid Herodian palace, and the three towers. In various parts of the city appeared beautiful palaces, and strong fortresses too, varying in size and splendor from the palace of the Procurator, to the dark walls of

Antonia; and from the mansions of the princes to the rough, unhewn, stone dwellings of the Pharisees, who, in theory at least, had ceased to care for this world.

In the evening, after the sacrifices, they came again, and beheld the view toward the east. The atmosphere was so clear and transparent, that things afar seemed to be near; and the waters of the Dead Sea, nearly four thousand feet below the spot where they stood, and many miles away, seemed almost within their reach. Between them and the sea were the grey, bare hills where Jesus was tempted, cut up by a thousand deep, narrow ravines, and extending down to the edge of the sea. And beyond the sea, and beyond the Jordan Valley, was the long mountain wall, broken here and there by wild gorges, down which the streams so furiously find their way.

The sun gradually declining, tempered its rays on the bare hills; and in changing hues, and exquisite coloring, gave additional charm to the glory of the mountains beyond.

As they stood here, Peter pointed out some of the places of interest. To the northeast was the valley of the Jordan, where John baptized Jesus. Just below was dreary Quarantania. Over the sea

was Pisgah, where Moses was buried. South of that was Machærus, where John the Baptist was beheaded. Then, on the other side of Olivet, was the spot where the red heifer was sacrificed and burnt, from the ashes of which the waters of purification were prepared; and the path along which David, barefoot, with head covered, went from the wrath of Absalom; and Gethsemane, where Jesus was apprehended. Then Peter pointed out the way by which he was taken along the valley, into the city, through the various streets, at last to Golgotha. He also pointed out the garden, which no longer held the dead; for there the bars of Death and Hades were broken. Finally, he showed Bartholomew the spot of earth on which the Saviour last stood, when he bade them farewell, and ascended unto the Father. Bartholomew felt a great awe spread over his mind; and as the evening declined, it seemed to him that Jesus was very near to them.

On the morrow Bartholomew intended returning to his home, and, to his great joy, Peter decided to accompany him; for he was desirous of meeting the earnest and faithful brethren who labored so successfully in Antioch. But a journey like this required the strictest obedience to the commands of

God; and nothing would prepare the heart, and satisfy the conscience of the traveler better, than a spiritual participation in the Temple sacrifice before the journey.

Hence, before the first streaks of dawn, Peter and Bartholomew went down to the Temple gate, to be among the first who should enter, so that they might be present throughout the entire course of the sacrifice. They were not alone in this desire; for there was much life in the streets, as many were hurrying toward the Temple, eager to be there before the three blasts of the trumpet were given. Others in the street were preparing for business—Greeks, Romans, and Jews, all intent on religious services, or on the calls of business. At length, Peter and Bartholomew, surrounded by a crowd of devout worshipers, stood before the outer gate, eagerly waiting for the trumpets to sound.

The service was exceedingly interesting. "It began, in reality, the night before. The priests required for the services of the next day, or to watch through the night, assembled in the evening in the great Fire Chamber. The keys of the Temple, and of the inner fore-courts, were then handed them by their brethren whom they relieved, and hidden below the marble floor. The Levites on watch

through the night, or to serve next day, also received the keys of the outer fore-courts from their brethren, whose duties were over. Besides these twenty-four representatives of the people, men delegated by the nation to represent it at the daily sacrifices, were also present. As the morning service began very early, everything was put in train beforehand. Ninety-three vessels and instruments needed for it were received from the retiring Levites, and carried to a silver table on the south of the Great Altar, to be ready. The gates of the Temple building itself, and of the inner fore-courts, were locked up for the night, the key once more put in its place, the priest who had charge of it kissing the marble slab as he replaced it, and lying down to sleep over it through the night. The gates of the outer fore-courts were now also shut, and the watchers of priests and Levites set for the night. But the Temple was too sacred to be entrusted to them alone; the Representatives slept in it on behalf of the people; and some ecclesiastical dignitaries, deputed by the authorities, and one of the higher priests, who was to preside over the lots for daily offices next morning.

“Towards dawn, the captain of the watch and some priests rose, took the keys, and passing into

the inner fore-court, preceded by torch-bearers, divided into two bands, which went round the Temple courts to see that all was safe and every vessel in its right place.

“Meanwhile, the other priests had risen, bathed, and put on their white robes. The duties of each for the day were fixed by lot each morning, to prevent the unseemly quarrels, resulting even in bloodshed, which had formerly risen.

“Assembling in a special chamber, all stood in a circle, and the lot was taken by counting a given number from any part of the ring, the choice remaining with him whose place made up the figure. Meanwhile, the Levites and Representatives waited the summons to gather. The priests for the day now once more washed their hands and feet in a brazen laver, which, itself, had been kept all night in water for fear of its being defiled. The feet were left bare while the priests were on duty.

“All the gates were presently opened by the Levites, and the priests blew thrice on their trumpets to announce to the whole city that the worship of the day would soon begin. The Great Altar was forthwith cleansed by priests to whose lot this duty had fallen. The singers and musicians of the day, and the priests to blow the trumpets at the

morning sacrifice, were set apart; the instruments brought, the night watchers dismissed; and then the day's service had begun. All this took place by torchlight, before dawn.

"The morning sacrifice could not be slain before the distinct appearance of the morning light. A watcher, therefore, standing on the roof of the Temple, looked out for the first glimpse of Hebron, far off, on the hills, as the sign of morning having come. When it was visible, the summons was given: 'Priests, to your ministry! Levites, to your places! Israelites, to your stations!' The priests then once more washed their feet and hands, and the service finally began.

"Entering first the Temple, and then the Holy Place, with lowly reverence, a priest now, after prayer, cleansed the altar of incense, gathered the ashes in his hands, and went out slowly, backwards. Another, meanwhile, had laid wood on the great altar, and a third brought a year old lamb, selected four days before, from the pen in the Temple, to the north side of the altar.

"The Representatives having laid their hands on its head, it was slaughtered with the head to the west side of the Temple, and the blood caught in a bowl, and stirred continually to prevent its curd-

ling and becoming unfit for sprinkling. The incense offering was now kindled. At the tinkling of a bell, the people in the inner fore-court began to pray, and the priests whose lot it was entered the Holy Place. The first brought out the censer last used, praying and walking backward as he retired. The blood of the lamb was sprinkled on the four sides of the Great Altar as soon as he re-appeared.

“A second priest having now extinguished five of the seven lamps of the golden candlestick in the Holy Place, a third took in a glowing censer and laid it on the altar, prayed, and retired backwards. A fourth now went in, handed the censer to an assistant who followed, shook incense on the coals, prayed, and retired. The two remaining lights were then extinguished, and the offering ended.

“The skin was now stripped from the slain lamb; the bowels taken out and washed; the body cut in pieces, laid on a marble table, and salted. The food, or meat offering of meal, mixed with oil, and strewed with incense, was then prepared, and a fixed measure of wine poured into a costly cup for the drink offering.

“It was now sunrise. As the sun rose, the nine pieces of the sacrifice were lifted by nine priests, and carried to the Great Altar, in order, laid on

it and consumed, the other priests and the people repeating morning prayers. The meat offering was then laid on the altar, salt and incense added, and then a handful of it was thrown on the altar fire, the rest falling to the priest as his perquisite. Twelve cakes, the bread offering of the high priest, were next burned, after being strewn with salt. Every detail had occupied a separate priest, and now another poured the wine of the drink offering into a silver funnel in the altar, through which it ran into a conduit underneath.

“The morning sacrifice was now over. Forthwith two priests sounded their trumpets nine times, and twelve Levites, standing on a raised platform in the Court of the Priests, recited the psalms of the day to the music of their instruments. And then came the ancient priestly benediction: ‘The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.’”

At the close of this service, Peter and Bartholomew repaired to their homes, and prepared themselves for the journey to Antioch. Again the camels were brought from their stalls; and as soon as the excessive noonday heat was past, they

began their journey. They took the road over the highlands of Galilee, and along the coast; and in a few days were approaching Antioch. To the great joy of Bartholomew they arrived safely, and found all that he had left still enjoying good health. He had much to relate to Talmai and Sarai, to Judith and Glaucia, of what he had seen and heard in Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WORK AT ANTIOCH.

WHEN Peter's approach became known, a number of the members of the Church in Antioch went out on the way and met him, and, in the cordial spirit of true Christian fellowship, received him to their Church and their homes. Peter was gratified to observe that there was no national discrimination in this reception committee. The Greeks were as cordial toward him, and as solicitous to have him accept their hospitality, as those of his own nation; and he again said, as before, when he met Cornelius, that God was no respecter of persons; but that from the Gentiles, as well as from the Jews, he had called a people.

Peter made his headquarters at the home of his friend Talmai; but they visited among all the brethren, and ate at the tables of many, spending most of their time in talking of the kingdom of the Messiah. To Paul, this visit from Peter was an especial pleasure, as it gave him the opportunity to explain his own work the more clearly, with the

visible fruits of his labors all about him. It was also a manifestation of the unity of the leading brethren, and the Church, which had been so near distraction by the false Judaizers, could now see how thoroughly the spirit of harmony prevailed.

To Peter, the freshness and freedom of the Gentiles in their social bearing was irresistible; and he was as one of them. He not only ate with them in the Church at the Agapæ, but also in their homes and with their families. Thus, making no difference, he endorsed the practices of the Church. But before many days had passed, a cloud arose. Some of the strict followers of James, the Lord's brother, came from Jerusalem to Antioch, and their righteous souls were shocked when they beheld this unrestrained fellowship of Peter. They at once secluded themselves; and when they had thus attracted attention, positively refused to enter into fraternal relations with the Gentiles.

They drew Peter aside from his newly found friends, and represented to him the anger that the report of his doings would cause in Jerusalem. They spoke so persistently, that Peter began to fear the effect of his course upon his usefulness in Jerusalem, and he followed them, thus leaving his friends among the Gentiles. He accepted no more

invitations to their homes; he sat with them no more at the Agapæ; he became more reserved in his conduct toward them. Then Barnabas became the object of the attack of these Judaizers; and, by their personal appeals and vehement solicitations, they succeeded in persuading him to adopt their course. Elated by such success, they now began to divide the Church; and Paul saw, to his deep surprise and grief, his victory in Jerusalem so soon followed by a Judaic reaction in what he considered his own stronghold. The foes against him were indeed mighty. Paul felt that the case was vital when he saw that Barnabas, the father of the Church in Antioch, after so many months of resisting, had at last been won over by the Judaizers. He fully realized that, if the victory was wrenched from his hands now, and given to the Judaizers, the growth of the gospel would receive such a setback that the work of years might not overcome it; hence he armed himself for the battle, determined to win it for all time. It was in a public meeting of the Church, Jews and Gentiles being present, that Paul put forth his hand to stay the tide of trouble. As Paul and Peter stood up before the assembly, the contrast in the appearance of the two was noticed by all. Paul was quite short in

stature, with stooping shoulders, fair complexion, and grave countenance; with a small head and gray eyes, carrying a sweet expression in them, but now all aglow with indignant fire; with eyebrows a little hanging over; with a long, gracefully bending nose, thick, brown beard, a bald forehead, and hair, like his beard, somewhat mixed with gray. Peter was a little above middle size, of slender build, with a pale and sallow complexion; his hair and beard were black, short, and curled; his eyes were black, his eyebrows thin, his nose long and broad, and his expression cheerful and winning, but now sad enough. Paul was younger in age, as also in the service of the Lord. Peter had been for years the intimate companion of the Lord; hence it might, to some, have seemed presumptuous on the part of the younger thus to assail the elder, unless he had good argument for his cause.

But Paul feared nothing. A mighty spirit dwelt in his little body, and the occasion called for a vindication of the true spirit and intent of the gospel. Hence with thrilling eloquence Paul thus addressed Peter: "If thou being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews? We who are Jews by nature, and not sin-

ners of the Gentiles, knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law ; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified. But if, while we seek to be justified by Christ, we ourselves also are found sinners, is therefore Christ the minister of sin? God forbid! For if I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor. For I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. I do not frustrate the grace of God: for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain."

The eloquent argument of Paul recalled Peter to his true position. He did not attempt a reply; and the champion of Christian liberty once more came off conqueror. Paul's bold stand drove back the enemy, and the breach closed up. Those who had made the trouble returned to Jerusalem. Peter did not resent the rebuke Paul gave him, and the Church at Antioch was once more at liberty to go

forward in its glorious work of saving souls, whether Jew or Gentile, Greek or Barbarian, bond or free, male or female; for Christ called them all, and in Christ no distinction was known.

When Glaucia learned the insufficiency of the deities of the Greeks, and that Jehovah alone was God, and that only in Christ could salvation be obtained, she gave herself entirely to the service of the Redeemer. Her soul was filled with a deep sense of his love, and realized that the Christ was no myth, but a real, living, helping, merciful Saviour. In her affliction, the keenness of her mind had led her to attempt the solution of many problems; and now, at length, she was able to answer some of them in a satisfactory manner.

The greatest desire of her heart was now to find her mother and brother, and impart to them the good news that had enraptured her own heart. As this seemed impossible at present, she desired to do something to save the girls who were sacrificing their virtue and health to the allurements of Daphne. The company of these girls was, naturally, very attractive to one like Glaucia. Most of them were beautiful, possessed generous, even-tempered dispositions. They loved pleasure supremely. They cared not for knowledge or mental growth;

they thought not of the future, or of the claims of God, or of their fellow-creatures, upon them. They only desired pleasure, the pleasure of the passing moment, the lightness and freedom of the dance, the music and the shouts of the happy, laughing multitude. They called themselves the happy; their eyes sparkled with the enjoyment that filled up the measure of their days. Their only ambition seemed to be to win the praise of those about them. Their pride was in their shapely forms, the richness of their flowing hair, their evenly penciled eyebrows, the sparkle of their eyes, their pearly teeth, the hue and purity of their skin. It was all physical beauty. They cared continually for that, and for little else.

It was to this class, with which Antioch and her famous suburb abounded, that Glaucia went forth on her mission of mercy and love, to tell them of a higher joy, a purer bliss, a more enrapturing life, than any of them had ever imagined. Day after day—sometimes alone, sometimes with Judith—she went into their homes, fearless, trusting in the protecting power of her Saviour, who had called her to this work. With those in the vortex of dissipation she could accomplish nothing. She could not find in their minds a substance solid enough for a

lever to rest upon. They had no ambition in an intellectual or moral direction; the present moment engrossed their entire attention, and they trusted the future to take care of itself. They even went so far in their blindness as to urge Glaucia to rejoin their bands, and in great surprise heard her say, that she cared for none of the things that pleased them the most.

They knew nothing about Jesus; had never heard of him. They had only heard of Zeus and Jupiter, Athene and Minerva, Hermes and Apollo, Ceres and Diana, and others spoken of by their Greek and Roman visitors. They did not seem willing to take the time nor the trouble to think about Christ. Glaucia did not become discouraged at these failures, but prayed the more earnestly that Jesus would open a way to their hearts; and he hearkened to her earnest request, and the way was at length effectually opened.

The people of Antioch in their hearty search for pleasure seemed to be tireless. It was one carnival after another, with all the variety that the human mind could imagine; and there were numbers of talented men, who found it very profitable to employ all their time in devising new forms of pleasure for the eager multitudes. The revelry

went on night after night ; not even the darkness winning them to repose.

One night the people were startled by a strange, heavy pressure of the atmosphere. It seemed to be almost stifling. Then, in the distance, was heard a low, rumbling noise, which gradually drew nearer, increasing in intensity as it came, until it appeared to break over them with terrific sound. The alarmed people could hardly ask in their terror what this meant, when the ground began to move with a wave-like motion, in several successive shocks. In many parts of the city the ground seemed to break, and buildings fell to the opening earth. The dense darkness, illuminated only by occasional flashes of lighting, prevented the people from seeing the amount of damage done ; but all in terror awaited the coming of the dawn. Then they saw that the earthquake had left sad evidences of its violence on many public and private buildings of the city. Many lives too had been lost in the ruins, and consternation and dread filled the hearts of the people. For a while the carnivals of pleasure ceased, and the temples of the various deities received many offerings. The religious faculty of the people seemed, for a season, to be aroused ; but it was not long before their fears

were lulled to rest, and pleasure once more reigned supreme. But not with all ; for on some a deeper and more abiding impression was made.

One of the houses that had been broken and shattered by the earthquake was the home of a number of the girls whom Glaucia had sought to turn from their giddy course to the Saviour, but who had been deaf to her entreaties. The house had fallen, burying some of the inmates in the ruins. And when the workmen sought to save them, they found some of the fair young faces crushed by the weight of stone upon them. Some were living, but badly injured ; a few only were unhurt.

Glaucia wept over the dead, but she tried to serve the living. With tender care she bound up their wounds, and with gentle words attempted to assuage their grief. She won their hearts by her kindness, and then in her sweet, loving way, told them of a Saviour's love. Now they listened and yearned to hear more of the precious message, until filled with the consciousness of their great need they turned unto the Redeemer ; and, poor wrecks though they were, found peace in believing on him.

Glaucia rejoiced in their salvation, and soon had many earnest helpers received into the cordial fel-

lowship of the church. These girls found a true friendship in those who loved them for their soul's sake, and not for their beauty or grace of person. As they learned the songs of Zion, they found in them the utterances of the deepest feelings of their hearts; and it drew them nearer to the great invisible world about them, and Christ within them, the hope of glory, disarmed the power of temptation, and kept them from ways of sin.

Thus the Church in Antioch grew; and Paul rejoiced in the dissemination of the truth, by the earnest labors of the young, who were but lambs in the fold. The world sought to win back, by its most seductive temptations, those who had left it to serve Christ; and Paul realized that the church must care for its tender lambs, so that every soul brought into the fold might find careful protection, and abundant spiritual sustenance. One method was found very edifying. In all their meetings they were wont to speak of their experience, and to make thankful mention of the goodness of the Lord to them. Their voices mingled in praise, in prayer, and in prophesyings; and whoever came into their meetings, by the freedom and abundance of the testimonies, learned how richly the Lord was blessing them. From the rich and the poor; from near

and from far; from the borders of the sea toward Tyre; from beyond the mountains to Derbe, came the words of testimony of the joy and peace that the Lord was graciously giving to his loved ones, even to all those who believed in his name.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEPARTURE OF BARTHOLOMEW AND JUDITH FOR ROME.

IN his mercantile transactions, Talmai had invested largely in property in the city of Rome. And now it became necessary for him to send a special agent to attend to it. Bartholomew was now old enough to undertake such a trust, and by his zeal and prudence had convinced his father that he was capable of managing affairs with the true business faculty. Hence Talmai offered to put into his hands the entire control of the property in Rome, if he desired to assume the responsibility. Bartholomew was delighted with the offer, and eagerly accepted it.

The only sorrow connected with it, was the long absence from his parents, which it would make necessary. In the short journey to Jerusalem, he had learned what it was to be separated from his loved ones; but then the absence was tempered with the comfort that it would soon be over. But in going to Rome, it was quite possible that years might

pass before they would see one another again. But the light dawned upon his pathway in the shape of a vision of a beautiful home; for Judith would ever be with him, and they would, as company and comfort for each other, make a new home, which would, in time, be as dear as the home they were about to leave. Glaucia agreed to accompany them; for it was her hope that thus she might be able to find her mother and brother.

When Bartholomew returned from Jerusalem, he made haste to remind Judith of the sweet promise she had given him; and when she said to him that she was ready to follow him anywhere, everywhere, in life and in death, his soul was filled with the ineffable joy of such a trust; and he felt as if in golden slippers he was gliding over crystal streets. Their wedding was to be after the manner of such in Judea, and was to be as brilliant as their circumstances allowed; and around it was to flow the good cheer, such as made it an event of sanctified enjoyment. For the few days preceding the wedding, Judith made her home at the house of Simeon, near by on the same street.

On the marriage day, which was Wednesday, the day for the marriage of maidens, the bridegroom, adorned and anointed, and attended by his grooms-

men, who were called the sons of the bride-chamber, went to the house of the bride, to conduct her to his own home. On the day before, they had both fasted all day, and in prayer had confessed their sins, as the Jews did on the Day of Atonement. Early in the day, before the hour came for him to go after her, he had sent her bridal dress, her special ornaments, the ointments and perfumes for her person, and the various little presents for her use. She had sent him, as the regularly prescribed gift, a shroud, which he kept, as she kept hers, to wear on each New Years' Day, and on the great Day of Atonement; though this part of the ceremony was not held by the Christians.

When he arrived at her house, he found her surrounded by her maidens, waiting his coming. She was veiled from head to foot; around her waist was the girdle, peculiar as an essential part of a bride's attire; and on her head was a wreath of myrtle leaves, decorated with ornaments of gold. Her hair was left flowing; and, as in luxuriant tresses it hung down her back, jewels were fastened here and there in the tresses, which gave it a rich and sparkling brilliancy. Her entire dress had been richly perfumed, and wherever she went the air was freighted with the sweetness thrown off.

The darkness of night had settled down upon the streets of Antioch before he led his bride home. Curious crowds of people filled the streets, waiting to see the strange and beautiful spectacle. At length they appeared. First came torch bearers, lighting the way; then came the flute players and the singers, making the street melodious with their rejoicing songs; then came the groomsmen, and, following them, the bridegroom and the bride, still heavily veiled. Then came her maidens; and, as they passed along from the wayside, new bands of maidens joined them; and all who chose to join the procession went into the house of the bridegroom to partake of the marriage feast.

For seven days the feast continued. The bridegroom, crowned with flowers, sat decked like a priest in his ornaments. The bride did not sit at the table, but apart with her maidens, adorned with her jewels. Singing, music, dancing, and riddles filled up the time, until the feast was over, and their married life had really begun.

After the wedding, the time was fully occupied by their preparations for the journey. The voyage would be a long one, but they were confident it would be safe; for the season of storms had passed, and the pirates had all been swept from the seas.

It would also be as comfortable as possible; for one of Talmi's own ships, freighted with the treasures of a large caravan, would convey them there. The ship was now awaiting, in the harbor below the great stone bridge, the coming of the caravan, which was daily expected. As soon as it arrived, the ship would be loaded, and then depart.

Glaucia was going with them, with the confident expectation of learning of her mother and brother. She had earnestly prayed to the Lord for this blessing, and she fully trusted in him to bring it to pass. Just how, she could not say; but she felt within her soul the sweet confidence which satisfied reason and drove out all fears. She was grieved to part with the dear girls whom she had led to Christ; but she trusted that, with the helpful arms of the church thrown around them, they would be able to grow in the grace of their consecrated life. Glaucia feared no dark clouds either for them or for herself.

It was a grief to part from her dear friends who were so much to her; but the yearning love for her own mother could not be suppressed. No tender ties, no loving watch-care, no comfort or ease, could cause her to forget that her own dear mother was in bondage; and the bondage was

made more sad by the superstitions to which alone she looked for a help that they could not give.

They had not waited many days until the advance runner of the caravan arrived, and announced the coming of the merchant train. Then came a procession so familiar to the Antiochians—a long line of camels, carrying men and bundles, covered with the dust of the desert, browned and scorched by the hot plains over which they had come, sober and dignified, and with an air of superior wisdom that as much as said: “We are the fortune makers of the earth; the gold and precious stones are ours; the courts of Emperors, and the beloved of great men, all await our coming; they rejoice in our success and weep at our woes.” After their arrival came the selecting of goods, the exchanging for them of bills of credit, the preparation of the vessel, then the weighing of the anchors, the hoisting of the sail; and at length down the river the noble vessel moved. On the quay stood many of the members of the church, who, with tears of regret, had come to bid farewell to their beloved friends and companions. And as the vessel moved into the current, they waved their white shawls in one last, lingering, parting salute.

Talmai and his wife, with Matthew their cousin, went with them on the vessel to take their leave of them at Seleucia.

The voyage of forty-one miles down the river was a beautiful picture to remain in their minds as the final remembrance of Syria. The river wound around bluffs, and meandered through the fields in gentle curves, as if loth to leave the gardens and plains, to lose itself in the capacious depths of the great blue sea.

As they passed down the river, they seemed to be in an almost continual fleet, so many vessels were going out and coming in. The shores of the river were surpassingly beautiful all the way from the city to the sea. Along the banks, on both sides, wealthy men of Antioch had built their villas; and between their houses and the river were their spacious lawns and orchards, where in splendid variety their great wealth and fine taste were lavished. There were the finest Syrian vines and fruits—grapes of all varieties, fig-trees, myrtles, bay, ilex, arbutus, oak, sycamore, olives, palms—all in the finest condition, stretched out on terraces and lawns back to where the hills bordered the valley on either side. The current was swift and strong, and it only required one day to go from Antioch to

Seleucia; but it was a fitting day to crown their enjoyment of Syrian beauty and pleasures.

As the day was closing, they saw before them the bosom of the great sea. In splendor, the sun went down. In the shadows of the evening the mouth of the river was reached; at the harbor, with tears and prayers, the words of parting were spoken. Amid all the sadness of the parting, they had the comfort that the same God ruled over all; that his mighty hand controlled in Rome as well as in Antioch; and that from the bosom of the great sea prayer and praise was as acceptable as when offered from their homes on the land.

In parting, Talmai laid his hands upon the heads of his beloved children, and, with eyes turned heavenward, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and in tremulous tones, said:

“May the Lord bless you in basket and in store; may he command your storehouse, and all that you set your hands unto. May he open unto you his good treasure, the heaven to give the rain unto your land in his season, and to bless all the work of your hands. The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace.”

Thus having blest them, he and his wife and nephew departed, and Bartholomew and Judith returned to their cabin, weeping, because they would for so long a time see them no more.

As Talmai and his wife and nephew stepped on the wharf, a young man got into the boat to take passage in the ship for his home. The captain entered his name on the list of passengers as Miltiades, the Athenian.

CHAPTER XXV.

MILTIADES BEGINS HIS SEARCH.

A YOUNG man stood on the front of the Capitoline Hill in Rome, looking toward the Theatre of Pompey, on the Campus Martius. In the distance beyond this plain, in its bending channel, rolled the yellow Tiber—the river which, in flood time, swept so furiously along the plains bordering its banks. The stranger had been looking at the objects of interest in the Imperial City, and contrasting it with his own home. Although Cesar Augustus the Great, and Tiberius, the Emperor following, had done much to beautify and adorn Rome, it did not favorably compare with his own artistic and poetic Athens. There was a scornful curve to his lips, as now he gazed about him. On the other side of the hill were the most attractive temples and buildings; but he had seen them all, and had grown weary of their martial memorials. It seemed to be the deification of physical force, of muscle, of war; while in his city it was mind that ruled, and the skill of the finest artists was bestowed upon ideals

of mental excellence and religious contemplations. Miltiades had been in Rome for many months, and was now ready to leave it, content with the glory of his own city. In his mind the city of Cesar could not vie with the city of Pericles.

As he stood looking at the Theatre of Pompey, the desire seized him to go down to it, and witness, in the surrounding gladiatorial schools, the training and practicing of those who furnished entertainment for the blood-thirsting populace. He had once visited the arena, and had beheld the battling of slaves and wild beasts. But the sacrifice of life; the tearing apart of limb from limb; the savage growl of the ferocious lion, as he tore his prostrate human victim; while awakening cheer after cheer from the Romans, only sickened the more sensitive Athenian. The Roman populace fed their tastes on blood, and gradually the brutality of their tastes was becoming manifest in all their social customs; so much so that their rulers were indifferent to the sacrifice of life amongst them.

Miltiades soon arrived at one of these schools. It was kept by one who had spent many years in the arena; but at last winning sesterces enough to set up a wine-shop, had purchased this place, built his shop, with spacious wine cellars under it; and

back of it had fitted up a gymnasium, or training school for gladiators. In Rome then, as in modern cities now, the prize ring was under the control of the wine bibber and the glutton, and their feasts were feasts of blood. Numa, the master of this school, was employed by many of the Patricians, to train their slaves; and next to earning the money, he was desirous of winning their favor; for he knew that only in their favor could he thrive.

When Miltiades entered the wine-shop he was treated with the most obsequious deference; for his dress indicated the possession of great wealth. And it might be that he came to see which of the gladiators he would adopt as his choice to bet upon, as this was the custom of the young nobles interested in such sports. Among the wealthy Greeks there was a natural haughtiness that led them to despise the close ways of the Romans, and to risk freely their sesterces on their champions. And Numa well knew the peculiar proud bearing and contemptuous curve of the lip that now was manifested by Miltiades.

As the Greek glanced about the room, he noticed that more than one nation was represented in the men, and that the heartiest good humor prevailed among them, even though sometimes they scratched

each other in their conflicts. But their hoarse laughter, their rough jests, their arrogant boasts, indicated that they, too, delighted in these sports, as well as the people who applauded their death struggles.

Numa now approached him, and told him that for some time he had been training a youthful Athenian, who would make a first-class gladiator, but who never mixed with the others or drank his wine; and seeing he was of the same nation, perhaps he would like to examine him and see if he was worthy of his favor.

Miltiades wondered how an Athenian could be contented in such a place; and expressing his desire to see his fellow-countryman, Numa sent word that he should be called. In a little while, from another room, he came. His very stride showed a grace which the bulkier forms of the others did not possess. His muscles were indeed large and compact, but his victories would be won rather by skill than by strength; and every motion of his lithe and flexible frame gave evidence of the skill he could command. But as he came, with head erect and bearing noble, Miltiades in surprise stared into his face. The gladiator, too, seeing the stranger, stopped and gazed for an instant earnestly at

him; then with a cry of "Achilles!" "Miltiades!" the two Greeks rushed into each others' arms, while Numa and the other gladiators gazed at them in wondering surprise.

Then they withdrew to one side; and in reply to the question of Miltiades as to how he came hither, Achilles related the story of the misfortunes that had overtaken their family—the death of his father, the enslavement and separation of the others, and the purpose for which he was sent to this place. He said:

"After my mother and sister were removed, I was brought forward for sale. There were present a number of Roman patricians who vied with each other in their sports and games. Having plenty of money, they used men instead of animals to furnish them pleasure, and at their houses held private gladiatorial contests, and on the success or failure of their slaves winning honors or sesterces, as the case might demand. Sometimes they sent their men into the public arena to take their chances; but they generally were sure that the unlucky opponents were inferior in strength or in skill."

One young noble had examined his frame, and seeing the perfect proportions he possessed, had, at a

large price, purchased him, and was now training him under the skillful Numa. Achilles had nothing to complain of in the treatment he received; but it was indeed humiliating for an Athenian of noble blood to become the creature of a Roman epicure.

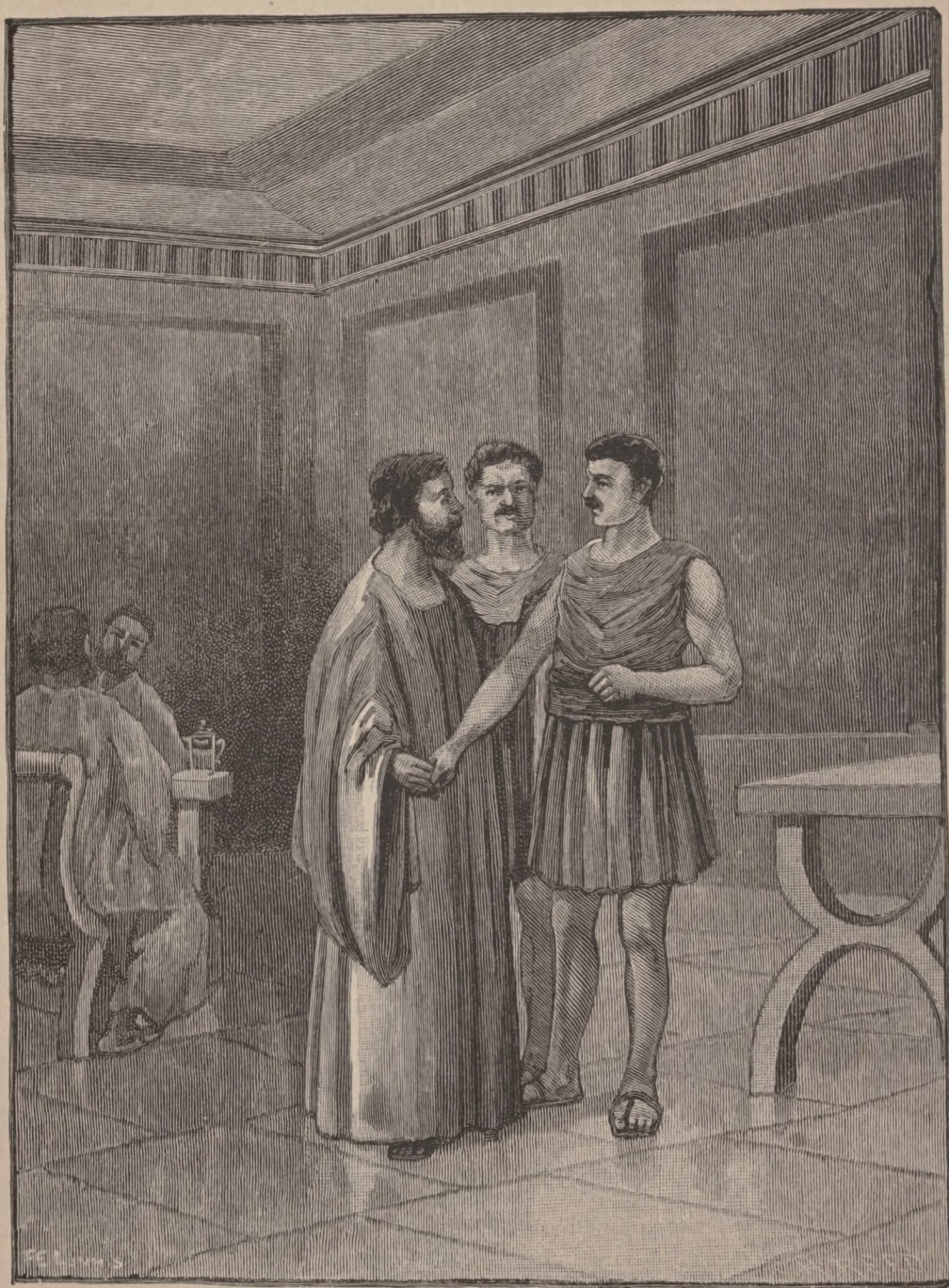
Miltiades, with horror depicted on his features, heard this story of awful wrong; and he remembered that in the destruction of this noble family was his own dearly loved one. And when Achilles ceased, he grasped his hand, and with quivering voice, asked:

“And Glaucia, what of her? where is she?”

“Of my beloved sister I know nothing,” Achilles sadly replied. “She was purchased by a dealer in slaves, who intended taking her to some other city, and make her beauty the strength of competition. Many in Laodicea would have willingly paid a high price for her; but, no, he desired to see what she would bring where thousands would behold her charms.”

As he finished, both of them were in tears. Then Miltiades said:

“I swear by Pallas Athene that I will traverse the world over but that I will find her. The gods will favor me. I have money; it shall all be used for that



Judith and Glaucia,

purpose; my life I now dedicate to regaining my lost loved one. Oh, that I had known this before! Why was I kept in ignorance? I was only this day contemplating the joy with which I would soon greet my Glaucia on my return to Athens. And, now, with sadness of heart I go, not to my home, but to Laodicea, there to take up the thread and follow her until I find her."

Just then a strange voice interrupted their conversation, and a man, nearly middle-aged, but with a youthful fire in his eye, came up and said:

"Pardon me, noble Athenian, and you my fellow gladiator; but did I hear aright? Was it of Glaucia, the beautiful Athenian maiden, sold many months ago at Laodicea, of whom you were speaking?"

"Yes! yes!" they both answered at once. "What dost thou know of her? Who art thou?"

"I am Menelaus," he answered; "and for many years was the captain of a band of liberty-loving men, who hated the Roman yoke, and vowing never to be obedient unto it, with our wives and children dwelt on Mount Olympus, in Lycia, and whenever the opportunity offered, preyed upon the travelers along the great Roman roads. Once when in Laodicea, I saw Glaucia, the Athenian, sold. I heard the boasts made concerning her beauty. I had a

foster daughter at home, whom I had saved from a wreck on the sea. I thought she would be happy with a sister.. I knew I should be happy with another daughter. Therefore, while they were taking her toward the sea-port, with my trusty band I fell upon them, killed the merchant, and carried Glaucia to my home. She made my Judith happy, she made me happy; she was as the sunshine to us all. But the Romans found our retreat; the soldiers came; surrounded our camp; killed most of my band; wounded me until I have hardly yet recovered, and have sent us here to feed the wild beasts in the arena. But Glaucia and Judith were out on the mountain at the time. They escaped; they saw me in Patara, as I was being conveyed to prison; and on my advice they at once embarked on the vessel "Briseus," and sailed to Antioch. That is all I know of them."

Miltiades and Achilles now plied Menelaus with many questions, and had him repeat the story all over again, and tell the particulars of their mountain life; and then, when the hour for parting came, Miltiades fondly pressed his hand, and, promising to return as soon as possible and then look after his interests, departed, at once to proceed to Antioch, to find the beloved of his heart.

The winds were, indeed, propitious. Swiftly did the noble vessel cleave the waters. Each day in its flight brought them nearer the East; but the swiftest speed was slow to the ardent lover; and as he paced the deck of the vessel, he uttered his prayers to Posidon, to send messengers to implore Æolus to command the kindly winds to hasten their speed. As he looked about the vessel, he saw many tokens of the religious views of the sailors; and in parts of the rigging were hanging miniature shrines, faded wreaths, and magical inscriptions.

In his own cabin, he placed before him an image of Pallas Athenæ; and when the first rays of light came into the room, he offered prayers unto it, and vowed donations to the shrine in his own city. Never was he more prayerful; for he felt his own utter weakness; and, like a lonely, lost child, cried unto the higher powers to assist him, and lead him to his beloved.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MILTIADES AT THE SHRINE OF APOLLO.

NO true worshiper of the deities, who controlled the destinies of the Greeks, would have undertaken such a search as that before Miltiades without propitiating those deities by reverence and sacrifice. And as the vessel in which he was traveling cleft its way with urgent speed through the waves of the great sea, he recalled the admonitions of the great and good men of Athens, to honor the gods in all things; and he determined to, first of all, go to the ancient shrine of Apollo, and, from the lips of the Pythoness, learn what the gods had in store for him in this undertaking prompted by love.

As the days passed away, he prayed that Apollo might guide him as he had guided those ancient mariners of old; for Miltiades remembered the legend that said:

“When Apollo established his shrine in the clefts of Parnassus, and thought within himself as to whom he should choose to be his priests, he as-

cended to the summit of the lofty hill, and from thence beheld, far out on the sea, a ship sailing from the lands of King Minos, to exchange goods with the men of Pylos. Leaping from his lofty eminence into the sea, he transformed himself into a dolphin, and, meeting the ship, with his mighty fins guided and propelled it until it came to the coast nearest his shrine. Then he came forth out of the sea, and, in the form of a star, lit up the entire land with his glory. He hastened to his shrine, and on the altar kindled the undying flame, and hurled his bright arrows abroad until the blaze of his lightnings filled all the people with fear. Then he hastened back to the ship, and, in the form of a beautiful man, with his golden locks flowing over his broad shoulders, in tender, but commanding tones, addressed the Cretan sailors:

“‘O strangers, who have dwelt in Knosson of the Cretan land, think not to return to your ancient home, to your wives, or to your children. Here ye must guard and keep my shrine, and ye shall be honored of all the children of men. For I am the son of Zeus, and my name is Phœbus Apollo. It was I who brought you hither across the wide sea; not in guile or anger, but that in all time to come ye may have great power and glory;

that ye may learn the counsel of the undying gods, and make known their will to men. Hasten, then, to do my bidding. Let down your sails and bring your ship to the shore. Then bring out your goods and build an altar on the beach, and kindle a fire, and offer white barley as an offering; and because I led you hither under the form of a dolphin, so worship me as the Delphian God.'

"When they had feasted, Apollo led them, by the sweetest music, to the mountain shrine; but, as they saw the barrenness of the rocks, and wondered how they could obtain food, he smiled as he said to them:

"'O foolish men, and easy to be cast down! If ye had your wish, ye would gain nothing but care and toil. But listen to me, and ponder well my words. Stretch forth your hands and slay each day the rich offerings, for they shall come to you without stint and sparing, seeing that the sons of men shall hasten hither from all lands to learn my will, and ask for aid in the hour of fear. Only guard ye my temple well, and keep your hands clean and your hearts pure; for, if ye deal rightly, no man shall take away your glory; but if ye speak lies and do iniquity, if ye hurt the people who come to my altar, and make them to go astray,

then shall other men rise up in your place, and ye yourselves shall be thrust out forever, because ye would not obey my words.' ”

Miltiades also recalled many more legends of the celebrated shrine; and with gladness of heart he saw the shores narrowing to the isthmus which served as the portals of the Corinthian Sea. It was but a short time after that he left the ship and trod the broad way that led to the honored shrine. He was treading historic ground. To the right was the Plain of Cheronæa, shut in by the bleak and rugged gray limestone cliffs of Parnassus. It was on this plain that the Bœotians so badly defeated the Athenians, deciding the fate of Greece at the time. Afterward the fate of Greece was again decided on this plain by King Philip defeating the combined forces of the Greeks; and once more by Sylla, the Roman, defeating Mithridates. To the extreme right rose the lofty Helicon, whose solitudes present the most beautiful of mountain attractiveness, every declivity being covered with luxuriant shrubs or tenanted by browsing flocks; while the pipe of the shepherd, mingling its sound with that of the bells upon the goats and the sheep, could be heard at intervals among the rocks. It was here that the Grove of the Muses was located.

As Miltiades entered the Valley of the Pleistus, which flows from east to west between the two mountains—on the one side of the stream the town, opposite it, the brooklet of the Castalian Fountain flowing into the river—he noticed with admiration that the wonderful spot was a rugged and romantic glen, with the rugged spurs of Mount Cirphis on the south, and the Phædriades, or the Shining Rocks, steep, wall-like, under cliffs of Mount Parnassus, on the north. The vast precipices rising in towering majesty aroused his deepest emotions.

At the foot of a steep precipice in the circular vale, above which the rock shoots up into two pointed crags, he beheld the Fountain of Castalia, the grand source of inspiration. A square, shallow basin at its foot was the fount in which the priestess was accustomed to plunge before she mounted the tripod to pronounce the thrice sacred oracle. The Temple of Apollo, the front of which was of Parian marble, and the outside of the structure of the Doric order, while the inside was of Ionic, stood immediately under the shelter of the northern cliff.

“One pediment was adorned with representations of Latona, Diana, Apollo, and the setting sun, and

the other with Dionysus, and the Thyiades; the eastern architrave was hung with gilded shields presented by the Athenians from the spoils of Marathon, and the western with similar trophies taken by the Ætolians from the Gauls; while among the subjects of the Metopes are mentioned Hercules slaying the Lernean Hydra, Bellerophon and the Chimæra, Zeus and Mimas, Pallas and Enceladus, and Dionysus and a giant. In the pronaos were inscribed the maxims of the Seven Sages of Greece; in the cellar was the sacred hearth with a perpetual fire, and the Omphalos, or navel stone, which was supposed to mark the centre of the world; and in the adytum was the sacred tripod and the subterranean chamber from which the vapor of prophecy ascended." While hundreds of brazen images adorned various parts of the sacred precincts.

Miltiades beheld many priests, poets, and attendants about the Temple and the adjoining village, who were necessary to attend to the work of the Temple, and who lived on the gifts which so freely were poured into its treasury. Observing a majestic priest, in priestly garb, with long hair flowing over his shoulders, like Apollo of old, walking toward the Temple, Miltiades respectfully accosted

him, and asked instruction as to the proper manner to offer his gift, and solicit the reply of Apollo. He was informed that the first step was to pass through a process of purification by bathing in water from the Castalian stream. Afterwards, he should offer to the proper minister his gift and his sacrifice, and then, when the appointed day of the month arrived, a priest would receive his request and learn the will of Apollo.

In the mean time, the venerable Pythoness—for no one under fifty years of age could serve in this capacity—spent three days in fasting and bathing before ascending the tripod; then, being in proper frame of mind, she sat upon a tripod, placed over the mysterious chasm in the centre of the Temple. The gas which ascended out of this chasm soon seized hold of her faculties, and she raved under the spell of the inspiration. The attending priest recorded these ravings, or revelations from Apollo, and the poets arranged them in order, and they were then delivered to the devout petitioner.

The prayer of Miltiades was:

“Tell me, O thou son of Zeus, thou who art the light of the world, doth the maiden whom I seek still dwell upon the earth, and shall I yet behold her in the bloom and beauty of her youth?”

“On the mountains of the North,” was the answer, “blue eyes dim with tears search the fields that lie afar; on the billows’ rapid tide they mark the star that bids them cease to roam, and rest.”

Comforted, Miltiades gave to the Temple a cup of exquisite workmanship in silver, and a vase of purest gold, and then once more began his journey toward the mountains of the North to find the blue eyes, which should weep no more when beholding again his protecting presence.

As he departed, one of the attendants of the Temple, who had already given him much information, accompanied him seven miles toward the North to the great limestone cavern in which, when the armies of Persia invaded the land, the people of Delphi found safe refuge.

Here, he related the past glories of this favored shrine of the mighty deity. It was more than five hundred years since the first Temple was destroyed by fire, and this second Temple had been built at a cost to the Amphictyonic Council, of three hundred talents; yet the Alcmaeonidæ, who contracted for the work, built it better than their contract demanded, for they agreed to build it of porine stone; instead, they employed a great

architect who beautified the plan of the Temple, and then built the front of the finest Parian marble.

But who can describe the beauty, or calculate the value of the presents offered at the shrine, during the centuries of the past; when from the kings of all nations the ambition was to excel in the quality and value of their gifts.

Gyges, the first of Barbarians, except Midas, to honor the shrine, gave six bowls of gold, of thirty talents weight; while Midas dedicated the throne from which he administered justice, a splendid piece of workmanship. Cræsus gave a lion made of finest gold, weighing ten talents, and a hundred and seventeen half bricks of gold, some of which weighed two talents apiece, and four of them even exceeded that. He also offered bowls, lustral vases, casks of silver, and a golden statue of a woman three cubits high, with the necklaces and girdles of his wife. In all the years following, the offerings of the people—bowls, urns, vases, statues, bricks of gold, jewels, coin, artistic designs of the greatest masters—came, until the wealth of this shrine was the wonder of the world.

Then came the desire to spoil it; and the foes of the gods sought to rob it of its glory. The Persians

had arrived at the Temple, when the deity thundered forth his wrath, and split the great rock above them, and protected his shrine by his interference. But Sylla the Roman, succeeded in despoiling it; and one huge urn of silver which he coveted was so large, that no carriage was strong enough to bear it, and it was broken in pieces, and thus taken away.

“And even now,” continued the attendant, “it is whispered that Nero has heard of the splendor of the five hundred brazen images adorning the sacred precincts, and covets their possession. Though the glory of the shrine has so often been despoiled, yet it continues the most favored of all the shrines in the world.”

Miltiades felt a deeper hatred for the Romans, as thus he heard of the cupidity of Scylla, and the envy of Nero; and, putting a piece of gold in the hand of his guide, dismissed him with the request to remember him as he found favor with Apollo.

As Miltiades continued his journey, he reflected upon the influence of the Delphic Oracle on the successes and reverses of men. It had been whispered to him, that the ravings of the Pythoness were merely the effect of the gas inhaled, which was not the influence of a deity, but a natural cause of intoxication deepening into stupefaction. He had

also been told that the replies were composed by the poets who were employed for this purpose; and that they had spies in all parts of Greece, to learn of those who came to them; and that when they knew nothing of the suppliant, they gave an answer which could be interpreted in different ways, and thus suit the result, whatever it might be.

He now recalled the fact, that one of the priests had talked with him a long time, asking questions; and that to him he had given an account of his Athenian home, of his friends, of the strange meeting with Menelaus, and the encouragement received from his information. Now he noticed that the answer of the oracle was based entirely upon the words he himself had spoken to the priest. He recalled, also, the double interpretation given to Cræsus, which led to the destruction of the splendid Lydian kingdom. And his spirit sank within him, as the spirit of unbelief arose and filled his heart. What if it was all delusion? Where could he find comfort for his anxious soul? No, he would not turn from this his only hope; he would trust it, for he could turn to nothing better.

The stories of the prowess and favors of the gods came up in his mind, as he had been taught them from earliest childhood; and, laughing at his

own fears, he thrust the spirit of unbelief aside, and calling upon Apollo to help him, continued his way toward the mountains, to which Menelaus had directed him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WITCH OF SULPHIUS.

WHEN, at length, Miltiades reached Ephesus, he at once proceeded to the Temple of Diana, and worshiped at her shrine; for he held the belief that each city, or country, was under the sway of its chosen deity, and he would not neglect the sanctity of any shrine in the course of his travels. He then proceeded on the great national road toward the East, following the course taken by his Greek friends. But at every station the same answer was given to his inquiries. No one had any knowledge of the fair Glaucia. At Laodicea, he remained several days, and heard again the story of the sad fate of the noble family, but no one knew what followed. On he traveled to Patara. If the oracle was to be trusted, now would his search be rewarded. About him were the magnificent mountains. He saw the very ridge on which the robber was captured. Even some relics of the battle were shown him; but no one knew of the maiden he was searching for.

Wearied and heavy-hearted, he at length turned to the harbor, and there, to his great joy, beheld a vessel, bearing upon its stern the name "Briseus." A clue was obtained at last. He at once sought the captain, and to him stated the purpose of his search. The captain, however, could only give a detailed account of his helping the maidens, and the name of the man who had so closely pursued them. As the vessel was about to return to Antioch, Miltiades took passage, and once more, as rapidly as wind and wave could waft him, was pressing on toward the goal.

Great, bustling Antioch, with its cosmopolitan forms and customs, brilliant with the splendors of a Legate's court, and reeking with the vices of all nations, seemed to offer an arena for a life-long search. But Miltiades became more courageous as he saw the multitudes, and noticed that, though the city was so great, and its population so diversified, each nation was accustomed to seek its own. He hoped, therefore, that Glaucia would be found true to her Greek habits and associations.

He at once sought the inn patronized by Athenians, and finding at this place a number of his countrymen who had sojourned for a long time in Antioch, through them became acquainted with the

various circles of Greek society in the city. But from no one could he gather the least information of Glaucia. Then he began the search in other quarters. He visited the theatres, the circus, the promenades, attended receptions, visited the markets, the pleasure resorts, wandered with the crowds at the Omphalus, sought the recesses of Daphne, spread his gifts upon the altars of the various temples, sought the resorts of the slaves even; but neither in Greek, Roman, or Syrian associations could he discover a trace of the lost one.

Another ray of hope beamed upon his path when he met the man who had sought to abduct the maidens on the vessel. But even here he could learn nothing; for, with all his efforts, the maidens had entirely escaped from his knowledge.

Again Miltiades realized his utter helplessness. Money, skill, energy, all seemed of no account; and he prostrated himself before the shrines of the deities, and sought their favor; but the oracles were of doubtful interpretation. They always responded as he paid freely for their voice; but a deep mystery seemed to lurk in them all, until again the spirit of unbelief sprang up in his heart, and he thought that all was vanity and delusion.

One more effort, however, should be made. In

the market-place, from the stall where Temple offerings were held for sale, he selected the most beautiful golden vase that could be obtained, and with it proceeded to the Temple of Zeus, to offer it as his claim for favors. In prayerful silence he offered his gift. In deepest devotion he prostrated himself on the marble floor before the shrine. In reverential contemplation he remained a long time, and then arose to leave the sacred precincts.

At the vestibule of the Temple, a stranger, clothed in the garb of a public teacher, met him, saluted him, and craved his attention. By a few skillful questions, he soon learned the distress and disappointment of the Athenian; and then the stranger, to gain his confidence, related the story of his own search for favors from Zeus, Apollo, and the various deities; but without success, until he felt that it was all a delusion practiced upon the devout, by a system controlled by skillful mercenary priests. Miltiades heard him in silence; but his own heart answered to the reality of the accusation. Yet what should he do? Whither should he turn? The stranger now related to him how he had found a help indeed; not in an image; nor even at a shrine; but in the person of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Miltiades heard his fervent expression;

but did not comprehend it, and at length bade him farewell, promising to think of the matter.

With his mind thoroughly absorbed in the contemplation of the failures that had marked his course, Miltiades wandered through the broad way that led past the temples and stately residences, to the gate of the city. Nor did he heed the way as he passed through the gate; but still wandered, until he passed around the bend in the river, and stood by the craggy side of stern and lofty Sulphius. Here he seemed to awake from his reverie, and looked about him.

It was just at that place where the Orontes forces its way through the mountains. The city was far back of him, hidden from view by the bold bluffs he had passed. The road, broad and well traveled, stretched along the river side, while the way to the craggy side of the mount was covered with dense foliage, save in one spot where a broad path led through the bushes. Thirsty, and hoping to find a spring of water, he turned to walk along this path. As he advanced, the surroundings became the wilder; the path was rougher; and now a curiosity to see whither it led caused him even to forget his thirst.

In a few more steps he came to the face of the

great rocky bluff, but at its base he saw a cleft in the rock. Passing toward it, he noticed that back of the face of the rock the cleft widened, and spread out into a capacious room; but he started back, in deep surprise, as he saw the dwellers in the cleft. Sitting on the rocky floor of the cleft, was an old woman, whose wrinkled form and thin, white hair, bloodless lips, and deep sunken eyes, proclaimed her to be of great age; but the strange mantle cast about her shoulders was only worn by those familiar spirits who assumed to be the revelators of the will of the gods. Near her, coiled up in silent waiting, with its small eyes glistening, now seemingly in wrath, was the serpent, always the companion of the familiar spirit. On a pole near by was the eagle, and on another the owl, both of which were used to decide the revelations to men. In different parts of the cave were rings, images, bones, mysterious characters written on pieces of wood, and other paraphrenalia used in the magical arts. Miltiades readily recognized the strange witch of whom he had heard, whose power was the wonder of all the superstitious in Antioch. For a moment she glanced at the intruder, and then, rising to her full height, she asked, in a low tone of voice:

“Stranger, why seekest thou the Witch of Sul-

phius? Are there not temples enough in Antioch to take thy gold and give thee daintily written verses, telling thee where thy Glaucia may be found? Or art thou not satisfied with the wisdom they grant thee, but wouldst learn of me what they cannot tell? Ha, ha! Thou art surprised! But I can tell thee more. Wouldst thou have me tell thee the message of the Pythoness at Delphi, or thy thought as thou didst cleave the billowy sea? Knowest thou the source of my knowledge? Yield thyself to me, and I will satisfy the desires of thy heart."

"Who art thou, strange being?" said Miltiades, as he listened, amazed, to the words of the witch.

"Who am I? Ha! ha! Did no one ever tell thee of the Witch of Sulphius? They did speak to thee, but thou wouldst not hear. Thou trusted in the fabulous deities of man's creation, and despised the superstition of the ignorant, and now thou comest to the one whom they worship. Ha! ha! I'll tell thee whom it is thou art approaching. Listen:

"In the far eastern land, beyond the great plains of sand, where the stars hang between the earth and the sky, a number of men learned in all the wisdom of Chaldæa, and favored by the powers

that dwell in those blazing orbs, withdrew from the associations of men, and upon a lofty mountain summit dedicated their lives to the understanding of the supernatural. As they passed the years in contemplation, the spirit of the gods possessed them until their hearts became pure, and they talked with the gods. For many centuries they continued, and death touched them not. They knew all the stars, they knew all the powers of the gods, and they knew all that men could know. They learned how to control all diseases, how to sway the passions of men, how to change all things to gold and precious stones. They were gifted with the power of seeing through all material obstacles and infinite distances, and with the power of hearing, so that words spoken in secret were not kept from them. They learned the languages of the birds, the beasts, and the plants and trees. And they learned the voice of the winds, the waves; even the conversation of the gods was not withheld from them. All knowledge was thus granted them as long as they lived pure before the deities who dwelt in the heavens and traveled on the chariots of the winds. As the centuries passed away, they continued as young and fresh as ever; neither decay nor weakness molested them.

But one day a shepherd maiden, as fair as ever maiden bloomed, seeking for a lost one of her flock, came to this mountain-side. Climbing from copse to copse, from height to height, she approached the dwelling of these wise men, and one of them beholding her, loved her, and turning from his companions went to her and spake tender words.

“As she beheld his beautiful and majestic countenance, fairer than any whom she had ever seen, she loved him, and, at length, became his own. He left the mountain with her; a child was born to them; and he lived long enough to instruct me, that child, in the knowledge of the mysteries of the unseen world; and then death seized him and carried him to the dwellings of the gods.

“Many years have I wandered, revealing to men the secrets of the gods; daily, too, I receive from my father the information that is sought, and lead men to the possession of their hearts’ fondest hopes. Tell me not of Chaldæan astrologer, or Egyptian wizard, of Greek demons, or Roman seers. I am superior to them all. They utter lies. I alone can give thee truth.

“Come now, shower thy gold upon my table, and, as the sound of it rings in my ears, I will answer thee thy questions.”

Miltiades no longer hesitated; he advanced into the cave; he emptied the coins from his purse upon the table. The eyes of the witch glowed with excitement as she saw them and heard them, and then a smile of satisfaction crossed her wrinkled features as she pointed to a wolf-skin couch, and bade him lie down on it. As he obeyed, she wrapped about his head a snake's skin. She put over his heart a mystic disk. She gave him to drink a dark, reddish liquid, and then, sitting down near him, waved her arms toward him, and muttered her spells. Miltiades felt his eyelids grow heavy; they fell, and thick darkness filled the cave. And then light again broke over him, a soft, tender light, in which all things became clear, and he beheld the approach of a man. As he came nearer, he recognized the father of his beloved Glaucia; he came so near that he looked into the eyes of Miltiades, but uttered not a word. Then he faded from sight; and there came before him another form; he watched it as it gradually assumed outline, and, when the features were visible, he beheld his lost loved one, his beloved Glaucia. She came to him radiant in loveliness; her beautiful hair was wafted about her neck by the gentle breeze; her eyes sparkled with the brightness of

youthful love; her arms were stretched out toward him, and her lips parted as if to welcome him; soft and sweet were the tones of her voice. Enraptured, he sprang from the couch, clasped her in his arms, when, in that act, the light changed; he awoke, and found himself clasping to his heart the toothless, withered, old hag. As he awoke, she laughed her wild, sarcastic, mocking laugh; and he fled from the cave, to escape from the spell which her arts had cast over him.

As he returned to the city, his mind was more thoroughly awake than it had been for many days. He seemed to realize that he had been deceived and defrauded on every hand. The tenderest emotions of his heart had been outraged. The purest desires of his soul had met only with mockery. The faith in which he had been trained deserted him; and he felt that he stood alone, forsaken by the gods, and by men. A feeling of shame filled his heart as he remembered how he, for a moment, had listened to the senseless mumblings of the witch. She, too, had her agents to tell her what they learned of men; and she, repeating it, persuaded the thoughtless that the gods revealed it. Even the priests at the sacred shrines were but spies, to serve her purpose.



Judith and Glaucia.

Disheartened by his complete failure, without a clue now to lead him; sick at heart, because of the blow to his religious convictions; Miltiades determined to at once return to Athens. Hearing that a vessel had just left Antioch, bound for Athens, he hastily passed over land to Seleucia, there to overtake it. And he was fortunate enough to arrive in time to enter the small boat that had brought Talmai to the wharf. Going to the vessel, the captain received him, and, as he retired to rest, registered his name as Miltiades, the Athenian.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FINDING OF GLAUCIA.

OUT on the deep blue sea, with the horizon touching the waters in the east and in the west, the light of day soon drew back the curtains of the night. Still fed by his feverish anxiety, Miltiades was early on the deck, marking the vessel's speed, and uttering his prayers to the deities of Athens for a safe journey and a successful search.

As he observed more particularly the vessel, he saw that it was substantially built, and in thorough sea-going condition, and that the sailors were of that better class, to be relied upon in times of danger; for he knew that the more intelligent the seamen, the more faithful would they be when storms and tempests arose. But he wondered that he saw no deities worshiped. There were no images, no painted heads, no engraved prayers, not even a sign of allegiance to any controlling power. Yet the sailors did not seem like undevout men, but of a reverent spirit. Approaching the captain, he asked him why the vessel was void of all tributes to the

health-saving gods, who sent propitious winds to waft his favorites to ease and fortune.

“Most noble Athenian,” the captain replied, “I do not wonder that you have noticed the absence of these objects of your devotions; for I know that admiration of the gods occupies a great part of the attention of the Athenians, and that your city is filled with temples and statues. But think not that we are careless of our worship; for we seek to be as devout as the strictest Athenian. Yet we worship not idols made of wood or stone, nor gods such as the Greeks have created by their own thought. We worship what to the Athenian is the unknown God, who is the only God, the true Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea. He is a Spirit, and in spirit we worship him.

“Seest thou yonder sailor? Behold him with sober countenance, closed eyes and lips, faintly moving. He is now, without sign or image, offering his soul’s desire unto God. And God hears him pray. Behold how much better this is than imploring deities whose power is limited to the thought of the worshiper. We worship the Lord whom we know. Dost thou know whom thou worshipest?”

Miltiades was amazed at such a declaration.

“Ah!” he said. “Thou art one of the Chris-

tians of whom I heard in Antioch. Verily I do not believe thou art right, yet I would like to hear more of thy strange worship, and of thy creed."

"I would like to have my master speak to thee," replied the captain. "He is now on the vessel; we are taking him to Rome, with his wife and friend. He can explain to thee the mysteries of our faith; and truly thou wilt desire to hear him, for he is filled with the Spirit of the Lord. Behold, he is coming now. I will call him."

Miltiades saw approaching a man of about his own age, with large sparkling eyes and benevolent countenance. As he came up to the deck, he quickly glanced about, noting the appearance of the sky, and the rate of speed the vessel was making. Then cordially greeting the captain, he was led to meet the Athenian.

"Ah! a Jew," Miltiades thought. "But will a devout Jew be friendly to a Gentile?"

Bartholomew approached and saluted him with a benediction of peace and prosperity. Miltiades could but reply in the same way. And as the captain withdrew to attend to his duties, the two young men sat down by the taffrail, and engaged in conversation. Bartholomew said:

"My brother, the captain, tells me that you

have observed the difference between thy worship and ours, and that thou art desirous to know of ours. If thou dost, I will tell thee the principles of our faith."

"It is true," Miltiades replied, "that I have with surprise beheld the absence of forms and statues on thy vessel, and yet a devoutness on the part of thy men. I have barely heard of the name of thy sect in Antioch; but, if thou art willing, I would like to hear thee further on this matter."

To these words Bartholomew made answer:

"It is always a pleasure for us to set forth the nature of our faith; for each one of us is ready to bear witness to the mercy of our Lord, and anxious to win to his service all who now are in the darkness of sin, and in the delusion of superstition. We have not received the knowledge of our Lord to hide it under a measure; but that it should be a light to shed a radiance upon our own pathway, and to be an illumination to those in darkness about us. This world, the earth, the heavens, the seas, and all creatures having life, were created by God, who is the Supreme Ruler of all his works.

"Of one blood has he made all the nations of mankind, so that that though we may be Greeks, or Romans, or Jews, or Scythians, or Egyptians, now

in him, we are all as one; and in his glorious kingdom no such distinctions of race or nation shall be known.

“In olden times he visited the fathers in many ways, to show unto them his will, and to lead them into a knowledge of his love. To Abraham he gave many great promises, and continued them to Isaac, Jacob, and his twelve sons, who became the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel. Then he called Moses, and from his birth led him in preparation to rule his people, and ordained him to lead them out of bondage to the land of promise; and he gave to him certain ceremonies, which were to be faithfully observed until the coming of the Messiah that had been promised.

“The Messiah was his only begotten and well-beloved Son, or the revelation of his own self, so that mankind might not remain in ignorance of God; but might know him, and feel assured that God cared for them, and was ever merciful to them. After many hundreds of years had passed, in the fullness of times, God sent his Son, and he came to Jerusalem in the land where the chosen nation dwelt. He came as a little babe, and grew to man's estate, and taught the people the way of righteousness, and showed how all men could be saved. But

the chief men of the nation hated him, because he spoke not of temporal glory and power. And they seized him and crucified him outside the walls of Jerusalem.

“Then many thought that his claims were all mere delusion; but this was God’s plan for their instruction and for saving them from the guilt and the stain of sin. And he was not left under the power of death; for after he had been three days in the tomb, he was raised by the power of God, and suddenly and mysteriously came forth, and, during forty days met his disciples many times. At length, in the presence of a large number who loved him, he ascended into heaven, and the clouds received him from sight. Thus God was with him, and precious truths he had taught and many signs and wonders he had performed, to the great astonishment of the people.

“Now these things have all happened but recently; for if Jesus were still living on the earth, he would be less than fifty years of age. And there are still living the greater number of those who became his disciples, and saw him after his resurrection, and when he ascended unto the Father. But, after he ascended he sent down to dwell within his people the Holy Spirit, and this mani-

festes itself differently in different persons, but his influence is a blessed one, and it wonderfully exalts the soul. Its presence is the proof that God has accepted the soul, and to such is now given the hope of a blessed immortality. For when we die, we do not dissolve like the wind cloud. Nor do we enter into some other form of life, and live again on the earth. Nor do we lie dormant in an embalmed body until a resurrection. Nor do we become disconsolate shades; but we enter into heaven, and in glory, beholding our Lord, rejoicing in his love, with the angels of God, and the redeemed saints, dwell forever more. And then, when the time comes, which no man knoweth—it may be at any time—our Lord will appear again, with all whom he has received into glory, and will call all who believe on him on the earth, and he will reign over his people, and his glory will be over all.

“This is our hope, it is our comfort in all of our trials. We know that we shall dwell with him forever.

“Moreover, he has taught us that we should love one another, and that our lives must be free from all blemish; we must be pure in thought and deed, honest with all men, loving truth and hating falsehood, peaceful at all times, even to submitting to

indignities heaped upon us, holding the glory of God ever before us, and being obedient unto him."

"Truly, what thou sayest is wonderful," said Miltiades, "and since thou hast felt in thy own soul the presence of such a Spirit, I do not wonder that thou art enraptured by it; but, hast thou heard of how, in the ancient times of our nation, the gods came down and engaged in battles, and defended those who served them? And how they have inspired poets to sing, and philosophers to proclaim, the thoughts of the gods? And knowest thou not how they hear our prayers, and send unto us the gifts of more than earthly grace and beauty? If thou canst recite the wonderful manifestation of thy God, we too, can tell of the revelations of our deities. Our poets have clothed them with immortal glory. Our artists have embodied representations of them in the most chaste and finished works of art. Our philosophers have shown how reasonable are the claims we make concerning them, and that all the reflections of the mind tend upward toward them.

"How can we forget them, when, in our land, everything tells us of them? Every mountain reminds us of their dwelling places; in every brook is hidden a Naiad; by the side of every tree lurks

a Dryad; in every vale the Oreads are calling; every ray of moonlight reminds us of Artemis; every cavern, of Pluto; every rock along the sea-shore, of the Sirens; every wave of Thetis; every flower of Aurora; every breeze of Aeolus. And in Athens, look which way we will, everything splendid in our city tells of the faith and the devotions of our ancestors. Surely, it is difficult for an Athenian, of all people on the earth, to change his religion, and give up his art, and his poetry, to accept for his God one who has not a single image to represent him, and only the uneducated, or a few devout Jews, to tell his praises."

Bartholomew smiled as Miltiades thus reminded him of the glory of his religion, and then began to relate to him the splendors of the Temple at Jerusalem.

He said:

"Dost thou speak of the glory of thy fathers? When Homer, thy great poet, was singing his songs of Troy, David, the sweet singer of Israel, was king of our nation; and in the time of his son, the great Temple, to the honor of Jehovah, was built. Ever since that day, the worship of Jehovah, in the Temple at Jerusalem, has attracted the attention of the whole world. Before the days of

Eschylus, Isaiah sung his wonderful words of prophecy, relating to the glory of the coming Messiah. For thousands of years, the voice of prophecy has dwelt on this marvelous theme; and the religion of Jesus is the coming of such a hope as far transcends anything that ever entered the mind of Athenian, poet or philosopher.

“Moreover, God is everywhere. Everything in nature, from the stars that shine in the heavens, to the smallest grain of sand on the sea-shore, turns the thoughts of the worshiper toward him; every color, from the rays in the rainbow, to the tints of the delicate flower by the road side, speaks of his splendor. But more than this; every holy emotion of the believer’s soul tells of the glory of our Lord, and speaks of communion with him. His grace is manifested in times of sorrow and of woe, in clouds and darkness, in disease and death. It is shown to the blind, the deaf, the lame, the poor, the ignorant, as well as to those favored by prosperity. Yea, and all are taught that God is no respecter of persons. He calls all; he would accept all. And no man need turn from him because he is of a far-off nation; for with God there are no far-off nations.”

As Bartholomew thus became eloquent in the praises of his God, he marked a sudden start, and

an eager gaze on the part of his companion. Looking around to see the cause of such an unusual excitement, he beheld Judith and Glaucia approaching. He was about to speak, when Glaucia, glancing that way, stopped; then, with a shriek of joy, rushed up to the stranger, and fell fainting in his embrace.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN ATHENIAN WEDDING.

MILTIADES was greatly alarmed at the result of this sudden recognition; but his anxiety lasted only for a moment, for Glaucia soon recovered, and their hearts were filled with the delight of once more being together. Judith led Bartholomew to the other side of the deck, and as the other passengers had not yet come upon the deck, for a while the lovers were left alone.

When Bartholomew said that the stranger was Miltiades, the Athenian, Judith remembered that Glaucia had told her of her lover, and had mentioned his name; but only afterward, when they heard from his own lips the story of his search, did they fully realize the depth of his love for her. Glaucia was happy; for already her prayers were receiving answers. And as she told him of her faith in the Lord Jesus, he could not deny the evidence she gave of her personal knowledge of the Spirit; but felt a desire that his own mind might be enlightened to comprehend the great mystery.

In the story of her brother's present position, she found comfort, for at least they knew where he was; but as to her mother, she felt herself called to seek for her, even until the hand of the Lord might direct her to that captive mother's side.

As the vessel was to stop at a number of places, the opportunity would be given them to engage in the search; for they were unloading or taking on articles of traffic in the various ports. First they landed at Patara, where inquiries were made as to the families of Menelaus' band; but no trace of them remained. All were gone. Some to the Roman Arena; some to the galleys; some to whoever would purchase them—a terrible example to all who lifted up their arms against the power of Rome. As they passed from Patara, and around the steep mountain slopes of Lycia, Judith recalled the sad epoch in her childhood, when the waters, now so calm, in their fury, swallowed up her beloved parents.

Now as the vessel moved along, the serene, unclouded nights, the fresh, breezy, radiant mornings, the perfect safety they enjoyed, made the former experience appear more like a dream than a real, sorrowful fact in her life. They sailed on to Ephesus, and here inquiries were made concerning

Glaucia's mother. They were able to trace her from Laodicea to Ephesus; but here all clues were lost. She seemed to have been swallowed up in the great mass of captive humanity. Only a slave, no one took the second thought of her; her virtues and grace were alike unknown. The busy world moved on as if she had never lived. Only the eye of God was keeping the record of her days. He never lost sight of her; his hand was ever engaged in opening the way before her.

From Ephesus they sailed across to Athens, where Miltiades desired to make preparation to accompany them to Rome; and as they neared the port, Glaucia informed Judith that she had consented, during their short stay in Athens, to marry Miltiades.

When the vessel arrived in the Piræus, they were conveyed by carriages along the walled road to the city. They entered the city by the gate in the hollow between the outer slopes of the Pnyx and the Museum. Close by the gateway was a statue, an image of Neptune seated on horseback, and hurling his trident. Near was a Temple of Ceres, containing statues, the work of Praxiteles. Inside the gate, near a sanctuary dedicated to Bacchus, were sculptured forms of Minerva, Jupiter,

Apollo, Mercury, and the Muses. Before them now extended a long street with a colonnade on either hand, and filling the street the usual Athenian crowd of news-seekers, lazily enjoying the pleasant atmosphere, and discussing the latest news brought by travelers on the incoming ships.

Although Bartholomew had known that Athens was a city of statues and temples, he was surprised at their elegance and the beauty of their surroundings. To the right was the Agora, the philosopher's chosen meeting place, surrounded by its templed hills. To the south was the Pnyx, with its open area for political assemblies. On the north was the craggy eminence of the Areopagus. To the east was the Acropolis, towering high above all its surroundings as the glory and crown of all. In the Agora, every deity of Olympus found a place. There seemed to be no limit to their hero worship.

Passing through the Agora, they turned into a long street toward the upper part of the streamless bed of the Ilissus until they came to a number of elegant gardens, and in the midst of them, the schools of the great teachers, and the residences of the wealthy men. As they passed one of these attractive places, Glaucia had them to stop a moment. She desired only a look; then, burst-

ing into tears, she informed them, that was her former home, and it was from that place they went when their father's health called for the journey to Laodicea. She did not wish to enter it; for it was now occupied by the man who had seized upon it before her father's death, and whose cruel rapacity had caused the enslavement of the family. Near by, was the residence of the parents of Miltiades, and thither they now passed. Here they found a true welcome. The parents welcomed the return of their son, and cheerfully consented to his wedding the beloved of his heart. One ray of comfort was now given Glaucia. The news of the failure and death of her father was known all through Athens; but the enslavement of the family was not known. That had been kept quiet by the perpetrators of the wicked outrage. It was generally supposed, that they were living in retirement in some secluded town, until their affairs would assume a more promising shape.

Glaucia now went to another one of those pleasant places where dwelt her most intimate girlhood friend, who welcomed her in the warmest manner, and urged her to make her house her abode, until she left the city. This Glaucia consented to do, so that she might properly prepare for the wedding, to

take place as soon as the customs of the law could be complied with.

The father of the bridegroom, before the wedding, was accustomed to offer sacrifices to the tutelar gods of marriage, Zeus and Hera, as also to Artemis, who had a temple on the Acropolis. On the morning of the wedding day, both the bride and bridegroom bathed in water from the fountain Callirrhoe, which was brought by a boy, the nearest in kin to the bridegroom. Then, in the evening, in a carriage drawn by horses, the bride was brought from the house of her friend, by the bridegroom—who sat with his intimate friend by her side—to his own house for the ceremony. This procession was preceeded by torch-bearers, and both bride and bridegroom were decked in festive attire.

Miltiades was arrayed in a soft chiton of fine, Milesian wool, with a himation of dazzling whiteness, which had been purposely chosen for this occasion without the usual purple border. On his feet were elegant half shoes, with their crimson thongs fastened with clasps of gold. He was crowned with chaplets of myrtle twigs and violets interwoven, and delicate perfumes were sprinkled over his entire person.

Glaucia was dressed in a yellow byssos chiton,

over which hung the bridal veil, fastened on her head with a golden tiring-pin. Over her feet were bound embroidered sandals with white thongs. On her bosom hung a broad necklace of gold, richly set with precious stones. On her arms, also, were fancifully-shaped, golden ornaments. She, too, wore a garland of flowers and twigs. The house she left was profusely hung with wreaths, as also the front of the bridegroom's house which they approached.

The procession moved along to the song of Hymenæos, with the accompaniment of flutes, while friends uttered their congratulations and good wishes. On arriving at the bridegroom's residence, they were greeted with a shower of sweetmeats and small coins. As thus, under arches of most beautiful flowers, they entered the house, on every hand expressions of joy were heard, and the wedding feast began. The banquet was considered an attestation of the ceremony, and it was desirable to have many witnesses, every guest being a witness. After the eating of the symbolical sesame cakes, the bride was led veiled to the bridal chamber.

As soon as the ceremonies connected with the wedding closed, and the friends had offered their gifts to the newly wedded couple, they bade fare-

well to their friends, and hastened on board the vessel that was now ready to depart on her voyage to Rome. The vessel soon passed out of sight of the Piræus, then safely past the Cycades, to the south of Cythera, and moved forward toward the west, not to stop until it came to Syracuse.

Brilliantly beautiful were these days of sailing. There were the serene heavens above; the soft music of the rippling waves, with the lustrous foam upon their crests, and the purple shadows of their depths; when the sun had gone down, the vessel rushed through the waters, trailing after her a long train of snowy foam, bespangled with phosphoric stars. With Bartholomew and Judith they lingered again and again until late in the night, watching the stars and the sea, and talking of the wonderful ways in which the Lord was leading them. Miltiades was perfectly happy. No cloud now hovered above him; all was clear and serene. Glaucia was happy; not only in the blessings that had crowned her thus far, but in the hope of soon seeing her mother and brother, and rejoicing with them in recovered freedom. The honeymoon was indeed a joyful season; and the time on the sea gave them the opportunity for being together all the time, rejoicing in each other's love.

But still another blessing was granted her; for, as they sailed along, she spoke to him of the living and true God. She knew all about the gods of Athens, just as well as he did. Many a time they had together cast their garlands on the statues, and together had talked of the hero gods of their city. She knew how he thought of these things. Yet she knew that in Jesus Christ there was a higher wisdom than in the fabled gods of Olympus, and greater joy than they could ever bestow. She told him of her own change of heart; but he thought she was always good, and that it was only a new form of goodness that her devout soul had found. She told him of the converted girls of Daphne; and when he learned that Jesus changed them so that they no longer loved sin, but sought purity, then he began to reflect as to the peculiar power of this name. She recounted the history of Saul of Tarsus; and when he learned the history of his wonderful career, he no longer quietly listened, but began to ask her many questions as to the way in which the Spirit seized them. She told the story of Cornelius, and of how the grace of God was poured out upon him. Thus, step by step, she led him to the Saviour. And before the watchman again called out: "Land ahead," Miltiades had

discarded the gods of Athens, and had prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ.

As soon as he began to rejoice in the love of Christ, he became really enthusiastic in his desire that others might also know the gracious Lord. Such was his nature that whatever he undertook, he engaged in it earnestly ; and now, taught by his bride, and by her friends, he learned more and more of the things that make for salvation. Bartholomew told him of the types and ceremonies, the sacrifices and offerings of the Temple, and showed how all these things represented Christ, and how Jesus was indeed the Christ.

Leaning against the taffrail, the party, with oftentimes the captain of the vessel, studied the Scriptures, searching if these things were so. And as they read the prophecies foretelling the doom of various cities, they recalled the histories of these places, and saw how the word either had been fulfilled, or was gradually being accomplished. Thus, by searching the Scriptures, they were gradually becoming strengthened in their understanding of the word of God, and in their faith in Jesus.

At length the vessel drew near to Syracuse, and the ruins of many stately temples came into view ;

for Syracuse was at one time one of the most beautiful and most powerful of the great cities of the world, and lost both her strength and beauty, when she formed an alliance with Carthage, and fought against Rome. While looking at it as they drew near, Miltiades told the party that, nearly four hundred years before, seven thousand Athenian prisoners had been starved to death in the quarries at Syracuse. But now its splendor, and the splendor of Athens were both prostrated beneath the heel of the Roman. Glaucia reminded him of the brighter day coming when the kingdom of Jesus would break in pieces all the kingdoms of the earth; and added that, long after the glory of Rome and the Cesars should be extinguished, Jesus would shine in the unapproachable splendor of his everlasting kingdom.

CHAPTER XXX.

POMPONIUS, THE ROMAN PATRICIAN.

IMPATIENT to arrive at the end of their journey, they tarried but a day at Syracuse. Going north to Rhegium, they passed it, and, on the following day, beheld Puteoli. The city was one of great importance at that time, as the landing place for the great traffic carried on by Alexandrian grain ships. Travelers to or from the East also landed here in great numbers. It was situated in the northeastern angle of what was formerly called the Sinus Cumlanus, but known in the present day as the celebrated Bay of Naples. The party were glad to escape from the confinement on the ship, but were not delayed by the beauty of the place and its vicinity; but on leaving the vessel the party hastened forward on the road to Rome. All along the Appian Way they beheld evidences of the brisk trade between Rome and the surrounding towns; and the great clouds of dust that arose from the tramping of continuous crowds of travelers recalled to their minds the road be-



Judith and Glauca.

Puteoli.

tween Seleucia and Antioch, even more than the road between Athens and the Piræus.

At length, after several days, they entered the suburban streets, and only knew they had actually arrived in the city when they passed through the Porta Capena, and beheld on their right the Cælian hills, and, on the left, the Aventine, and, before them, the ridge Velia, which was fifty-three feet higher than the level of the pavement in the Forum. Crossing the Velia, they descended by the Sacra Via into the very centre of Roman magnificence.

It was here that the great roads of the Empire converged; here that the power of the masses was manifested; here that orators won renown; here that demagogues sought glory. On the left, rising to the height of a hundred and seventy feet, and crowned with the imperial palaces, was Mount Palatine, while immediately in front, rising to the height of one hundred and sixty-one feet, was the Capitoline Hill, the very centre of the glory of Rome.

The hills behind them—the Aventine, Cælian, and the Esquiline hills—were covered with the splendid palaces built during the renovation of Augustus; and off to the extreme right, between

the Viminal and Quirinal hills, was the spot celebrated as the residence of the first Cesar. And still farther to the right, beyond the city wall, was the Prætorian Camp.

The impression made on the minds of these travelers by these monuments of Roman wealth and greatness was very different from that made on the mind of the true, native Roman. Bartholomew gazed upon the palaces, the monuments, and statues, commemorating her wars and her victories, and thought:

“Rome is but of yesterday. The strong hand of Time has not yet tested her greatness, and given it his sanction. It has sprung up quickly; it will go quickly, and then Rome will be like Babylon, or Nineveh, or like ancient Tyre. When the site of Rome was still a wilderness, before its solitude was broken by the wandering warriors from far distant Troy, Jerusalem was established in wonderful splendor, and was the admiration of the wise ones of the earth. And when the walls of Rome were first laid, Isaiah, the eloquent prophet of Jehovah, was in the city of the Lord, and, before Jehovah’s splendid Temple, reminding the people not only of the glorious past in their history, but in eloquent tones instructing them in the glorious time that

would eventually come, when Jerusalem should be the joy of the whole earth. Rome now holds power over the chosen people. It is the will of the Lord. But the Messiah will come; then all shall be changed; then shall the visions of Isaiah become realities, and the glory of the Lord shall be with his chosen people forevermore."

Passing to the left of the Capitoline Hill, they came to the river Tiber, and there found the part of the city occupied by the sons of Abraham. In this quarter, close by the Capitoline Hill, just above the line of the river's flood, on a terraced piece of ground overlooking the Campus Martius, the river, the Ghetto, and beholding on the far side Mount Janiculum, was the residence, prepared by Talmai's steward, for the reception of the son and heir. Right glad were they to arrive within its friendly walls, and rest after their weary journey.

But their resting could not be long, for the great weight that burdened their minds. A brother was to be visited, a mother to be sought, and the business affairs to be examined. Thus, while Bartholomew was engaged with his father's agents, Miltiades went forth to seek knowledge of his friend Achilles. As he looked across the Campus Martius, with the splendid marble theatre erected

by Pompey, as the most attractive building on that side of the Capitoline Hill, full in view, he again told Glaucia of his finding Achilles. Then, leaving her, he quickly passed along the thoroughfare, until he arrived at the door of Numa's popular wine shop.

Amidst the clang of striking glasses, and the coarse oaths and laughter of the imbibing crowd, he recognized the patronizing voice of the wily ex-gladiator. And when he entered the room to seek information from Numa, that observing individual at once recognized him, and came to him to bid him welcome. Then, leaving his subordinates to attend to the further wants of the thirsty crowd, he led the way into a private room, in order to inquire the pleasure of the Athenian stranger.

When the name of Achilles was mentioned, Numa began an enthusiastic account of the superior merits of the young Greek, which led his owner to set upon him a very high value; for in many contests he had won large amounts for his master, who at last was led to think of placing him in the list against some of the more celebrated gladiators, who had won great renown by their wonderful prowess. In a few days, in the theatre at Pompeii, near which the master of Achilles spent his summers, the

contest was to take place, and Achilles was already there in severe training.

As to Menelaus, although condemned to the lions, he had manifested such skill that he had been pardoned for his crimes, on condition that he would become a training master for gladiatorial contests in the great amphitheatre, and one of the imperial fiscales. Miltiades returned to the family with the news concerning Achilles and Menelaus. As soon as his preparations could be made, he bade farewell to them all, and departed to seek Achilles in his master's home, in the vicinity of Pompeii. In four days, by rapid traveling, Miltiades arrived in Pompeii. But he here learned that Pomponius, the owner of Achilles, lived some miles to the north, between Puteoli and Baiæ, the fashionable Roman resort. Hastening to this place, Miltiades at once sought an interview with the proprietor. While waiting for Pomponius to appear, he noticed the great attractiveness of the place. Nowhere in all his travels had he seen a spot more beautiful or more to his taste. And he was wishing that just such a place might be his own, when the servant announced the coming of his master, Pomponius.

Miltiades saw a man near the prime of life, but showing evidences of destructive dissipation; a

man with a kindly, boasting, free disposition, fond of every pleasure, and of those who, like himself, delighted in pleasure. He was of a noted Patrician family, and in the annals of Rome his blood was counted pure and noble. But his course of pleasure-seeking had impoverished the nobility of his nature, had dimmed the glory of his name, and was rapidly taking from him his once ample fortune. Just at this time, he was in a great strait; for he had already wagered all the money he could command on the contest soon to take place; and bets were still offered, which the honor of his name called upon him to accept; but he could not accept unless he could stake the money. Miltiades inquired the amount; and when it was stated, offered it for Achilles, if now he could possess him. But Pomponius could not accept that proposition, because it was upon Achilles that he was betting. After much further conversation, Miltiades offered to purchase the residence in which Pomponius dwelt. The sale of it would enable him to meet the offered wagers. Pomponius hesitated long, for the property had been the home of his fathers; notwithstanding the demoralizing effect of his life, it was still dear to him. Under ordinary circumstances, he would probably never have sold it, until compelled by his

creditors. But he thought his honor was at stake; and could not consent that it should be said that Pomponius could not support his own side. He therefore concluded that it was better to sacrifice his home than his honor; and reluctantly he consented to the transfer. The notary was called; and then going to a Jewish banker, as soon as possible all the necessary preliminaries to the sale were completed. The money was passed over to Pomponius, who signed the necessary papers. And Miltiades became the owner of the home that he desired. But he had still to wait; for Achilles could not be seen until after the contest.

As the time for the contest drew nigh, Pomponius indulged even more freely than usual in stimulating drinks; for, at last, he began to realize that all his fortune was at stake on the issue of this affair. He had loudly boasted; and he had thus been led to believe himself bound to show that he believed his own boasting. But thoughts of defeat would often enter his mind, and by renewed potations he sought to drive them away.

At length the day for the trial arrived, and the sporting crowds, usually attending upon the aristocratic revelers, assembled at the theatre in Pompeii

to see the two gladiators upon whose prowess fortunes were trembling in the balance.

It was unusual to have a gladiator that was trained in Rome and owned by a patrician, enter the arena at Pompeii; and the very selectness of this contest aroused the curiosity of some of the people. The masses ordinarily did not flock to the theatre. It was only a contest with the lion or the tiger that could crowd the seats allotted to them; and when it was known that this was not to be accompanied with wild beasts, those who only thirsted for blood felt but little inclination to attend. But, as an affair of skill, it drew those of the people who admired grace and strength; and, more tender-hearted than the majority, delighted in seeing the well-matched men seeking, by all the arts known to them, to subdue their foe. It was not a public contest under the authority of the *Ædile*, but a private exhibition by the sporting men's club.

There were several gladiators, and contests in several different forms. There were mimic battles, with weapons of wood; wrestlings; battles with the cestus; and combats with short swords. The last was the one in which Achilles was matched with Nobelior, the pride of the sportsmen of Pompeii; for

he had been carefully trained by their most skillful lanistra.

The parade around the oval arena, when the various contestants entered, was a beautiful sight ; for they were all clothed in gorgeous robes, marked with the names of their owners. In this Pomponius had spared no expense, and the dazzling dress of his gladiator, with his youthful appearance, at once won for him the good will of the spectators. They felt that he was indeed a worthy foe for their champion to deal with. Eagerly Achilles glanced over the sea of faces, searching for the sight of a friend. He had heard of the coming of Miltiades, and he knew that now he should receive tidings of his sister, perhaps of his mother. When he beheld the countenance of his friend, close by Pomponius, who had honored the Athenian with admittance to his own circle, Achilles knew by the smile and wave of the hand by Miltiades that no grief weighed upon his heart ; and hence felt assured that his sister must have been found. In this he felt encouraged ; and, with a bold resolve to win, as soon as the procession returned to the dressing-room he cast aside the gaudy robes, putting on the armor, and gave his thoughts to the coming battle.

When he met Nobelior, he found him to be far

above the ordinary style of gladiators. He too was by nature and training a noble man. Vice and dissipation had not marred his beauty, or undermined his strength. The ferocity of the tiger had not taken from him the feelings of a man; so that in a friendly spirit the men greeted each other, both of them deploring the forced servitude that compelled them to obey the commands of their brutal masters. With the most of gladiators, this feeling was unknown. This was an exceptional contest, between exceptional champions.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GLADIATORS AT POMPEII.

WHEN the gladiators prepared for the contest entered the arena, and leaned upon their swords waiting for the signal to be given for them to battle, the sportsmen marked well the appearance of the two. For now, in the decisive hour, the final wagers were to be given; and these no longer depended on one's previous judgment, but upon the evidences before his eyes. At this moment the confidence of the spectators seemed to be nearly equally divided between the two contestants; and, indeed, there was not much difference in the appearance of the men.

Both were tall, with firm, well-developed muscles, with intelligent bearing and quick sight; and both appeared to be masters of the weapons they wielded. The enthusiasm of the spectators became intense. Both men wore helmets over their heads. Their breasts were protected by the shields they carried, buckled on their left arms. Their arms and legs were bare; but they wore sandals on their feet,

and broad cinctures about their loins. Over their shoulders were fancy, spangled capes, which flashed silver and gold in the sunlight.

When the signal was given, by the master of the games, both men raised their swords, while the whole audience became quiet, and all were intent on the first motions to be made. Moments passed, yet the men had not struck. Each was studying the other. Many feints had been attempted, but no stroke given. They seemed to be circling about each other, for both were in constant motion. At length Nobelior struck; but, with a quick motion, Achilles received the blow on his shield, and with the point of his own sword touched the helmet of his opponent. Again they circled about each other, and when Achilles next struck, Nobelior received the blow on the hilt of his own sword, and it was of no avail. Now again they approached, and the question of first blood was eagerly awaited by the spectators.

As Nobelior dealt a terrible blow full on Achilles' helmet, Achilles sunk on one knee, and with the point of his own sword pierced the breast of his antagonist. But it was only a flesh wound; and both men, almost as sound as in the beginning, came up again to the combat. Once more they



Judith and Glaucia.

clashed. With swift lunge, Achilles darted toward Nobelior, who caught the sword on his shield. So fierce was the blow that it penetrated the shield, and as Achilles, by a quick jerk, sought to release it, the blade broke in his hand. At the same moment, the sword of Nobelior pierced the breast of the brave Achilles, who reeled, and fell to the ground. Nobelior flung aside his shield and blood-stained sword, and, kneeling by the side of his victim, sought to stay the flow of blood. This unusual act of humanity aroused the dormant sense of mercy on the part of the spectators, and they shouted their applause. Achilles was then carried out by the officers of the arena, and Nobelior was declared the victor.

As Pomponius thus beheld the fate of his slave, he was filled with madness, and to express his deep anger, shouted:

“Whoever will give me the price of a common slave can have for his own, the body, living or dead, of the vanquished Achilles. I will own him no longer.”

“I will accept your offer,” shouted Miltiades, at once. “And now, in the presence of this audience, hand you, not only that amount of money, but the price of a first class gladiator, which Achilles has

proved himself to be." Thus he sought to impress upon the minds of the people the true value of the brave Achilles.

Amidst the shouts of the people, Pomponius received the money, and Miltiades departed to look after his wounded friend. In one of the cells of the theatre, close by the spoliarium, where the wounded were generally taken, he found him. As he entered, Achilles glanced toward him, and in tones already enfeebled, whispered:

"My sister!" And as Miltiades took his hand, he said: "Glaucia is well; she is in Rome; and, as my wife, finds comfort and protection."

A smile swept across the face of the wounded man, and he fell into a gentle slumber. Miltiades now sent for the surgeon, who came promptly, and after a careful examination, declared that the wound of Achilles was not dangerous, if proper nursing was given him.

Pomponius raged about in ungovernable fury, and he would have vented his anger on the prostrate gladiator had not Miltiades at once reminded him that Achilles was no longer his slave, and that moreover it was an accident that defeated Achilles, and not alone the skill of his foe.

Miltiades now sent a messenger to Rome, to

bring Glaucia and Judith to attend to the wounded man; and other messengers, to prepare at once the newly purchased mansion for his reception. As soon as the physician deemed it prudent, in a gently moving vessel, Achilles was transported across the quiet waters of the bay, and taken to the room that had been prepared for him with every luxury that money could furnish.

In a few days, Bartholomew—who had business needing his attention at Puteoli,—Judith, and Glaucia, safely arrived, and were brought into the presence of the beloved gladiator. The meeting between Glaucia and Achilles was not witnessed by a third party. It was too tender; the emotions were too deep and sacred for other eyes to gaze upon. But from that moment the recovery of Achilles was assured, and the happiness of all was re-established. A more beautiful place than this charming villa an invalid could not desire, and the Empire could not furnish. The Cumanus Sinus was about twenty miles wide, and forty miles from the inner coast to the farthest point of the out-lying islands. From the terraces of his residence, Miltiades and his guests could view nearly this entire bay. To the south, as the extreme point, was the Island of Capreæ; near that was the jutting Promontory of

Minerva, forming the end of the Nucerian mountain range, and this lofty mountain formed the southern border of the beautiful bay. At the base of this mountain, by a little point jutting out into the bay, near the promontory, was the town of Surrentum.

In the southeast corner, between the mountain and Mount Vesuvius, was the fashionable and dissolute city of Pompeii, with its ever continuing pleasures and games. Achilles looking across to it, regarded it as the scene both of his sorrows and of his joys. Had he not been defeated there, he would still have been a slave; had he not been brought apparently near to the gates of death, he could not have possessed the sweetest pleasures of life. He had been subjected to trials and sorrow, but the joys heaped upon him by the merciful dispensations of a divine providence were far greater than all the woes he had known.

On the eastern shore of the bay, rose in luxuriant grandeur the mysterious Vesuvius. Its sides were covered with fruitful gardens. Nowhere else could the vines present such rich foliage, or such luscious clusters of fruit. From its base, far up its towering side these gardens extended, and its beauty was the attraction of the whole surrounding

neighborhood. At the northern base of Vesuvius was the town of Herculanaem. At the northeast corner of the bay was the town of Neapolis; then came a jutting point of land, forming on the northern side of the larger bay two smaller bays; and on the inner slope of the western one the town of Puteoli, and on the extreme western point of land Baiaë, where the most fashionable of the Romans had their summer residences. Still beyond that, jutting out into the sea, was the great Promontory of Misenum; and further out lay the Island of Aenaria.

Looking toward Puteoli, the commercial rival of Ostia, the port of Rome, they could see the ships from all nations, with the produce of all climates, crossing the bay. The waters, being protected by the outreaching islands and promontories from the terrible storms of the sea, became a pleasant sailing ground for the wealthy who dwelt along its shores; and, at all times of the day and evening, their beautifully decorated boats, with their merry occupants, and with cheery music and songs of the rowers, made the bay appear like an enchanted festive scene, in which luxury and pleasure defied the storms of nature and the ills of life.

In the bay, between Puteoli and Baiaë, the finest

quality of oysters were obtained, and thus it was a favorite spot for epicures. Now, with the choicest of fruits, the best of the *Ostreas*, the balmiest of airs, the most varied and freshest of scenery, the sweet companionship of choice friends, what was there to mar the peace of the wounded but recovering Achilles? Moreover, Glaucia told him the wonderful story of the salvation of Christ, the Saviour, who, in his tender mercy, came to men to save them from the guilt and penalty of their sins; who loved them with an everlasting love; and who in the darkest hours of her trials had heard her, and had answered her prayers with great blessings; who had restored to her the beloved brother whom she had prayed for, and who would yet give to them their mother. Day after day, as they sat on the broad veranda, and looked over the beautiful scenes before them, she rehearsed this message of Jesus, until he was led to relinquish his faith in the deities of Greece, and sought the Christ, the Son of the living God.

The kindness displayed by Nobelior, in the theatre, was not forgotten; and as Achilles became stronger, he desired to learn more of that valiant gladiator. Miltiades therefore visited Pompeii, and finding the master of Nobelior, persuaded him

to allow him to visit his late rival for gladiatorial honors. Nobelier, too, was glad to again meet the valiant Achilles. The thrust which he had given him was made before he had perceived that Achilles was disarmed. Yet, he could not have avoided it without the charge of disloyalty to his master. And hence, as they again met, there were mutual expressions of esteem and of praise. The two young men found much in common to cement their friendship. The association for years in the arena, had more or less affected their tastes, and in these things they found a ground of interest. But to Glaucia, these things were horrible. To her, life was sweet and sacred, and death was a great woe to those who survived, as also to those who died in the darkness of idolatry. And the more she learned of the spirit of Christ, the more heartily did she detest all of these life-taking sports of a people who loved only the vicious and the impure. As in Antioch she had found a special delight in seeking the salvation of the girls in the service of Daphne, so now her heart yearned to accomplish something for the salvation of the gladiators. She felt that she was called of God to this mission. It was her opportunity.

She knew that these men had precious souls to

save. She had heard the story of the noble Spartacus, who a hundred and twenty-five years before, had made Rome tremble. He was a gladiator, forced to become one by the power of Rome, but who thought he might as well die fighting for freedom, as be butchered to please a Roman populace on a holiday. And now as she gazed at Vesuvius, she remembered that it was in its crater that he found refuge, and from it he went forth first to conquer, and at length to die in vindication of the nobility and courage of many who were numbered among the gladiators.

Moreover, her brother had been a gladiator. His soul was surely as precious to God then as now, and she would have rejoiced had she known that any effort had been put forth to save him for eternal blessedness. Menelaus, also, the kind, generous, freedom loving foe of Rome, was a gladiator, and there was no security as to his safety. He might at any time be called to become a sacrifice to the blood-thirsty populace. And now she discerned in Nobelior a brave and magnanimous spirit. Surely he should be saved.

Thus Glaucia saw the work before her. She had won her husband, she had won her brother, she sought to win Nobelior. And with the natural

courtesy of his nature, he listened to her; he became interested in the history of the life and death and resurrection of Jesus, and before he was again called into the arena, was trusting in Christ as his Saviour, and hoping in him for a blessed immortality.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BANISHED FROM ROME.

WHEN Achilles had recovered from his wound, Bartholomew decided to return to Rome with Judith, and attend to the increasing duties of his business, as he had succeeded in establishing the branch at Puteoli on a sound foundation, and could now leave it in the hands of his clerks. In the meantime, their dwelling in Rome had been renovated and fitted up, to remind them the more of their Eastern home; for the native of Judea, with the thought of his ancestor's home ever in his mind, could not find such pleasure in new things as the Athenian or the Roman, who more readily found delight in novelty and innovation.

When they arrived in Rome, they found that a serious uneasiness pervaded all classes of society, and dark clouds frequently hovered over the gatherings of the people. Although a stranger, Bartholomew could not avoid noticing many of the causes of this deplorable lack of trust in each other. Roman society was made up of represen-

tatives of all the nations she had conquered; and every province claimed a share of the power given—not only to those of the lower, but also of the higher orders. Yet the native Romans, the descendants of the families which for centuries had been crowned with glory, considered themselves the leaders, and even the rulers, of all the others. The aristocratic patricians, as in the days of Julius Cesar, would not hesitate to employ any available means of ridding themselves of their enemies. The plebians were the descendants of the soldiers, and many had flocked into the city from the towns in Italy, where Cesar and other generals had given them homes. They were proud of the achievements of their fathers; and, although so poor that oftentimes the public treasury was used for their relief, they gloried in their privileges, and frequently clashed with the patricians.

Beside these, there were thousands of freedmen, and thousands of slaves, from all nations, and of all degrees of culture. In the streets in front of his own residence, and on the other side of the Tiber, between the river and the wall of Servius Tullius, dwelt thousands of his own countrymen, whose fathers had come to Rome, and, being successful in business, had attracted large numbers

from the land of the Messiah. In every city in the Empire Jews were thriving in their business, and Rome was rapidly feeling the power of their hands on trade. In Rome, they were particularly fortunate, and they throve in commerce and banking. On many fine estates they held mortgages; and, through their financial system, so held their wealth that it could not be taken from them by their foes. They were also interested in politics, and the larger part of them joined in the loud clamors of the plebian masses. The patrician aristocrats used them, and hated them, because they could not get along without them.

The frequent presence of Jewish princes in Rome, who secured the favor of Emperors, and by marriage sometimes became allied to the highest circles in society, had led the patricians to restrain their natural dislike until the last of the Herods passed away; and then it burst forth in all its fury. When Julius Cesar was assassinated, there was great lamentation among the Jews, for they held him as a benefactor, and gave him their support and their affection; but in some of his successors they found no such qualities to respect, and gradually came to cherish hatred in their hearts for them.

The persistence with which the Jews urged their Monotheism also awakened the ire of the patricians, who plainly saw that if the doctrine of the one God prevailed, it would not only cast reproach upon the past history of that city, but would break their power over the superstitious multitudes. Hence, in the year 19 A. D., they put forth all their power, and expelled the Jews and their converts from Rome; and the law was applied, not only to born Jews, but also "to such other men as are devoted to their institutions, even if from other nations." And Tacitus says: "Action was also held touching expulsion of the Egyptian and the Jewish religions, and a decree was enacted by the Senate that four thousand freedmen of suitable age, who were infected with the Jewish superstition, should be deported to the Island of Sardinia to restrain the robbers there, and if they perished by the severity of the climate, the loss would be a cheap one; that the others should quit Italy, unless before a fixed day they had renounced their profane rites."

As pork was one of the favorite Roman dishes, it was easy to learn those affected by the doctrines of the Jews, who altogether refrained from the use of that meat.

But this spasm of persecution, founded on a mere pretext, could not last long; and as the Jews were the most capable mechanics, the industrial wants of the community, as well as the political affiliations of the popular party, co-operating with what moral sense was left, put the aristocracy upon the defensive. The consequence was that the Jews began to return, and when they found the edict to be a dead letter, once more built their homes in Rome, and with their homes, their fortunes. But the natural seed that sprung from their words and their ways was discord, and the future threatened a terrible harvest. Exasperation marked both parties, and little by little, those holding extreme views began to prevail.

When Bartholomew came to Rome, he found, indeed, a splendid opening for business. Having the keen tact natural to the Jew, with a strong hand he laid hold of his opportunities, and at once began to attract attention as a rising business man. He now found that the different political parties assiduously sought his alliance, and thus he was drawn into the whirlpool of the contending opinions. He plainly discerned danger on every hand; but the way to avoid it, he did not see. There was both political discussion, and discussion partly

political and partly religious. In every business transaction he had no difficulty in deciding what was right and what was wrong. As a Christian, he held to the purest code of morality known among men. No one could fail to see that his moral principles were purer than those of the Roman Jew, and far more pure than those of the Greeks, or Romans. Hence, all moral questions as they came up were forced to bow to his educated, and incorruptible moral perceptions.

But the more he thought on the politico-religious questions, the more he became perplexed. The prophecies spoke of the coming of the Messiah, whose kingdom would break down and supercede all other kingdoms; and he knew that in Judea, the most learned of the Rabbis cursed Rome, and enthusiastically predicted its downfall. He knew, also, that Paul was filled with the thought of the return of Christ, and taught, that in the day of his appearing, his faithful ones should be caught up in the air to meet him, and be always with him. He knew that his father, the good Talmai, also cherished the hope of the speedy return of Christ; and that he would never dispose of his Jerusalem home, nor even visit it, waiting for the coming of the Messiah, when he expected to go and occupy it

permanently. Here, also, in Rome, he found that the under-current of Jewish thought was the immanent coming of Messiah to reign. He at length caught the enthusiasm, and looked for it even as did the others.

The remarks made by the Jews at their firesides did not rest there. They were heard by others; they were sown to the winds; the sound thereof reached even the assemblies of the patricians; and the dislike of the Jew soon became deep aversion. Rumors of the destruction of Rome caused the Romans to stop and consider the result of such ideas; public feeling was aroused; and the Emperor became alarmed at the condition of affairs.

“In the course of this year (A. D. 51) the people were kept in a constant alarm by a succession of portents and prodigies. Birds of evil omen infested the capitol; earthquakes were felt; houses were laid in ruins; and while the multitude in a general panic pressed forward to make their escape, the feeble and infirm were trampled under foot. A dearth of corn brought on a famine; this too, was deemed a prodigy. The people were not content to murmur their discontents; they crowded to the tribunal, and gathering around the Emperor, then sitting in judgment, they forced him from his

seat, and pushed him to the extremity of the forum. The guards came to his assistance, and Claudius made his way through the crowd. Fifteen day's subsistence was the most that Rome had then in store."

Earthquakes, dread of famine, Messianic expectations, all coming together, forced the Emperor to sturdy action; and when Bartholomew had been but a year in Rome, Claudius issued the edict expelling all the Jews from the city, because of the constant disturbances they were keeping up under the impulse of Chrestus. When this edict was published, it spread consternation through the Jews' quarter of the city. Some it would not seriously injure, for they possessed the means of traveling, and living in other lands. It was not so hard on the mechanics, except the unpleasantness of breaking up their homes; but the edict did not discriminate; all were to go, or die in the attempt to go—the poor, the infirm, the sick, the helpless, the Jew wrapped up in the ceremonial law, and the Jew looking for Jesus as the Christ—all were to go, and the sooner, the greater the probability of escaping the cruel exactions of their relentless foe. It was a sad parting they held, but with it all was the comfort that the Lord watched

over his own; and the Christian part of the community were by it bound the closer to each other.

Some of them went into the towns about Rome to await a change of sentiment; for the old men told them how soon that change had come after their fathers' banishment thirty-three years before. Some went to the cities of Greece, and of Asia Minor and Syria; while many gathered all of their fortunes that they could, and turned their backs on Rome, never to return, but to dwell in the holy city, Jerusalem, and there fire the hearts of their countrymen with the story of their wrongs.

Aquila and Priscilla, tent-makers, started for the bustling city of Corinth, there to dwell and work at their trade, and, fearless of the results, do all they could for the progress of their Lord's kingdom.

Miltiades and Glaucia would not be denied the privilege of having Bartholomew and Judith dwell with them. Thus, with all speed, Bartholomew departed for the beautiful shores of the Cumanus Sinus. More fortunate than many, he had a trusty friend to whom he consigned his business in the imperial city; for Achilles, now entirely restored to health, and being a free man by the generosity of Miltiades, took charge of all of Bartholomew's

affairs, and thus gave to the real owner the opportunity for rest and travel.

It was a glad day when once more the friends were re-united. Judith was not now alone; but in her arms she carried a lively, crowing little boy, whom she called after her own father, Jesiah, and to whom she hoped the fortune of her father, so long uncalled for, but at last obtained by the evidences of her lineage, might descend, and bless him in the day of the coming of Messiah. Now, too, the ships of Talmai proved of good service to the Lord's people; for to those whose poverty prevented them from escaping from the wrath of Claudius, they gave free and prompt transportation to the cities where as yet the peace was unbroken.

As the friends gathered in the beautiful home of Miltiades, their thoughts once more turned to the search for the still unfound mother. To the Christian Church, before they disbanded to leave Rome, the story of the noble Melissa was told, and each one was besought to seek for her in whatever place they might go; the one who found her was promised a liberal reward from the bountiful hand of Glaucia, and might also hope for a reward from the Lord for acting as an instrument in leading a soul out of darkness into the blessed light of the

gospel. In tears and regrets, the church parted, for they had learned to love one another; but each one became a witness, to tell, as he went forth, the story of the peace and joy, the hope and assurance, which Rome could not take from them. As their leader said to them:

“Truly we are but pilgrims here below. We look for a city whose Maker and Builder is God; and in that city there remaineth a rest for the people of God.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GLAUCIA FINDS HER MOTHER.

THE opportunity was now open for a personal search through the cities of the Empire for the lamented mother. Bartholomew and Judith were in a position to care for the home; and Achilles was now constantly required to be at Rome. Nothing seemed to prevent the undertaking of this long contemplated search. In due time all their preparations were made. And in the year after the expulsion of the Jews from Rome, Miltiades and Glaucia embarked on an eastern bound vessel, and began the journey to Ephesus. They expected to arrive in that famous capital of Proconsular Asia before the Artemisian Festival, which occupied the entire month of May, and drew into the city the people from all the country about.

This annual festival was one long scene of carnival, with all manner of shows and games to please the people. And the great road stretching through the provinces between the sea and

the river Euphrates, was a busy thoroughfare for the crowds who delighted in paying all honor to "Diana of the Ephesians." They hoped that during this month they might catch a glimpse of Melissa, if she were yet in the neighborhood of this great city. Many days they wandered about the city, visiting all of the places where crowds gathered, carefully scanning each countenance, and particularly those of the serving women. They had the appearance of Melissa, as they last saw her, so thoroughly impressed on their minds, that it would be impossible for her to pass before them and not be recognized.

As the days of the Festival wore away, Glaucia felt the more sure that their search would be rewarded. She found it easy to pray for her mother; she felt a joy in her heart, as the result of these prayers, which led her to believe that the Lord was already preparing the answer. She did not mind the weariness of the search, but with trusting confidence, each evening, said:

"It may come to-morrow. In patience we will wait."

Daily they approached the splendid Temple of Diana. It was indeed a marvel of beauty and architectural display. Only a small part of the

Temple was covered—that part, the sanctuary, which contained the image of the goddess. The other parts of the Temple were a series of colonnades of the purest Ionic style, truly the most graceful and delicate of the styles so popular with the Greeks.

“The Temple was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and two hundred and twenty in breadth, and the columns were sixty feet high. There were one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each of them the gift of a king, and thirty-six of them were enriched with ornament and color. The folding doors were of cypress wood; the part which was not opened to the sky was roofed over with cedar, and the staircase was formed of the wood of one single vine from the Island of Cyprus.”

Around this splendid Temple the crowds surged, and every man, woman, and child wore an ornament—some of silver, some of more common material—little miniature shrines of the Temple and the famous goddess.

But day after day, the crowds passed along, yet no trace of Melissa with them. Glaucia would not wear one of these shrines; she was a Christian; these were but idols; and the gold, silver, and wooden representatives of their debasing supersti-

tion were now abhorrent to her thoughts. She saw many decorated with flowers, and she loved the flowers. In these was no idol worship; they were the gifts of grace and beauty from God; and he had nowhere commanded that they should be despised. So day by day, as she went forth, she carried with her little clusters of flowers, which she purchased from the flower stands, or from the flower girls who went through the crowded streets, calling attention to their beautiful clusters, of the freshest and sweetest that nature yielded. The most popular flower was the rose, which was here cultivated in great variety, and in all colors. Glaucia was particularly fond of these; for in their gardens in Athens they bloomed in as great beauty as anywhere in the Empire.

Glaucia, standing near the Temple of Diana, watching the moving crowd, suddenly seized the arm of her husband, and called his attention to a bouquet of roses carried by a lady in the crowd.

"Miltiades!" she said, "do not lose sight of that woman. Seest thou the roses she carries? They are arranged in a cluster, as my mother was accustomed to arrange roses in our gardens in Athens. The style is a peculiar one, and my mother taught me the combination of colors to produce the effect.

Ah! at last we have a clue, and now I know for a certainty that the hour for our meeting is at hand."

As she spoke, she led her husband into the crowd, until they came close to the woman carrying the roses. Miltiades, at first, did not notice how the arrangement differed from that of others, only that the cluster was exceedingly beautiful; but now, attentive to it, he noticed that a skillful hand had grouped them, and that the taste displayed was as cultivated as the roses themselves.

When Glaucia reached the side of the woman, in apologetic tones she remarked that, beholding the beauty of her roses, she would be delighted to learn the name and place of the artist who so gracefully arranged them, in order that she also might from her obtain her clusters.

Thus addressed, with answering politeness, the woman replied in Greek, with a slight Syrian accent, that she had purchased them from the florist whose stand was in the second street to the right of the Temple, and that he kept a large supply. Thanking her for the information, they turned about and sought the nearest way to the location indicated.

In a few moments they came to the place. It was a florist's garden, of moderate dimensions; be-

neath the glass roof were many rows of most beautiful flowers. In front, waiting on the customers, was the owner of the place; and he was busy attending to the crowds, who asked more quickly than he could supply. Glaucia saw a number of persons moving about in the gardens behind the shop; and, while she was observing them, a young girl came to the front with a tray of newly made bouquets upon it, and in each bouquet Glaucia beheld her mother's handiwork. Only with difficulty could she suppress her emotions, and she whispered to her throbbing heart, "patience."

"Good sir," Miltiades said to the florist: "I see that you have beautiful flowers for the public, and, if I mistake not, the skill and taste of some daughter of Athens has made them appear to their best."

The florist, as he arranged the bouquets before him, replied:

"Yes, the roses are fine; and in all Ephesus no one can fashion them together equal to the skillful Melissa."

Miltiades felt the thrill that agitated Glaucia at this reply, and, taking up a bouquet, said:

"If you will permit us to see Melissa at her work, I will purchase as many bouquets as she can arrange in a day's labor."

The florist smiled, as he replied :

“That is a quick sale. If you will walk through the shop, into the garden, in an arbor at the far end you will find her at her work, with her little maiden helpers, who gather for her the flowers as she directs.”

Quickly passing through the shop, they entered the garden. It was filled with growing plants, and blooming vines. In it were a number of persons, some tending the flowers, others culling them; and Glaucia noticed two young girls who were carrying their flowers to an arbor at the farther end of the garden. Through the open lattice work, they saw a woman seated, and with swift skill, arranging the flowers. One glance at her face, which was toward them, showed Glaucia that it was indeed her mother. She dropt her hold on her husband's arm; she rushed to the arbor; and, as the woman looked up to see the cause of such a strange interruption, Glaucia shrieked: “Mother! oh, my mother!” and fell convulsively weeping on her bosom. In that brief second of time, Melissa saw the face of her daughter, heard her voice, and felt her caress; her brain reeled, and for a moment she knew nothing of what was about her. But as her mind began again to act, she knew, first of all, that

the golden-haired daughter who had rested her head so many times on her loving bosom, but for years had been denied the privilege, was once more resting there.

In the mean time, Miltiades had returned to the florist, to see how their relations stood. And when he learned that Melissa was the slave of the florist, he at once offered him for her a price which dazzled the mind of the florist, and found instant acceptance. Accordingly, when Miltiades returned to the arbor, it was to request Melissa to arise and go with them; for she was no longer a slave, but free, and henceforth to be tenderly cared for by her daughter, who would wipe away all her tears, and teach her the way to the perennial fountains of joy.

For a short space of time Melissa forgot all else in the joy that the recovery of her long lost daughter had so suddenly awakened. She kissed her again and again, and gazed with rapture in her lovely face. But suddenly a shade of deep sadness passed over her countenance, and with deep dejection in her tones, she said:

“But Achilles—oh, where is my son Achilles? I shudder when I think of what may have befallen him.”

“I have good news for you, my dear mother,” said Glaucia, smiling brightly as she clasped her mother again in her arms. “Do not be uneasy about him. We have found him. He is well, and happy as he can be while uncertain as to what had become of you. He awaits our coming. We must go to him.”

Then she proceeded to tell her of all the way in which both she and her brother had been preserved from harm and led along till they were re-united at length.

They lingered a few days more in Ephesus, and then started on their return home. First they went to Corinth, and here they met Paul; who, with great joy, greeted his friend Glaucia, and her husband and mother. He rejoiced with them in the blessings that had come to them, and in his forcible but loving way unfolded to Melissa the nature and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Here, too, they met Aquilla and Priscilla, and spoke to them of the many changes that had in so short a time taken place in Rome, and the contiguous town. They then traveled to Athens; for Melissa yearned to behold once more the home in which so many blessings had been granted to her. After a few days had been spent in re-visiting those scenes

in Athens that were most closely connected with the memories of by-gone days, they proceeded to the Piraeus and embarked for Puteoli. The weather was charming; the winds favorable; they reached Puteoli in safety, and made all haste toward the home of Miltiades and Glaucia, where Melissa's cup of joy seemed to be made full as she clasped once more her long lost son to her heart. Great also was the joy of Achilles at once more beholding his mother; and in loving companionship the re-united family buried the sad story of the past, and became happy as of yore. Melissa seemed to be specially welcomed by the little Jesiah, who soon claimed her for his grandmamma, and in her watchcare and loving caresses felt a new sweetness added to his already happy child life. Though not of her blood, Melissa loved him as her own.

Events now began to be rapidly matured in the development of the Empire. In the year 54 A. D., the Emperor Claudius died, and Nero became the Emperor. Though the greatest trickery and the most terrible cruelty prevailed, the change was a benefit to the people at the time. Nero manifested a singular tenderness of spirit. He wept when first called to sign a death warrant. He forbade

the sacrifice of life in the amphitheatres. He allowed the Jews to return, and gathered about his throne wise and noble advisers, who counseled moderation, and a just regard for the rights of the people.

The Jews and Christians returned. Aquila and Priscilla left their home in Ephesus and came back to Rome. Bartholomew once more bade farewell to the happy family circle by the bay, and, with his family, returned to his mansion near the Campus Martius. Business improved, and the wealth of the Jews again became noticeable.

But this sweetness of disposition manifested by Nero did not last. Gradually his hands became stained with blood. To those who loved him most he gave the direst hate, until all who knew him began to tremble at the next display of his thirst for blood. The waters almost in front of the mansion of Miltiades, and the palaces at Baïæ, became the arena of matricide and wife murder. And the awful woes of those who incurred the suspicions of the Emperor, made the whole Empire tremble.

In the year 58 A. D., Phœbe, the deaconess of the Church at Cenchrea, the Eastern sea-port of Corinth, came to Rome with a letter to the church from the Apostle Paul. And she found a cordial

welcome to the homes of those who, in the midst of the Roman darkness, saw the light of God's face. Two years later, a prisoner, Paul came to Rome, and for two years taught the word of the Lord, until the message was known from the imperial household, down to the dwellings of the most common slaves. In the year 63 A. D., the year following Paul's acquittal and departure from Rome, Miltiades and his family beheld the waters of the bay dashing in wild commotion, and then the rocking of an earthquake along the shore and under the towns that were at the base of mighty Vesuvius. And at these signs they wondered whether the end of the world was indeed drawing nigh.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BURNING OF ROME.

THERE were constant interchanges of visits between the home on the bay and the home in Rome. In both households children came and blest them by their presence, and the calls for these visits became the more frequent. In the spring of the year, 64 A. D., Miltiades and his family had made a pleasant visit, in which they visited the many historical places so dear to the Roman populace. Although it was the boast of Augustus, that having found Rome a city of brick, he left it a city of marble, many of these temples built long before the time of the Cesars, in the affections of the people held a better place than the later and more stately edifices.

What Augustus might have thought, could he in vision have seen one of the modern cities, can be inferred, when we know that in his day there were no lofty spires pointing heavenward, no spacious domes such as grace numerous modern edifices; no sanitary measures affecting all parts

of the city; and no such provision for the suppression of disease, misery, beggary, and fires, as we find in all of the great cities of modern times.

With all its splendor, Rome was a cosmopolitan city, and in its different sections, inhabited by its different classes, the tastes, manners, and degree of refinement peculiar to each were permanently manifested. In the city there were a million of freemen, and as many slaves; and the freemen who held power were few in number, the greater portion of them having nothing but their freedom to boast of; and to the terror of the better classes, constituting a hungry and ever clamorous mob.

The arrangement of the streets and dwellings made it possible for them to wield their power; for in those portions of the city where the streets were narrow and crooked, and the houses were high, they thronged like bees in a hive, and upon the least provocation would rush to the public assemblies, and by shouts and riots declare their will. Every demagogue sought their favor. Returning conquerors showered gifts of gold upon them, and Emperors retained their favor only by furnishing them with the bloodiest sports of the amphitheatre. The only way in which the law was able to change their homes was in limiting the height of their

dwellings. In other respects they appeared to be beyond all law and order.

Nero saw these things as plainly as did the disinterested Miltiades, and Nero became the slave of an ambitious frenzy. He dreamt of burning cities, of great conflagrations. He dwelt on the story of the destruction of Troy, and he talked of the grandeur of such a sight. He also craved a name greater than all those about him. If he could remove these honored landmarks; and where the city now stood with its crooked streets, build one with wide, straight streets; and make every temple a marvel of beauty; and erect for himself a palace more splendid than the world at present contained; and change the name of the city from Rome to Neropolis; then he would have a name greater than them all. They would be forgotten; he, alone, would be remembered. How could these dreams be transformed into realities?

As the warm season approached, the families left the close city, and dwelt in their mansions by the bay; but Bartholomew and Miltiades returned to Rome to close their business affairs, until the return of the cooler weather. In a few days, they hoped to rejoin their families, and enjoy the pleasant breeze that swept to them from over the sea.

But, on the nineteenth day of July, A. D. 64, they were aroused by the rush of the excited people to the scene of a great fire. Following the crowd they saw, that in the shops filled with inflammable material, which lined the valley between the Palatine and the Cælian Hills, a great mass of flames were bursting forth, and rolling irresistibly toward the densest part of the city.

The crowds of plunderers who usually rejoiced in such opportunities to gain booty, as also those who contemplated the swirling streams of flame with delight, because of their beautiful colors, and rapidly encircling embrace, hailed this scene with joyful expectations; but their joy was turned to horror as they saw the flames with greedy fury leaping toward their own homes, and falling upon them, consuming in a few moments their life-time accumulations. Backward the crowds were driven by the flames, and wild anarchy, in many places, prevailed. The fire department seemed to be unable to stay the flames; the Emperor failed to put forth the power of the soldiers to help them; and it seemed as if the city was given up to destruction.

On the roofs of the larger buildings, and on the templed hills, the people gathered to watch the

pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night, until the flames approaching warned them to depart.

In the narrow, crooked streets, lined by the houses, with many stories, the people sought to escape; but the weak, the aged, the children, the women, were trampled under the feet of the frantic crowds as they sought to break away from the line of fire encircling them. Large numbers, stifled by the smoke, fell victims to the flame. Many escaped to the Campus Martius, and, separated from their families, lived in the agony of suspense, fearing that their loved ones had perished in the flames.

For six days and seven nights the flames rolled onward; and then, breaking out again, continued for three days longer. At one time, when the course of the flames was directed against a certain part of the city, battering rams were brought, and, far in advance of the flames, houses were broken down by the efforts of some who thus wisely sought to save the rest of the city, and, by making this open space, take from the flames their prey.

Bartholomew watched the flames as they rolled onward to his own property. All the people were in terror, each one trying to save his own. No help could be obtained; and, like the others, he saw it all

go—mansion, relics, valuables, warehouses, merchandise—all went into the embrace of the destroying foe.

So, too, the Romans marked the tide of devastation. The most ancient monuments, and the temples that had always aroused the patriotism of the free Romans—public works of art; statues of heroes and of deities; memorials; records—all alike became food for the flames.

The Temple of Luna, built by Servius Tullius; the Ara Maxima, which the Arcadian Evander had reared to Hercules; the Temple of Jupiter Stator, built in accordance with the vow of Romulus; the little, humble palace of Numa; the Shrine of Vesta, with the Penates of the Roman people, and the spoils of conquered kings; and many other things which had attracted the reverence of the youth of the imperial city, became numbered with the things that were.

The outline of the seven hills, upon which the city had been built, and the course of the Tiber, became visible as never before. Of the fourteen districts of the city, three were entirely destroyed; seven were partially destroyed; and only four were uninjured. As the city went down beneath the flames, and the populace was paralyzed with terror,

one body of men suddenly regained their self-control, and in the midst of the destruction chanted praises to their God. Bartholomew and Miltiades heard the sound of the joyful songs, and recognized many of the Christian brotherhood, who, collecting near their accustomed meeting place, now without terror or grief beheld their property quickly vanishing from before them.

As Bartholomew heard the words of their songs, he, too, caught the fervor of their zeal, and with rejoicings joined their body. Miltiades, not so well acquainted with the words of the prophets, was slower in apprehending this strange display of rejoicing; but when it dawned on his mind, he too became one with them.

The songs were concerning the coming of the Lord in his glory. The consuming fire was sweeping over the palaces of the wicked. The righteous judgment of God was becoming manifest, and this was the expected cataclysm that would usher in the glorious millennium. Why should the Christians weep or feel distressed at the loss of their houses, when they would receive a hundred-fold more in the kingdom now at hand?

The words of the Rabbis; the predictions of seers; the glowing words of Paul, all were recalled,

and made their songs of joy rise louder and higher. They did not wonder that Rome was the first to fall beneath the stroke of the Messiah. Rome was a city notorious for all manner of uncleanness—filled with the grossest forms of iniquity. She was the mistress of the world kingdoms, and the very head of all that opposed God. And they rejoiced, as one by one the shrines of idolaters, or the monuments of wicked men, or the temples of false deities, sank beneath the flames. The people heard their songs, they saw them in their happy contemplations of their losses, and the word of their peculiar behaviour even reached the ears of Nero, as he too rejoiced in the flames from his point of observation on the Tower of Macænas.

But no man beheld the Christians aiding the progress of the flames. In their faith, they stood still to see the salvation of God. But other men were seen firing new districts, and hurling inflammable materials in places which the stream of flame seemed to avoid. These men were recognized as the slaves of Nero; and the people began to believe that their own Emperor, whose hands were already reeking in the blood of those whom he had slain, had for his own amusement caused this terrible destruction of their temples and their homes.

After the fire was ended, with incredible speed, Nero had ground cleared of ruins, and built for himself his golden house—a palace of such splendor that it surpassed anything the world had ever known; and here, while thousands were homeless, and those who before had been wealthy were now subjects for charity, he, who should have been as a father to his suffering people, recklessly squandered the wealth of the imperial treasuries.

The murmurs of the people rose loud and long; they could not be suppressed; the spirit of revenge called for something to vent their rage upon; and Nero trembled before the approaching storm.

Who suggested to him the course he pursued, has never been known. Acte, his beautiful mistress, it is said, favored the Christians; and Poppæa, his wife, may, in her jealousy, have pointed this way of escape from the rage of the people. Whatever the cause, he sent his servants to whisper among the people that it was the work of the Christians. They were men of an unlawful religion; and this was the way in which they manifested their hatred of mankind.

It was easy to persuade the people of this; for the strange conduct of the Christians during, and since, the conflagration, had attracted universal at-

tention. Their rapid growth was remembered; the fact that from the poor and the low they had drawn the larger part of their number, was evidence against them. And their hatred of the gods, their sneers against the temples, their absence from the sacrifices, their boldness in defaming the deities, whose shrines were now destroyed, their repeated predictions for many years of the destruction of Rome, their shoutings and rejoicings amidst the burning and the gloom—all were recalled; and the Emperor felt safer as he heard the cry of the people, that the Christians should be punished for their impious and cruel deeds.

The Christians knew that none of their number had in any way sought to do the people of Rome harm, and that the conflagration had surprised them as much as the others; although in it they thought they saw the hand of the Lord revealed. Notwithstanding, if it was the will of their Lord that they should suffer for evil doing in which they had taken no part, they were resigned. The will of the Lord be done. But for their loved ones' sake, they dreaded the fearful pains through which it seemed probable that they would be compelled to pass.

Bartholomew and Miltiades had both been rec-

ognized among the Christians; and Menelaus too. They could not escape from the city; and, with the others, their lot was to be determined. Clouds and darkness gathered thickly about them.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FIERCE PERSECUTION AT ROME.

WITH the swift spring of the famished tiger, Nero leaped upon the Christian community in Rome, in order to glut his awful passion for blood. As the time of trial drew nigh, deep fear seized them; for they saw in Nero a monster of iniquity, such as could only be manifested by the antichrist of whom they were warned. No mercy, no tenderness, need be expected; for all such emotions had departed from his breast. He taught the people that the character of Christian at once removed all claims to a charitable commiseration. Throughout the Empire deep murmurs began to be heard, and the Gentile world cast fierce glances upon the Jews, and they in turn upon the Christians; and in some places these murmurs rose into revolutions.

The household near Baia was filled with grief at the threatened destruction of Bartholomew and Miltiades; and at once Judith bravely resolved to leave those protecting walls, in order to share

the lot of her husband, whatever that might be. Glaucia, too, was ready to relinquish all; and, leaving Achilles and his mother, with their children, the two women entered Rome, and claimed their places in weal or in woe by the side of those whom they loved more than life.

In the examination that took place, no proof of incendiarism could be proven against the Christians; but they were haters of the gods, and on this charge the law allowed their persecution. The poverty and distress that had fallen upon the people whetted their appetite for blood; and no cruel device that could be invented was too cruel for them to approve.

The populace called the Christians haters of mankind, and revilers of the gods, and threatened them with the most cruel death. But the brave spirit that had already characterized the Christians now again displayed its beauty, and they neither sought opportunity to deny their faith, nor to cringe before the tyrant; but young and old, tender and strong, fearlessly faced the tortures, comforting themselves with the thought that martyrdom was only the gateway to immortality; and that those who suffered the most for the Lord would in glory receive the more beautiful crowns.

In this hour the promises of the Lord sustained them.

Before they were themselves arrested, Judith and Glaucia found a glorious work in comforting those who dreaded the afflictions. Many of the people were weak; they did not know many of the sweet promises of the Lord, and great fear fell upon them. To these, Judith and Glaucia repeated the words of Jesus, taught them the gracious promises, held before them the assurances of the crowns of glory, and thus established them for the day of trial.

Yet the Christians did not foolishly thrust themselves into the jaws of death. The servants of Nero zealously sought them, and, when they were found, they were hurried to the cells prepared for them. In the great mass of the hidden ones, our friends found a refuge; but, on every hand, those dear to them were taken to prisons.

We will follow Menelaus, who had become a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, and a helper to many. He shared, with many others, the fate that would have been meted to Bartholomew and Miltiades, had they been found. To please the people, Nero threw open to the public the spacious grounds about the imperial palaces, and invited the people

to please themselves there with the many attractions he had provided for them. In some parts of the gardens were exhibitions, such as the populace never failed to applaud. On the broad drives were chariot races, with all the splendor that wealth could attach to them; and Nero himself, dressed as a charioteer, mixed with the people, and shared in their delights. And, as the evening came on, he sought by specially prepared torches so to illuminate the gardens as to rival the day. In this effort the horrible cruelty of his imagination gleamed forth.

The gardens were large, and to thoroughly illuminate them, a large number of torches were needed; but when the evening came on, all was ready. The crowds were there; the feasting and revelry went on; the charioteer Emperor drove or walked about in the full glory of his fanciful display; and thus it continued until the torches paled and faded, and the people satiated, returned to their homes.

But these torches were human beings—Christian men—and Menelaus was one of them. From the prison in which they had flung him, he was taken to one of the prominent places in the garden, and chained to a post, so that his chin, resting on the

top of the post, he would through it all stand erect. His body and the post were then wrapped in inflammable cloths, and over this was poured sulphurous pitch until every part of the terrible wrapping was covered. Then he waited for the coming of the night. Thus, too, were the brethren of Menelaus arrayed. There they stood in the early twilight, ready clothed to meet their King. Ah, how slowly the moments passed in the waiting! But the grace that they needed in this hour of literally fiery trial, was abundantly given.

As the darkness began to deepen, the torch of the servants touched some of these motionless sentinels, and as they glowed in flame, the others knew that it was the chariot of fire taking them home. As those first lighted dropped into a heap of ashes, others were lit, and the illumination was kept up.

Menelaus had never known fear, and he did not learn it now. When he saw his brethren consuming, he waited prayerfully his own turn. His soul already glowed with the brightness of the Lord's promises; already he seemed to see the opening of the clouds of heaven to receive him; and as the sheet of flame rolled around him, only a moment of fierce struggling with pain, and the

pearly gates indeed opened to welcome him, and the crown of glory was placed upon his faithful brow, as, before the throne of the Just Rewarder, he alighted from the fiery chariot in which he had been borne thither.

In the Christian Church at Rome, was a noble matron by the name of Julia, who, by her tenderness toward the suffering and the weak, had become greatly endeared to them all. She had a daughter, the fair Octavia, whose beauty of person was only excelled by the graces of her sweet spirit. Loving the Lord Jesus, both mother and daughter sought to manifest the attractiveness of that love to those about them.

When the persecutions began, they knew of no way by which they could secure their own safety without great injury to the cause, and they determined to cast their lot in with those who were to suffer for the truth's sake. They were not alone in this. There were hundreds with them; and in their afflictions they had the sympathy of each other's testimony, and the consciousness of the presence of the Lord.

When the brethren were taken to the gardens, they cheered them, and exhorted them to witness a good confession; and when their own turn came,

they shrank not, but called on God to be with them. The fate of Julia and Octavia was that of many; and in their death, we may see the fate of others that went with them.

In the amphitheatre, the people rushed to witness the sports that fed their most savage tastes. It was the arena for blood; and between the audience and the victim there was no sympathy, and no lingering remnant of human affection. Upon raised seats, about the oval arena, the twenty thousand people gathered to see what new delight the Emperor had prepared for them. At this time the great Coliseum, with its seats for more than eighty thousand people, had not been built; but such theatres as they had, held the immense crowds who rushed to them.

In the cells of this great amphitheatre, in which the choicest delights were prepared for the people, Julia, Octavia, and numbers of other noble and faithful Christian women and children were placed, to await their turn in martyrdom. The only boon granted them was, that a number of them might suffer together.

At length the slave announced that Julia's time had come, and that with her several others were also to suffer. They were taken into another cell

and there prepared for the bloody arena. Julia was sewed in the skin of a bear, so that to the spectators she might look like that wild beast of the forest.

Octavia was clothed as her mother, while two young girls, who though but half-grown, were ripe in faith and courage, were sewed in wolf skins. Others were sewed in such animal skins as were adapted to their different sizes. When all was finished they were driven into the arena, to become a subject of amusement to the waiting crowds; who, with loud laughter and coarse jeers, beheld their awkward ambling and frequent stumblings. Julia and Octavia remained close together in this march around the arena, and as if to protect the young girls, the older ones placed them in the centre of the procession as they moved along.

What cruelty the human heart is capable of, when it could thus compel youth and beauty to suffer and bleed! In the arena, the small number of hideously enveloped and helpless women and children. In the amphitheatre, twenty thousand of the citizens of Rome, clamoring for innocent blood. In the arena, the few fearlessly awaiting the close of their lives in pain and horrible mangling; and above them a multitude of cowards fettered by a savage superstition.

As they passed along before the expecting crowds, Julia said, loud enough to be heard by all those who walked with her:

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

Then in her sweet, strong voice, Octavia began chanting a song of praise to the Lord, and the others joined with her, until the wonderful spectacle was beheld of bears and wolves sending forth songs of praise.

But the Roman populace cared not for this. They thirsted for blood; and now, as the victims reached the centre of the arena, they were commanded to pause; and the signal was given which the people were so ready to applaud.

In the dens of the amphitheatre, great, huge, muscular wolf-hounds had been fed on raw meat, and then for a day had been deprived of all food. Now, as the signal was given, the gates of these dens were thrown open, and the released hounds sprang into the arena. As they saw before them what appeared to be bears and wolves, their ferocity, already stimulated by hunger, was increased by their natural hatred to these wild animals; and

with savage growls they sprung at the throats of their feeble prey, and, sinking their teeth deep into the delicate flesh, ceased not until they had torn them limb from limb, and the arena was reddened with their blood. Then, when their appetite for food was satisfied, they still seized on the reeking limbs, and growled and fought over them as if loth to relinquish their hold on any one of them.

It was a mercy that the struggle of the victims was a short one. The dogs did not believe in lingering tortures; and at the same time this group of martyrs entered the land of rest, as they had entered the ampitheatre, together.

Truly could Paul say: "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." But in Christ even these martyrs could triumphantly exclaim: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Thus the great city of Rome drank the blood of the saints. Thus the world, with its cruel tastes and fashions, sought to destroy the work of Christ. Thus hell sought to overcome heaven; but the earth, watered with the rich blood of the martyrs,

has become a garden unto the Lord, in which are seen the many rich spiritual fruits, and abounding fragrant spiritual flowers.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ARENARIÆ.

IN the physical formation of Italy, the evidences of volcanic action abound; and many features of the scenery about the city of Rome are due to such a disturbance of the face of nature. Many of the lakes about Rome are formed by craters of ancient volcanoes. The hills, on which the city is built, is composed of tertiary marls, clays, and sandstones, intermixed with a preponderating quantity of granular and lithoidal volcanic tufas. These are in layers or strata, and are called the *Tufa lithoide*, the *Tufa granulare*, and the *Pozzuolana pura*.

In these were extensive excavations, out of which the material for building the temples and palaces of Rome were taken. These excavations, dug like great roads, exhausting the stratified beds of sand and of rock, were not only under the surface beyond the wall of the city, but also stretched beneath some of the hills within the city; and as the beds were irregular, the ground was excavated in a form

resembling the cells of a honeycomb. The Catacombs, afterward so valuable for burial places, and of such great historic interest, because of inscriptions on the walls, were in the Tufa granulare; but in the other strata, the excavations were less regular, of larger size, forming winding avenues. After they had been exhausted for commercial uses, they became the dens and hiding places of the worst criminals that pestered the city, and the burial places of the most wretched classes. In the Pozzuolana pits, or Arenariæ as they were called, the excavations became an intricate network; and when a body of men entered them as a place of refuge, the officers of the law found it impossible to dislodge them.

As now the trials of the Christians became harder to endure, and on every side they were hunted by their ferocious enemies, they turned from further hope of safety above ground to a refuge, hitherto only sought by the criminal classes. In the secrecy of these complicated chambers, they could worship their Lord as acceptably as in Cesar's Palace, and out of these places might again spring forth with renewed life and vigor.

Whatever fear they may have had of either these places or of their lawless inhabitants, they were not,

and could not be, as terrible as Cesar's gardens, or the sand-strewn arena of the amphitheatre, where the most cruel death was certain.

Bartholomew, Miltiades, and many others that had lived in luxury for many years, now, with the poorest of the church, shared the same privations; and, with hearts made bold by their trials, accepted what they had with thanksgiving, and rejoiced that they were blest in their release from their pursuers. The cold, dark, gloomy caverns at first awed them; but even this passed away as they realized that it meant home and safety. And, as the persecution raged without, here they prayed and watched and waited for the coming of the Lord, to right the wrongs they were compelled to endure.

The days and weeks fled, and the privations bore heavily upon the more tender ones. Many of the little ones grew weary of the gloom and the loss of the sunlight, and drooped and died; and mourning hearts appealed to the God of justice.

Judith and her husband were as a tower of strength to the weaker ones; and now the benefit of the mountain training began to manifest itself in the hardy health of the noble wife, whose strength was needed to care for the afflicted about her. Glaucia, not so hardy, began to droop; and

they saw that, unless they once more ascended to the sunlight, another grave would mark the sorrows of their banishment. Many of the men, fleet of foot and skillful in devices, went out of the pits into the city and procured food, medicines, and news of those who could not escape. Thus they knew the bravery and rejoicing that was manifested by those who died in the arena.

As the watchful foe sought them, they passed from one excavation to another, not long dwelling in any one place; and sometimes some of them were able to escape to the mountains, or the distant plains of Italy. Some of them were captured and brought back, at last, to suffer the martyrdom they had sought to escape. But, when they came to their death, it was with boldness and confidence in the Lord.

At length it came the turn for Bartholomew and his party to attempt an escape. Previous to the attempt, earnest prayer was offered to God, and then, beneath the flickering glare of the torches, the sad farewells were spoken; for they all realized that to them it was now either the comforts of their own home, or a martyr's death in the bloody city.

As the darkness of the night deepened, in the charge of a guide who was thoroughly acquainted

with the roads and paths about the city, they ascended to the surface, and once more felt the invigorating air that gave them courage and hope. All night they traveled, and when the morning came, they were many miles from Rome. All day they remained hidden in the thick bushes that grew near the wayside; and as night again came on, they traveled many more miles.

But Glaucia could no longer bear the strain; and Miltiades, with a bold manner, went to the public stalls of the nearest town and purchased a carriage for the party. As this was nothing uncommon, for many Greeks traveled through that part of the country, no particular attention was given him; and he succeeded in soon passing from concealment to the public roads, as a Greek, traveling to his home.

In a few days the entire party once more rested in the friendly shelter of their beautiful home, rejoicing in the safety they had obtained, but sorrowing over the woes of their beloved in the faith, whom they could not aid in securing a similar escape.

In the country about the Cumanus Sinus, the name, wealth, and religion of Miltiades were well known, and it was impossible for his escape to be long concealed. But a change in the mood of the

Emperor now insured his safety; for Nero had become anxious to win the favor of the Greeks. He aspired to possess the honors only granted to their athletic heroes; and as long as he continued in this mood, no persecutions could be allowed against his Greek subjects. Thus it ever was in his kingdom; one mood gave life to his subjects, another mood gave death; they were always subject to the caprice of a whimsical, heartless tyrant.

But while the present safety of Menelaus was secured, there was no such hope of safety for Bartholomew; and as long as he remained in Italy, the dread of persecution still hung over him. Yet he loved Italy; for in its fair climate he had learned much of the loving kindness of the Lord.

He desired safety, but where could it be found? From all parts of the Empire the accounts of persecutions came. Not a single city offered a refuge for the followers of Jesus. The hatred of the world was concentrated upon them.

Bartholomew no longer felt a desire for commercial success; his thoughts no longer tended toward trade. Out of the years of trade he had secured a large fortune; and in Jerusalem was the property, not only of his father, but also that of his wife, inherited from her father. His parents had re-

moved from Antioch to Jerusalem; all his ties seemed to be gathering there; and daily the thought of the Holy City occupied his mind; and the coming of the Messiah was the theme of their household conversation.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WAITING FOR MESSIAH.

BARTHOLOMEW was now thoroughly persuaded that the advent of Messiah was at hand. All of the signs that the Christians had cherished as evidences of that approaching day, were daily becoming more plainly manifested; and only the thoughtless could be indifferent to these things. A strong yearning to be in the city of his fathers, at the time of the Lord's coming, now led him to decide to bid a final farewell to the shores of Italy, and with all speed hasten home, to be there by the time of the following Passover.

The special home-sickness that now possessed Bartholomew was not felt by Miltiades and his family, and they concluded to remain in their Italian home; for even in Athens they could scarcely hope to find any place so healthful or so beautiful, as their residence on the beautiful Italian Bay.

Time was, as usual, rapidly passing, and at length the sad day came when Judith was to bid

farewell to her dear friend and sister Glaucia, and Bartholomew was to leave the companionship of Miltiades. There were peculiarly strong ties that bound the two brethren together. It was from Bartholomew that Miltiades had received, on board the ship, his first clear and distinct knowledge of Jesus, the Messiah of the Jews, the Saviour of the Gentiles. Through his agency, Miltiades had also found his loved Glaucia, whom he had so long sought in vain. The parting could not fail to be exceedingly painful to both.

As for Judith and Glaucia, they had been brought into very close and endearing intimacy. Their lives had been linked together from the day when Glaucia had first been brought by Menelaus to his home in the mountain valley of Lycia. The memory of their friendship led them back to the happy days they spent together before the capture of Menelaus; and on through their journey to Patara, their voyage to Seleucia, their sojourn amid the groves of Daphne, their reception into the family of Talmai and Jerusha, their voyage to Italy, with all of joy and sorrow that they had known since they landed. The thought of parting now, and possibly to meet no more, cast a peculiar sadness over their spirits and the spirits of all the

company. Yet, amid all their sadness, there was the comforting hope that the Messiah would soon come again to right the wrongs of earth, and to make it bright with his presence; or the glorious certainty, if his coming were long delayed, that his promises still held forever good: "I will not leave you comfortless." "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." These sweet hopes and assurances threw their bright rainbow tints upon the dark clouds that overshadowed their painful parting.

Bartholomew and Judith entered the ship that was to bear them away to their old home; and as it loosed from its moorings, and moved out on its long eastward course, they waved their long adieus to those with whom they had been so long and so happily associated.

Their voyage upon the great sea, was, to them, a period of rest, which was very sweet after the excitements and fatigues through which they had so recently passed. It seemed as if a restful calmness prevailed upon the bosom of the waters. The winds were tender and soothing; the air was balmy and refreshing; the sailors seemed to be free from

cares, and, with merry songs, made the passage pass very quickly. Their principal thought appeared to be a desire to get into port, in order to revel there in the dissipation that prevailed in all the harbors of the great commercial sea. Upon the spacious deck, Bartholomew and Judith spent much of their time, conversing of the hopes which they had for so long a time been cherishing. They were going home; going to the home of their fathers; the earthly home of Jesus; their own childhood home; and every evening as they beheld the light fading, they turned toward the prow of the vessel, and, hand clasped in hand, gazing toward the east, silently thought of their home.

Their vessel, however, was delayed in many ports, and the commercial spirit of the captain was utterly oblivious to the religious and patriotic feelings inspiring their hearts. But their hearts became appalled at the news that came to them from every port in which they anchored. A deep disturbance seemed to be threatening the condition of the Children of Israel. On every hand foes were rising up against them; and persecutions, hatred, and the cruelty of fiercest tortures stared them in the face; and in all this, although the Christians were law-abiding and quiet, they were included in the pre-

scribed lists. Truly, in no spot could a Christian dwell in safety. In the large cities, the heavy grip of Roman law held the blood-thirsty spirit in check; while in the country districts, robbery and spoliation caused terror to prevail.

They first anchored in the harbor of Methone, where they came in contact with the Messenian Greeks; then in Scandeia in Cythera, an island under the influences of Laconian thought and prejudices; then they ran up among the islands of the Cyclades; after which they went to Athens, to Cenchreæ, to Ephesus, to Rhodes, and toward the East.

Their hearts bled to find the wailings of the people of the Lord in each of these places. But it did not for a moment deter them from their chosen course. They were ready to live or die, however and wherever their Lord might appoint. When they came to Antioch, a place so dear to them both, so full of tenderest memories, so beloved by the Apostle Paul, instead of finding it resting in delightful peace, they found it trampled on by the Roman power, which, having been defeated on the plains of Galilee, was now filled with the spirit of a fierce tigress, robbed of her whelps. Fierce cries arose from all sides :

“Now on to Jerusalem! Woe unto the city that sheltered and fostered rebellion against Rome! On, on to the death!” was now the cry; and the travelers prayed the more earnestly that the Lord would frustrate the wicked designs of the foes of God, and of God’s chosen people. They no longer desired to hear the sentiment of the people along the coast of the sea. They knew it now thoroughly, and it was full of cruelty; and they rejoiced when, at length, their long journey drew to a close, and the walls of the Holy City came in view. Yet, in spite of all their hopes for Israel’s national prosperity, the cry of their hearts was:

“Is not this the beginning of the end? And if so, if Jerusalem must fall, will not Messiah come down in his glory and might as the King and Conqueror of all the earth?”

The words of Jesus came to their minds:

“And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto. For these be the days of vengeance, that all things which are written may be fulfilled.

“But woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck, in those days! for there shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people. And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.

“And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men’s hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.

“And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads: for your redemption draweth nigh.”

Vespasian was gradually crushing out the resistance to the Roman arms in Galilee and in Perea; and so thoroughly did he accomplish his work, that the whole country was scathed with fire and drenched with blood, until, as the Talmud says: “For seven years did the nations of the world

cultivate their vineyards with no other manure than the blood of Israel.”

When Bartholomew and Judith arrived within the Holy City, they saw on the outside the armies of Rome, like hungry vultures threatening their prey, and within the city the worst forms of anarchy prevailing. Factions tore the strength of the city into fragments, and weakness was apparent on every side. Fierce denunciations and intemperate threats filled the air, from a lawless mass of people claiming to be the sons of Abraham; while the Christians, appalled and horrified, seemed to be unable to judge as to what would be the best course to pursue; and until light should be given them, continued in prayer.

Bartholomew at once joined his fortunes with them, and his words of wisdom were appreciated by them. He told them of the power of Rome; of the disturbances in all parts of the Empire; of the fierce glow of hatred directed against them; and urged that now they should turn entirely to the words of their Lord, and obey the leading of the signs about them.

His past history, his noble bearing, his zeal for the Lord, his intimate friendship with the leading apostles, had given him great influence with the

Church in Jerusalem ; and they listened attentively as he repeated the words of their Lord, and asked them if now they should longer delay, or should go forth to the mountains for safety and protection until Messiah should come and rebuild the Holy City. The elders saw the inspiration of his counsel ; they urged it on the church ; and they all, with one accord, prepared for flight.

But whither ? The Master had left the indefinite charge, "to the mountains." But what mountains ? The books of the fathers were opened, and the reader read to them of the mountains of refuge to those of olden times. After the rout of Gilboa, when the first king of Israel was slain, the faithful general, Abner, rallied the Israelites about the king's son, Ishbosheth, and with him fled to the mountains, east of the Jordan, even to Mahanaim. When David saw the people turning from him to follow after Absalom, he left his beloved city Jerusalem, crossed the Jordan by the fords of Jericho, and in the mountains near Mahanaim sought refuge, and a place to sound his war-cry for the gathering of his faithful adherents. These same mountains were the refuge for the bold prophet Elijah, as many times he hid himself from the kingly foe, who so eagerly sought his

destruction. Thither also Jesus, on two different occasions, fled to escape the enmity of the Jews—when the Jews sought to stone him for blasphemy, and when he ceased his open walk among them, after the raising of Lazarus.

Surely, these same mountains were meant by the Lord; and to them they would go. In all his travels Bartholomew had seen nothing like these great mountains. In front, they rose steep, and from two to three thousand feet in height, above the bed of the rapid rushing Jordan. Toward the east, they gradually sloped down to the desert wastes of Arabia. Here and there, the steep bluffs were broken by immense ravines, down which, after heavy storms, mighty torrents rushed, though almost dry in the rainless seasons. Here along the bluffs, in thick profusion grew mighty sycamores, beech, ilex, and terebinths; while on the broad slopes were found the finest pastures in all the land.

It was comparatively a secluded place, well fitted to be the home of a Deborah, a Jephthah, an Elijah, and of the forerunner of the Messiah. Yet, though so different from the cultivated hills and valleys west of the Jordan, it was not impenetrable; and the soldiers of Rome could scale its boldest bluffs,

penetrate its wildest ravines, and swarm on its broadest pastures. At such a time, its solitude was not sufficient to be a protection.

Near the verge of the bluffs, about half-way between the Jabbok and the Hieromax, and almost directly opposite Mount Gilboa, was the city of Pella. It had received this name from the Macedonian Greeks, because of a springing fountain there, which strongly reminded them of the fountain or brook Pella, at the birthplace of Alexander the Great. It was a free city, and had placed itself under the protection of Agrippa II.; and thus, in the midst of the wars, was not involved in the carnage and destruction that swept over the other cities about it.

Those who remained faithful to the cause of the Jewish fanaticism would not have fled to it; but the Christians were not with the Jews, and they violated no command of their Lord by now making this place their home. They realized that the days of the former Judaism were past, and that great changes were approaching. Jerusalem had rejected the Messiah, and must be purged of her iniquity; and here was a shelter provided for the Lord's people, and this, the only spot of safety, was surely the place on the mountains to which he

had commanded them to flee from the sword of his anger. The entire church came; and, with what wealth Bartholomew could carry with him, he sought to benefit his brethren in the faith. They did not know how long they might have to stay; but they would watch and pray for the coming of the Messiah in glory.

Weeks, months, passed by, and the carnage increased in the doomed city. The armies of the Empire drew closer about it, the attention of the world was directed to it, until at length the sword and the fire-brand did its work, and, on the altar of the wrath of the Lord, its flame ascended to the throne of God.

A short distance south of Pella, Bartholomew, with some of the elders of the church, was standing, gazing toward the southwest. It was a spot from which it was believed Abraham first saw the extent of the land of promise. There Jacob, returning from Laban's house, beheld the home for his children's children. Balaam, too, could here see the breadth of the promised possessions of the conquering Israelites; and Moses could mark the features of the land he could not enter. Here, the patriotism of the true child of Abraham would be kindled until the flame would be unquenchable.

It was the grandest view of the promised land that man could obtain.

Far to the north they beheld the snowy peaks of Hermon, and as a silvery plate lying at her feet, the beautiful surface of the Sea of Galilee. Toward the northwest, in all its cultivated richness, the Valley of Esdrælon, stretching along past Mount Carmel to the blue sea beyond. Its vineyards and olive groves, its towns and hamlets, all within view. Shutting off the line of the sea rose the bluffs of Carmel, on which the bold Elijah built his altar to God, perhaps from this spot watched by the hardy mountaineers who loved and protected the prophet of Jehovah. Toward the southwest, they saw the hill country of Ephraim and Judah, clear beyond the priestly city of Hebron. And there, on that prominent ridge, glistened the white walls of the Temple and palaces in Jerusalem.

But now the grandeur of the view did not call forth from them songs of praise, as it had from many in former times, and has from many since their day. Tears were coursing down their cheeks. They remembered the words of Jesus:

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children

together, even as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.”

They wept not at the prophecy, but at the fulfillment; for they beheld the smoke of the Temple, the towers, the palaces, and the homes of Jerusalem, like great clouds, rising up and darkening the sky. Their hearts were almost breaking with grief; but their comfort was that the Lord would soon restore it all.

As the night drew on, they watched the leaping flames. They imagined they saw the hand of the Lord revealed. Surely there was glory in it, but it was not the glory of his coming. Then kneeling down they prayed; and, as in answer, the sweet peace of perfect trust in Jesus filled their souls, they once more arose, returned to their homes in Pella, to wait in patience until the Lord should come to make all wars and carnage to cease, and over all the earth reign in peace and righteousness.

THE END.

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